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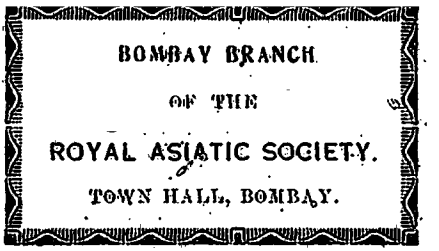

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THE HISTORY

OF

HENRY ESMOND, Esq.

A COLONEL IN THE SERVICE OF HER MAJESTY
Q. ANNE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

96898

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR SMITH, ELDER, & COMPANY,
OVER AGAINST ST. PETER'S CHURCH IN CORNHILL.
1852.

00096898

LONDON:
PRINTED BY BRADBURY & EVANS,
In the Precinct of Whitefriars.

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BOOK II.

CONTAINS MR. ESMOND'S MILITARY LIFE AND OTHER MATTERS APPERTAINING TO THE ESMOND FAMILY.

THE HISTORY

OF

HENRY ESMOND.

CHAPTER I.

I AM IN PRISON, AND VISITED, BUT NOT CONSOLED THERE.

THOSE may imagine, who have ſeen Death untimely ſtrike down perſons revered and beloved, and know how unavailing conſolation is, what was Harry Eſmond's anguiſh after being an actor in that ghaſtly midnight ſcene of blood and homicide. He could not, he felt, have faced his dear miſtreſs, and told her that ſtory. He was thankful that kind Atterbury conſented to break the ſad news to her; but, beſides his grief, which he took into priſon with him, he had that in his heart which ſecretly cheered and conſoled him.

A great ſecret had been told to Eſmond by his unhappy ſtricken kinſman, lying on his death-bed. Were he to diſcloſe it, as in equity and honour he might do, the diſcovery would but bring greater grief upon thoſe whom he loved beſt in the world, and who were ſad enough already. Should he bring down ſhame and perplexity upon all thoſe beings to whom he was attached by ſo many tender ties of affection and gratitude? degrade his father's widow? impeach and ſully his father's and kinſman's honour? and for what? for a barren title, to be worn at the expenſe of an innocent boy, the ſon of his deareſt benefactreſs. He had debated this matter in his conſcience, whilſt his poor lord was making his dying confeſſion. On one ſide were Ambition, Temptation, Juſtice, even; but Love, Gratitude, and Fidelity, pleaded on the other. And when the ſtruggle was over in Harry's mind, a glow of righteous happineſs filled it; and it was with grateful tears in his eyes that he returned thanks to God for that deciſion which he had been enabled to make.

"When I was denied by my own blood," thought he, "theſe deareſt friends received and

cheriſhed me. When I was a nameleſs orphan myſelf, and needed a protector, I found one in yonder kind ſoul, who has gone to his account repenting of the innocent wrong he has done."

And with this conſoling thought he went away to give himſelf up at the priſon, after kiſſing the cold lips of his benefactor.

It was on the third day after he had come to the Gatehouſe priſon, (where he lay in no ſmall pain from his wound, which inflamed and ached ſeverely;) and with thoſe thoughts and reſolutions that have been juſt ſpoke of, to depreſs, and yet to conſole him; that H. Eſmond's keeper came and told him that a viſitor was aſking for him, and though he could not ſee her face, which was enveloped in a black hood, her whole figure, too, being veiled and covered with the deepeſt mourning, Eſmond knew at once that his viſitor was his dear miſtreſs.

He got up from his bed, where he was lying, being very weak; and advancing towards her, as the retiring keeper ſhut the door upon him and his gueſt in that ſad place, he put forward his left hand (for the right was wounded and bandaged), and he would have taken that kind one of his

miſtreſs, which had done ſo many offices of friendſhip for him for ſo many years.

But the Lady Caſtlewood went back from him, putting back her hood, and leaning againſt the great ſtanchioned door which the gaoler had juſt cloſed upon them. Her face was ghaſtly white, as Eſmond ſaw it, looking from the hood; and her eyes, ordinarily ſo ſweet and tender, were fixed at him with ſuch a tragick glance of woe and anger, as cauſed the young man, unaccuſtomed to unkindneſs from that perſon, to avert his own glances from her face.

"And this, Mr. Eſmond," ſhe ſaid, "is where I ſee you; and 'tis to this you have brought me!"

"You have come to conſole me in my calamity, madam," ſaid he (though, in truth, he ſcarce knew how to addreſs her, his emotions, at beholding her, ſo overpowered him).

She advanced a little, but ſtood ſilent and trembling, looking out at him from her black draperies, with her ſmall white hands claſped together, and quivering lips and hollow eyes.

"Not to reproach me," he continued, after a pauſe. "My grief is ſufficient as it is."

"Take back your hand — do not touch me with it!" ſhe cried, "Look! there's blood on it!"

"I wiſh they had taken it all," ſaid Eſmond, "if you are unkind to me."

"Where is my huſband?" ſhe broke out. "Give me back my huſband, Henry. Why did you ſtand by at midnight and ſee him murdered? Why did the traitor eſcape who did it? You, the champion of your houſe, who offered to die for us? You that he loved and truſted, and to whom I confided him—you that vowed devotion and gratitude, and I believed you—yes I believed you—why are you here, and my noble Francis gone? Why did you come among us? You have only brought us grief and ſorrow: and repentance, bitter, bitter repentance, as a return for our love and kindneſs. Did I ever do you a wrong, Henry? You were but an orphan child when I firſt ſaw you—when *he* firſt ſaw you, who was ſo good, and noble, and truſting. He would have had you ſent away, but like a fooliſh woman, I beſought him to let you ſtay. And you pretended to love us, and we believed you—and you made our houſe wretched, and my huſband's

heart went from me: and I loſt him through you—I loſt him—the huſband of my youth, I ſay. I worſhipped him: you know I worſhipped him—and he was changed to me. He was no more my Francis of old—my dear, dear ſoldier. He loved me before he ſaw you: and I loved him; O, God is my witneſs how I loved him! Why did he not ſend you from among us? 'Twas only his kindneſs that could refuſe me nothing then. And, young as you were;—yes, and weak and alone—there was evil, I knew there was evil, in keeping you. I read it in your face and eyes. I ſaw that they boded harm to us—and it came, I knew it would. Why did you not die when you had the ſmall-pox—and I came myſelf and watched you, and you didn't know me in your delirium—and you called out for me, though I was there at your ſide. All that has happened ſince, was a juſt judgment on my wicked heart—my wicked jealous heart. O, I am puniſhed, awfully puniſhed! My huſband lies in his blood—murdered for defending me, my kind, kind, generous lord—and you were by, and you let him die, Henry!"

Theſe words, uttered in the wildneſs of her

grief, by one who was ordinarily quiet, and ſpoke ſeldom except with a gentle ſmile and a ſoothing tone, rung in Eſmond's ear; and 'tis ſaid that he repeated many of them in the fever into which he now fell from his wound, and perhaps from the emotion which ſuch paſſionate undeſerved upbraidings cauſed him. It ſeemed as if his very ſacrifices and love for this lady and her family were to turn to evil and reproach: as if his preſence amongſt them was indeed a cauſe of grief, and the continuance of his life but woe and bitterneſs to theirs. As the Lady Caſtlewood ſpoke bitterly, rapidly, without a tear, he never offered a word of appeal or remonſtrance; but ſate at the foot of his priſon-bed, ſtricken only with the more pain at thinking it was that ſoft and beloved hand which ſhould ſtab him ſo cruelly, and powerleſs againſt her fatal ſorrow. Her words as ſhe ſpoke ſtruck the chords of all his memory, and the whole of his boyhood and youth paſſed within him, whilſt this lady, ſo fond and gentle but yeſterday,—this good angel whom he had loved and worſhipped,—ſtood before him, purſuing him with keen words and aſpect malign.

"I wiſh I were in my lord's place," he groaned

out. "It was not my fault that I was not there, Madam. But Fate is ſtronger than all of us, and willed what has come to paſs. It had been better for me to have died when I had the illneſs."

"Yes, Henry," ſaid ſhe—and as ſhe ſpoke ſhe looked at him with a glance that was at once ſo fond and ſo ſad, that the young man toſſing up his arms wildly fell back, hiding his head in the coverlet of the bed. As he turned he ſtruck againſt the wall with his wounded hand, diſplacing the ligature; and he felt the blood ruſhing again from the wound. He remembered feeling a ſecret pleaſure at the accident—and thinking "Suppoſe I were to end now, who would grieve for me?"

This hemorrhage, or the grief and deſpair in which the luckleſs young man was at the time of the accident, muſt have brought on a deliquium preſently; for he had ſcarce any recollection afterwards, ſave of ſome one, his miſtreſs probably, ſeizing his hand—and then of the buzzing noiſe in his ears as he awoke, with two or three perſons of the priſon around his bed, whereon he lay in a pool of blood from his arm.

It was now bandaged up again by the priſon ſurgeon, who happened to be in the place: and the governor's wife and ſervant, kind people both, were with the patient. Eſmond ſaw his miſtreſs ſtill in the room when he awoke from his trance: but ſhe went away without a word; though the governor's wife told him that ſhe ſate in her room for ſome time afterward, and did not leave the priſon until ſhe heard that Eſmond was likely to do well.

Days afterwards, when Eſmond was brought out of a fever which he had, and which attacked him that night pretty ſharply, the honeſt keeper's wife brought her patient a handkerchief freſh waſhed and ironed, and at the corner of which he recogniſed his miſtreſs's well known cipher and viſcounteſs's crown. "The lady had bound it round his arm when he fainted, and before ſhe called for help," the keeper's wife ſaid. "Poor lady; ſhe took on ſadly about her huſband. He has been buried to-day, and a many of the coaches of the nobility went with him,—my Lord Marlborough's and my Lord Sunderland's and many of the officers of the Guards, in which he ſerved in the old King's time: and my lady

has been with her two children to the King at Kenſington, and aſked for juſtice againſt my Lord Mohun, who is in hiding, and my lord the Earl of Warwick and Holland, who is ready to give himſelf up and take his trial."

Such were the news, coupled with aſſertions about her own honeſty and that of Molly her maid, who would never have ſtolen a certain trumpery gold ſleeve-button of Mr. Eſmond's that was miſſing after his fainting fit, that the keeper's wife brought to her lodger. His thoughts followed to that untimely grave, the brave heart, the kind friend, the gallant gentleman, honeſt of word and generous of thought (if feeble of purpoſe, but are his betters much ſtronger than he?) who had given him bread and ſhelter when he had none; home and love when he needed them; and who, if he had kept one vital ſecret from him, had done that of which he repented ere dying,—a wrong indeed, but one followed by remorſe, and occaſioned by almoſt irreſiſtible temptation.

Eſmond took his handkerchief when his nurſe left him, and very likely kiſſed it, and looked at the bauble embroidered in the corner. "It has

coſt thee grief enough," he thought, "dear lady, ſo loving and ſo tender. Shall I take it from thee and thy children? No, never! Keep it, and wear it, my little Frank, my pretty boy. If I cannot make a name for myſelf, I can die without one. Some day, when my dear miſtreſs ſees my heart, I ſhall be righted; or if not here or now, why, elſewhere: where Honour doth not follow us, but where Love reigns perpetual."

'Tis needleſs to narrate here, as the reports of the lawyers already have chronicled them, the particulars or iſſue of that trial which enſued upon my Lord Caſtlewood's melancholy homicide. Of the two lords engaged in that ſad matter, the ſecond, my lord the Earl of Warwick and Holland, who had been engaged with Colonel Weſtbury, and wounded by him, was found not guilty by his peers, before whom he was tried (under the preſidence of the Lord Steward, Lord Somers); and the principal, the Lord Mohun, being found guilty of the manſlaughter, (which, indeed, was forced upon him, and of which he repented moſt ſincerely,) pleaded his clergy; and ſo was diſcharged without any penalty. The widow of the ſlain nobleman, as it was told us

in priſon, ſhowed an extraordinary ſpirit; and though ſhe had to wait for ten years before her ſon was old enough to compaſs it, declared ſhe would have revenge of her huſband's murderer. So much and ſuddenly had grief, anger, and miſfortune appeared to change her. But fortune, good or ill, as I take it, does not change men and women. It but develops their characters. As there are a thouſand thoughts lying within a man that he does not know till he takes up the pen to write, ſo the heart is a ſecret even to him (or her) who has it in his own breaſt. Who hath not found himſelf ſurpriſed into revenge, or action, or paſſion, for good or evil; whereof the ſeeds lay within him, latent and unſuſpected until the occaſion called them forth? With the death of her lord, a change ſeemed to come over the whole conduct and mind of Lady Caſtlewood; but of this we ſhall ſpeak in the right ſeaſon and anon.

The lords being tried then before their peers at Weſtminſter, according to their privilege, being brought from the Tower with ſtate proceſſions and barges, and accompanied by lieutenants and axemen, the commoners engaged in that melan-

choly fray took their trial at Newgate, as became them; and, being all found guilty, pleaded likewiſe their benefit of clergy. The ſentence, as we all know, in theſe caſes is, that the culprit lies a year in priſon, or during the King's pleaſure, and is burned in the hand, or only ſtamped with a cold iron; or this part of the puniſhment is altogether remitted at the grace of the Sovereign. So Harry Eſmond found himſelf a criminal and a priſoner at two-and-twenty years old; as for the two colonels, his comrades, they took the matter very lightly. Duelling was a part of their buſineſs; and they could not in honour refuſe any invitations of that ſort.

But the caſe was different with Mr. Eſmond. His life was changed by that ſtroke of the ſword which deſtroyed his kind patron's. As he lay in priſon old Dr. Tuſher fell ill and died; and Lady Caſtlewood appointed Thomas Tuſher to the vacant living; about the filling of which ſhe had a thouſand times fondly talked to Harry Eſmond: how they never ſhould part; how he ſhould educate her boy; how to be a country clergyman, like ſaintly George Herbert or pious Dr. Ken, was the happineſs and greateſt lot in

life; how (if he were obſtinately bent on it, though, for her part, ſhe owned rather to holding Queen Beſs's opinion, that a biſhop ſhould have no wife, and if not a biſhop, why a clergyman?) ſhe would find a good wife for Harry Eſmond: and ſo on, with a hundred pretty proſpects told by fireſide evenings, in fond prattle, as the children played about the hall. All theſe plans were overthrown now. Thomas Tuſher wrote to Eſmond, as he lay in priſon, announcing that his patroneſs had conferred upon him, the living his reverend father had held for many years; that ſhe never, after the tragical events which had occurred (whereof Tom ſpoke with a very edifying horror), could ſee in the revered Tuſher's pulpit, or at her ſon's table, the man who was anſwerable for the father's life; that her ladyſhip bade him to ſay that ſhe prayed for her kinſman's repentance and his worldly happineſs; that he was free to command her aid for any ſcheme of life which he might propoſe to himſelf; but that on this ſide of the grave ſhe would ſee him no more. And Tuſher, for his own part, added that Harry ſhould have his prayers as a friend of his youth, and commended him whilſt

he was in priſon to read certain works of theology, which his Reverence pronounced to be very wholeſome for ſinners in his lamentable condition.

And this was the return for a life of devotion —this the end of years of affectionate intercourſe and paſſionate fidelity! Harry would have died for his patron, and was held as little better than his murderer: he had ſacrificed, ſhe did not know how much, for his miſtreſs, and ſhe threw him aſide—he had endowed her family with all they had, and ſhe talked about giving him alms as to a menial! The grief for his patron's loſs: the pains of his own preſent poſition, and doubts as to the future: all theſe were forgotten under the ſenſe of the conſummate outrage which he had to endure, and overpowered by the ſuperior pang of that torture.

He writ back a letter to Mr. Tuſher from his priſon, congratulating his Reverence upon his appointment to the living of Caſtlewood: ſarcaſtically bidding him to follow in the foot-ſteps of his admirable father, whoſe gown had deſcended upon him—thanking her ladyſhip for her offer of alms, which he ſaid he ſhould truſt

not to need; and beſeeching her to remember that if ever her determination ſhould change towards him, he would be ready to give her proofs of a fidelity which had never wavered and which ought never to have been queſtioned by that houſe. "And if we meet no more, or only as ſtrangers in this world," Mr. Eſmond concluded, "a ſentence againſt the cruelty and injuſtice of which I diſdain to appeal; hereafter ſhe will know who was faithful to her, and whether ſhe had any cauſe to ſuſpect the love and devotion of her kinſman and ſervant."

After the ſending of this letter, the poor young fellow's mind was more at eaſe than it had been previouſly. The blow had been ſtruck, and he had borne it. His cruel Goddeſs had ſhaken her wings and fled: and left him alone and friendleſs, but *virtute ſuâ*. And he had to bear him up, at once the ſenſe of his right, and the feeling of his wrongs, his honour and his misfortune. As I have ſeen men waking and running to arms, at a ſudden trumpet; before emergency a manly heart leaps up reſolute; meets the threatening danger with undaunted countenance; and whether conquered or conquering faces

it always. Ah! no man knows his ſtrength or his weakneſs, till occaſion proves them. If there be ſome thoughts and actions of his life from the memory of which a man ſhrinks with ſhame, ſure there are ſome which he may be proud to own and remember; forgiven injuries, conquered temptations (now and then) and difficulties vanquiſhed by endurance.

It was theſe thoughts regarding the living, far more than any great poignancy of grief reſpecting the dead, which affected Harry Eſmond whilſt in priſon after his trial: but it may be imagined that he could take no comrade of misfortune into the confidence of his feelings, and they thought it was remorſe and ſorrow for his patron's loſs which affected the young man, in error of which opinion he choſe to leave them. As a companion he was ſo moody and ſilent that the two officers, his fellow ſufferers, left him to himſelf moſtly, liked little very likely what they knew of him, conſoled themſelves with dice, cards, and the bottle, and whiled away their own captivity in their own way. It ſeemed to Eſmond as if he lived years

in that priſon: and was changed and aged when he came out of it. At certain periods of life we live years of emotion in a few weeks—and look back on thoſe times, as on great gaps between the old life and the new. You do not know how much you ſuffer in thoſe critical maladies of the heart, until the diſeaſe is over and you look back on it afterwards. During the time the ſuffering is at leaſt ſufferable. The day paſſes in more or leſs of pain, and the night wears away ſomehow. 'Tis only in after days that we ſee what the danger has been—as a man out a hunting or riding for his life looks at a leap, and wonders how he ſhould have ſurvived the taking of it. O, dark months of grief and rage! of wrong and cruel endurance! He is old now who recals you. Long ago he has forgiven and bleſt the ſoft hand that wounded him: but the mark is there, and the wound is cicatrized only—no time, tears, careſſes, or repentance, can obliterate the ſcar. We are indocile to put up with grief, however. *Reficimus rates quaſſas:* we tempt the ocean again and again, and try upon new ventures. Eſmond thought of his early time as a noviciate, and of

this paſt trial as an initiation before entering into life,—as our young Indians undergo tortures ſilently before they paſs to the rank of warriors in the tribe.

The officers, meanwhile, who were not let into the ſecret of the grief which was gnawing at the ſide of their ſilent young friend, and being accuſtomed to ſuch tranſactions in which one comrade or another was daily paying the forfeit of the ſword, did not of courſe bemoan themſelves very inconſolably about the fate of their late companion in arms. This one told ſtories of former adventures of love, or war, or pleaſure in which poor Frank Eſmond had been engaged; t'other recollected how a conſtable had been bilked, or a tavern-bully beaten: whilſt my lord's poor widow was ſitting at his tomb worſhipping him as an actual ſaint and ſpotleſs hero,—ſo the viſitors ſaid who had news of Lady Caſtlewood; and Weſtbury and Macartney had pretty nearly had all the town to come and ſee them.

The duel, its fatal termination, the trial of the two peers and the three commoners concerned, had cauſed the greateſt excitement in the town. The prints and News Letters were full of them.

The three gentlemen in Newgate were almoſt as much crowded as the biſhops in the Tower, or a highwayman before execution. We were allowed to live in the Governor's houſe, as hath been ſaid, both before trial and after condemnation, waiting the King's pleaſure; nor was the real cauſe of the fatal quarrel known, ſo cloſely had my lord and the two other perſons who knew it kept the ſecret, but every one imagined that the origin of the meeting was a gambling diſpute. Except freſh air, the priſoners had, upon payment, moſt things they could deſire. Intereſt was made that they ſhould not mix with the vulgar convicts, whoſe ribald choruſes, and loud laughter and curſes could be heard from their own part of the priſon, where they and the miſerable debtors were confined pell-mell.

CHAPTER II.

I COME TO THE END OF MY CAPTIVITY, BUT NOT OF MY TROUBLE.

AMONG the company which came to visit the two officers was an old acquaintance of Harry Esmond, that gentleman of the Guards —namely, who had been so kind to Harry when Captain Westbury's troop had been quartered at Castlewood more than seven years before. Dick the Scholar was no longer Dick the Trooper now, but Captain Steele, of Lucas's Fusileer's, and secretary to my Lord Cutts, that famous officer of King William's, the bravest and most beloved man of the English army. The two jolly prisoners had been drinking with a party of friends (for our cellar and that of the keepers of Newgate too, were supplied with endless hampers of Burgundy and Champagne that the friends of the Colonels sent in); and Harry, having no wish

for their drink, or their converſation, being too feeble in health for the one, and too ſad in ſpirits for the other, was ſitting apart in his little room, reading ſuch books as he had, one evening, when honeſt Colonel Weſtbury, fluſhed with liquor, and always good-humoured in and out of his cups, came laughing into Harry's cloſet, and ſaid "Ho, young Killjoy! here's a friend come to ſee thee; he'll pray with thee, or he'll drink with thee; or he'll drink and pray turn about. Dick, my Chriſtian Hero, here's the little ſcholar of Caſtlewood."

Dick came up and kiſſed Eſmond on both cheeks, imparting a ſtrong perfume of burnt ſack along with his careſs to the young man.

"What! is this the little man that uſed to talk Latin and fetch our bowls? How tall thou art grown! I proteſt I ſhould have known thee anywhere. And ſo you have turned ruffian and fighter; and wanted to meaſure ſwords with Mohun, did you? I proteſt that Mohun ſaid at the Guard dinner yeſterday, where there was a pretty company of us, that the young fellow wanted to fight him, and was the better man of the two."

"I wiſh we could have tried and proved it, Mr. Steele," ſays Eſmond, thinking of his dead benefactor, and his eyes filling with tears.

With the exception of that one cruel letter which he had from his miſtreſs, Mr. Eſmond heard nothing from her, and ſhe ſeemed determined to execute her reſolve of parting from him and diſowning him. But he had news of her, ſuch as it was, which Mr. Steele aſſiduouſly brought him from the Prince's and Princeſſes' Court, where our honeſt captain had been advanced to the poſt of gentleman waiter. When off duty there, Captain Dick often came to conſole his friends in captivity; a good nature and a friendly diſpoſition towards all who were in ill-fortune no doubt prompting him to make his viſits, and good fellowſhip and good wine to prolong them.

"Faith," ſays Weſtbury, "the little ſcholar was the firſt to begin the quarrel—I mind me of it now—at Lockit's. I always hated that fellow Mohun. What was the real cauſe of the quarrel betwixt him and poor Frank? I would wager 'twas a woman."

"'Twas a quarrel about play—on my word,

about play," Harry ſaid. "My poor lord loſt great ſums to his gueſt at Caſtlewood. Angry words paſſed between them; and though Lord Caſtlewood was the kindeſt and moſt pliable ſoul alive, his ſpirit was very high; and hence that meeting which has brought us all here," ſays Mr. Eſmond, reſolved never to acknowledge that there had ever been any other but cards for the duel.

"I do not like to uſe bad words of a nobleman," ſays Weſtbury. "But if my Lord Mohun were a commoner, I would ſay, 'twas a pity he was not hanged. He was familiar with dice and women, at a time other boys are at ſchool, being birched; he was as wicked as the eldeſt rake, years ere he had done growing; and handled a ſword, and a foil, and a bloody one, too, before ever he uſed a razor. He held poor Will Mountford in talk that night, when bloody Dick Hill ran him through. He will come to a bad end, will that young lord; and no end is bad enough for him," ſays honeſt Mr. Weſtbury: whoſe propheſy was fulfilled twelve years after, upon that fatal day, when Mohun fell, dragging down one of the

braveſt and greateſt gentlemen in England in his fall.

From Mr. Steele, then, who brought the publick rumour, as well as his own private intelligence, Eſmond learned the movements of his unfortunate miſtreſs. Steele's heart was of very inflammable compoſition; and the gentleman uſher ſpoke, in terms of boundleſs admiration both of the widow (that moſt beautiful woman, as he ſaid), and of her daughter, who, in the Captain's eyes, was a ſtill greater paragon. 'If the pale widow, whom Captain Richard, in his poetick rapture, compared to a Niobe in tears,—to a Sigiſmunda,—to a weeping Belvidera, was an object the moſt lovely and pathetick which his eyes had ever beheld, or for which his heart had melted, even her ripened perfections and beauty were as nothing, compared to the promiſe of that extreme loveline[ſ]s which the good captain ſaw in her daughter. It was *matre pulcra filia pulcrior*. Steele compoſed ſonnets whilſt he was on duty in his Prince's antechamber, to the maternal and filial charms. He would ſpeak for hours about them to Harry Eſmond; and, indeed, he could have choſen few ſubjects more likely to intereſt

the unhappy young man, whoſe heart was now as always devoted to theſe ladies; and who was thankful to all who loved them, or praiſed them, or wiſhed them well.

Not that his fidelity was recompenſed by any anſwering kindneſs, or ſhow of relenting even, on the part of a miſtreſs obdurate now after ten years of love and benefactions. The poor young man getting no anſwer, ſave Tuſher's, to that letter which he had written, and being too proud to write more, opened a part of his heart to Steele, than whom no man, when unhappy, could find a kinder hearer or more friendly emiſſary, deſcribed (in words which were no doubt pathetick, for they came *imo pectore*, and cauſed honeſt Dick to weep plentifully) his youth, his conſtancy, his fond devotion to that houſehold which had reared him; his affection, how earned, and how tenderly requited until but yeſterday, and (as far as he might) the circumſtances and cauſes for which that ſad quarrel had made of Eſmond a priſoner under ſentence, a widow and orphans of thoſe whom in life he held deareſt. In terms that might well move a harder-hearted man than young Eſmond's confidant; for, indeed,'" the

ſpeaker's own heart was half broke as he uttered them; he deſcribed a part of what had taken place in that only ſad interview which his miſtreſs had granted him; how ſhe had left him with anger and almoſt imprecation, whoſe words and thoughts until then had been only bleſſing and kindneſs; how ſhe had accuſed him of the guilt of that blood, in exchange for which he would cheerfully have ſacrificed his own (indeed, in this the Lord Mohun, the Lord Warwick, and all the gentlemen engaged, as well as the common rumour out of doors—Steele told him—bore out the luckleſs young man); and with all his heart, and tears, he beſought Mr. Steele to inform his miſtreſs of her kinſman's unhappineſs, and to deprecate that cruel anger ſhe ſhowed him. Half frantick with grief at the injuſtice done him, and contraſting it with a thouſand ſoft recollections of love and confidence gone by, that made his preſent miſery inexpreſſibly more bitter, the poor wretch paſſed many a lonely day and wakeful night in a kind of powerleſs deſpair and rage againſt his iniquitous fortune. It was the ſofteſt hand that ſtruck him, the gentleſt and moſt compaſſionate nature that perſecuted him. "I would as lief,"

he ſaid, "have pleaded guilty to the murder, and have ſuffered for it like any other felon, as have to endure the torture to which my miſtreſs ſubjects me."

Although the recital of Eſmond's ſtory, and his paſſionate appeals and remonſtrances drew ſo many tears from Dick who heard them, they had no effect upon the perſon whom they were deſigned to move. Eſmond's ambaſſador came back from the miſſion with which the poor young gentleman had charged him, with a ſad blank face and a ſhake of the head which told that there was no hope for the priſoner; and ſcarce a wretched culprit in that priſon of Newgate ordered for execution, and trembling for a reprieve, felt more caſt down than Mr. Eſmond, innocent and condemned.

As had been arranged between the priſoner and his council in their conſultations, Mr. Steele had gone to the dowager's houſe in Chelſea, where it has been ſaid the widow and her orphans were, had ſeen my Lady Viſcounteſs and pleaded the cauſe of her unfortunate kinſman. "And I think I ſpoke well, my poor boy," ſays Mr. Steele; "for who would not ſpeak well in

ſuch a cauſe, and before ſo beautiful a judge. I did not ſee the lovely Beatrix (ſure her famous nameſake of Florence was never half ſo beautiful), only the young viſcount was in the room with the Lord Churchill, my Lord of Marlborough's eldeſt ſon. But theſe young gentlemen went off to the garden, I could ſee them from the window tilting at each other with poles in a mimick tournament (grief touches the young but lightly, and I remember that I beat a drum at the coffin of my own father). My Lady Viſcounteſs looked out at the two boys at their game, and ſaid—'You ſee, ſir, children are taught to uſe weapons of death as toys, and to make a ſport of murder,' and as ſhe ſpoke ſhe looked ſo lovely, and ſtood there in herſelf ſo ſad and beautiful an inſtance of that doctrine whereof I am a humble preacher, that had I not dedicated my little volume of the Chriſtian Hero—(I perceive Harry thou haſt not cut the leaves of it. The ſermon is good, believe me, though the preacher's life may not anſwer it)—I ſay, hadn't I dedicated the volume to Lord Cutts, I would have aſked permiſſion to place her ladyſhip's name on the firſt page. I think I never ſaw ſuch a beautiful violet as

that of her eyes, Harry. Her complexion is of the pink of the bluſhroſe, ſhe hath an exquiſite turned wriſt and dimpled hand, and I make no doubt—"

"Did you come to tell me about the dimples on my lady's hand?" broke out Mr. Eſmond, ſadly.

"A lovely creature in affliction ſeems always doubly beautiful to me," ſays the poor captain, who indeed was but too often in a ſtate to ſee double, and ſo checked he reſumed the interrupted thread of his ſtory. "As I ſpoke my buſineſs," Mr. Steele ſaid, "and narrated to your miſtreſs what all the world knows, and the other ſide hath been eager to acknowledge—that you had tried to put yourſelf between the two lords, and to take your patron's quarrel on your own point: I recounted the general praiſes of your gallantry, beſides my Lord Mohun's particular teſtimony to it: I thought the widow liſtened with ſome intereſt, and her eyes—I have never ſeen ſuch a violet, Harry—looked up at mine once or twice. But after I had ſpoken on this theme for a while ſhe ſuddenly broke away with a cry of grief. 'I would to God, ſir,' ſhe

ſaid, 'I had never heard that word gallantry which you uſe, or known the meaning of it. My lord might have been here but for that; my home might be happy; my poor boy have a father. It was what you gentlemen call gallantry came into my home, and drove my huſband on to the cruel ſword that killed him. You ſhould not ſpeak the word to a Chriſtian woman, ſir—a poor widowed mother of orphans, whoſe home was happy until the world came into it—the wicked godleſs world, that takes the blood of the innocent and lets the guilty go free.'

"As the afflicted lady ſpoke in this ſtrain, ſir," Mr. Steele continued, "it ſeemed as if indignation moved her, even more than grief. 'Compenſation!' ſhe went on paſſionately, her cheeks and eyes kindling, 'what compenſation does your world give the widow for her huſband, and the children for the murderer of their father? The wretch who did the deed has not even a puniſhment. Conſcience! what conſcience has he, who can enter the houſe of a friend, whiſper falſehood and inſult to a woman that never harmed him, and ſtab the kind heart that truſted him? My lord—my Lord Wretch, my

Lord Villain's, my Lord Murderer's peers meet to try him, and they diſmiſs him with a word or two of reproof, and ſend him into the world again, to purſue women with luſt and falſehood, and to murder unſuſpecting gueſts that harbour him. That day, my lord—my Lord Murderer—(I will never name him)—was let looſe, a woman was executed at Tyburn for ſtealing in a ſhop. But a man may rob another of his life, or a lady of her honour, and ſhall pay no penalty! I take my child, run to the throne, and, on my knees, aſk for juſtice, and the King refuſes me. The King! he is no king of mine—he never ſhall be. He, too, robbed the throne from the king his father—the true king—and he has gone unpuniſhed, as the great do.'

"I then thought to ſpeak for you," Mr. Steele continued, "and I interpoſed by ſaying, 'There was one, madam, who, at leaſt, would have put his own breaſt between your huſband's and my Lord Mohun's ſword. Your poor young kinſman, Harry Eſmond, hath told me that he tried to draw the quarrel on himſelf.'

"'Are you come from *him?*' aſked the lady (ſo Mr. Steele went on) riſing up with a great

ſeverity and ſtatelineſs. 'I thought you had come from the Princeſs. I ſaw Mr. Eſmond in his priſon, and bade him farewell. He brought miſery into my houſe. He never ſhould have entered it.'

" 'Madam, madam, he is not to blame,' I interpoſed, continued Mr. Steele.

" 'Do I blame him to you, ſir?' aſked the widow. 'If 'tis he who ſent you, ſay that I have taken counſel, where'—ſhe ſpoke with a very pallid cheek now, and a break in her voice —'where all who aſk may have it;—and that it bids me to part from him, and to ſee him no more. We met in the priſon for the laſt time —at leaſt for years to come. It may be, in years hence, when—when our knees and our tears and our contrition have changed our ſinful hearts, ſir, and wrought our pardon, we may meet again—but not now. After what has paſſed, I could not bear to ſee him. I wiſh him well, ſir: but I wiſh him farewell, too; and if he has that—that regard towards us, which he ſpeaks of, I beſeech him to prove it by obeying me in this.'

" 'I ſhall break the young man's heart,

madam, by this hard ſentence,' Mr. Steele ſaid.

"The lady ſhook her head," continued my kind ſcholar. "'The hearts of young men, Mr. Steele, are not ſo made,' ſhe ſaid. 'Mr. Eſmond will find other—other friends. The miſtreſs of this houſe has relented very much towards the late lord's ſon,' ſhe added, with a bluſh, 'and has promiſed me, that is, has promiſed that ſhe will care for his fortune. Whilſt I live in it, after the horrid horrid deed which has paſſed, Caſtlewood muſt never be a home to him—never. Nor would I have him write to me—except—no—I would have him never write to me, nor ſee him more. Give him, if you will, my parting—Huſh! not a word of this before my daughter.'

"Here the fair Beatrix entered from the river, with her cheeks fluſhing with health, and looking only the more lovely and freſh for the mourning habiliments which ſhe wore. And my Lady Viſcounteſs ſaid:

"'Beatrix, this is Mr. Steele, gentleman uſher to the Prince's Highneſs. When does your new comedy appear, Mr. Steele? I hope thou wilt be out of priſon for the firſt night, Harry.'"

The ſentimental captain concluded his ſad tale, ſaying, "Faith, the beauty of *Filia pulcrior* drove *pulcram matrem* out of my head; and yet, as I came down the river, and thought about the pair, the pallid dignity and exquiſite grace of the matron had the uppermoſt, and I thought her even more noble than the virgin!"

The party of priſoners lived very well in Newgate, and with comforts very different to thoſe which were awarded to the poor wretches there (his inſenſibility to their miſery, their gaiety ſtill more frightful, their curſes and blaſphemy, hath ſtruck with a kind of ſhame ſince—as proving how ſelfiſh during his impriſonment, his own particular grief was, and how entirely the thoughts of it abſorbed him): if the three gentlemen lived well under the care of the Warden of Newgate, it was becauſe they paid well: and indeed the coſt at the deareſt ordinary or the grandeſt tavern in London could not have furniſhed a longer reckoning, than our hoſt of the Handcuff Inn—as Colonel Weſtbury called it. Our rooms were the three in the gate over Newgate—on the ſecond ſtory looking up

Newgate Street towards Cheapſide and Paul's Church. And we had leave to walk on the roof, and could ſee thence Smithfield and the Bluecoat Boys' School, Gardens, and the Chartreux, where, as Harry Eſmond remembered, Dick the Scholar, and his friend Tom Tuſher, had had their ſchooling.

Harry could never have paid his ſhare of that prodigious heavy reckoning which my landlord brought to his gueſts once a week: for he had but three pieces in his pockets that fatal night before the duel, when the gentlemen were at cards, and offered to play five. But whilſt he was yet ill at the Gatehouſe, after Lady Caſtlewood had viſited him there, and before his trial, there came one in an orange-tawny coat and blue lace, the livery which the Eſmonds always wore, and brought a ſealed packet for Mr. Eſmond, which contained twenty guineas, and a note ſaying that a counſel had been appointed for him, and that more money would be forthcoming whenever he needed it.

'Twas a queer letter from the ſcholar as ſhe was, or as ſhe called herſelf: the Dowager Viſcounteſs Caſtlewood, written in the ſtrange

barbarous French, which ſhe and many other fine ladies of that time—witneſs Her Grace of Portſmouth — employed. Indeed, ſpelling was not an article of general commodity in the world then, and my Lord Marlborough's letters can ſhow that he, for one, had but a little ſhare of this part of grammar.

"Mong Couſſin," my Lady Viſcounteſs Dowager wrote, "je ſcay que vous vous etes bravement batew et grievement bléſſay—du coſté de feu M. le Vicomte. M. le Compte de Varique ne ſe playt qua parlay de vous: M. de Moon auçy. Il di que vous avay voulew vous baſtre avecque luy—que vous eſtes plus fort que luy ſur l'ayſcrimme—quil'y a ſurtout certaine Botte que vous ſcavay quil n' a jammay ſceu pariay: et que c'en eut été fay de luy ſi vouſeluy vous vous fuſſiay battews anſamb. Aincy ce pauv Vicompte eſt mort. Mort et peutayt—Mon couſſin, mon couſſin! jay dans la tayſte que vous n'eſtes quung pety Monſt — angcy que les Eſmonds ong touſjours eſté. La veuve eſt chay moy. J'ay recuilly cet' pauve famme. Elle eſt furieuſe cont vous, allans tous les jours chercher le Roy (d'icy) démandant à gran cri revanche pour ſon Mary.

Ellene veux voyre ni entende parlay de vous: pourtant elle ne fay qu'en parlay milfoy par jour. Quand vous ſeray hor priſon venay me voyre. J'auray ſoing de vous. Si cette petite Prude veut ſe défaire de ſong pety Monſte (Hélas je craing qùil ne ſoy trotar!) je m'en chargeray. J'ay encor quelqu interay et quelques eſcus de coſtay.

"La Veuve ſe raccommode avec Miladi Marlboro qui eſt tout puiçante avecque la Reine Anne. Cet dam ſentéràyſent pour la petite prude; qui pourctant a un fi du mèſme aſge que vous ſavay.

"En ſortant de priſong venez icy. Je ne puy vous recevoir chaymoy à cauſe des méchanſetés du monde, may pre du moy vous aurez lògement.

"ISABELLE VICOMPTESSE D'ESMOND."

Marchioneſs of Eſmond this lady ſometimes called herſelf, in virtue of that patent which had been given by the late King James to Harry Eſmond's father: and in this ſtate ſhe had her train carried by a knight's wife, a cup and cover of aſſay to drink from, and fringed cloth.

He who was of the ſame age as little Francis,

whom we ſhall henceforth call Viſcount Caſtle-wood here, was H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, born in the ſame year and month with Frank, and juſt proclaimed at Saint Germains, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland.

CHAPTER III.

I TAKE THE QUEEN'S PAY IN QUIN'S REGIMENT.

THE fellow in the orange-tawny livery with blue lace and facings was in waiting when Eſmond came out of priſon, and taking the young gentleman's ſlender baggage, led the way out of that odious Newgate, and by Fleet Conduit, down to the Thames, where a pair of oars was called, and they went up the river to Chelſea. Eſmond thought the ſun had never ſhone ſo bright; nor the air felt ſo freſh and exhilarating. Temple Garden, as they rowed by, looked like the garden of Eden to him, and the aſpect of the quays, wharves, and buildings by the river, Somerſet Houſe, and Weſtminſter (where the ſplendid new bridge was juſt beginning), Lambeth tower and palace, and that buſy ſhining ſcene of the

Thames ſwarming with boats and barges, filled his heart with pleaſure and cheerfulneſs—as well ſuch a beautiful ſcene might to one who had been a priſoner ſo long, and with ſo many dark thoughts deepening the gloom of his captivity. They rowed up at length to the pretty village of Chelſea, where the nobility have many handſome country-houſes; and ſo came to my Lady Viſcounteſs's houſe; a cheerful new houſe in the row facing the river, with a handſome garden behind it, and a pleaſant look-out both towards Surrey and Kenſington, where ſtands the noble ancient palace of the Lord Warwick, Harry's reconciled adverſary.

Here in her ladyſhip's ſaloon, the young man ſaw again ſome of thoſe pictures which had been at Caſtlewood, and which ſhe had removed thence on the death of her lord, Harry's father. Specially, and in the place of honour, was Sir Peter Lely's picture of the Honourable Miſtreſs Iſabella Eſmond as Diana, in yellow ſatin, with a bow in her hand and a creſcent in her forehead; and dogs friſking about her. 'Twas painted about the time when royal Endymions were ſaid to find favour with this virgin huntreſs; and as

goddeſſes have youth perpetual, this one believed to the day of her death that ſhe never grew older: and always perſiſted in ſuppoſing the picture was ſtill like her.

After he had been ſhown to her room by the groom of the chamber, who filled many offices beſides in her ladyſhip's modeſt houſehold; and after a proper interval, this elderly goddeſs Diana vouchſafed to appear to the young man. A blackamoor in a Turkiſh habit, with red boots and a ſilver collar on which the Viſcounteſs's arms were engraven, preceded her and bore her cuſhion; then came her gentlewoman; a little pack of ſpaniels barking and friſking about preceded the auſtere huntreſs—then, behold, the Viſcounteſs herſelf "dropping odours." Eſmond recollected from his childhood that rich aroma of muſk which his mother-in-law (for she may be called ſo) exhaled. As the ſky grows redder and redder towards ſunſet, ſo, in the decline of her years, the cheeks of my Lady Dowager bluſhed more deeply. Her face was illuminated with vermilion, which appeared the brighter from the white paint employed to ſet it off. She wore the ringlets which had been in faſhion in King

Charles's time; whereas the ladies of King William's had head-dreſſes like the towers of Cybele.* Her eyes gleamed out from the midſt of this queer ſtructure of paint, dyes, and pomatums. Such was my Lady Viſcounteſs, Mr. Eſmond's father's widow.

He made her ſuch a profound bow as her dignity and relationſhip merited: and advanced with the greateſt gravity and once more kiſſed that hand upon the trembling knuckles of which glittered a ſcore of rings—remembering old times when that trembling hand made him tremble. "Marchioneſs," ſays he, bowing, and on one knee, "is it only the hand I may have the honour of ſaluting?" For, accompanying that inward laughter, which the ſight of ſuch an aſtoniſhing old figure might well produce in the young man, there was good-will too, and the kindneſs of conſanguinity. She had been his father's wife, and was his grandfather's daughter. She had ſuffered him in old days, and was kind to him now after her faſhion. And now that bar-ſiniſter was removed from Eſmond's thoughts; and that ſecret opprobrium no longer caſt upon his mind; he was pleaſed to feel family ties and

own them—perhaps ſecretly vain of the ſacrifice he had made, and to think that he, Eſmond, was really the chief of his houſe, and only prevented by his own magnanimity from advancing his claim.

At leaſt, ever ſince he had learned that ſecret from his poor patron on his dying bed, actually as he was ſtanding beſide it, he had felt an independency which he had never known before, and which ſince did not deſert him. So he called his old aunt, Marchioneſs, but with an air as if he was the Marquis of Eſmond who ſo addreſſed her.

Did ſhe read in the young gentleman's eyes, which had now no fear of hers or their ſuperannuated authority, that he knew or ſuſpected the truth about his birth? She gave a ſtart of ſurpriſe at his altered manner; indeed, it was quite a different bearing to that of the Cambridge ſtudent who had paid her a viſit two years ſince, and whom ſhe had diſmiſſed with five pieces ſent by the groom of the chamber. She eyed him, then trembled a little more than was her wont, perhaps, and ſaid, "Welcome, couſin," in a frightened voice.

His reſolution, as has been ſaid before, had

been quite different, namely, ſo to bear himſelf through life as if the ſecret of his birth was not known to him; but he ſuddenly and rightly determined on a different courſe. He aſked that her ladyſhip's attendants ſhould be diſmiſſed, and when they were private—"Welcome, nephew, at leaſt, madam, it ſhould be," he ſaid. "A great wrong has been done to me and to you, and to my poor mother, who is no more."

"I declare before Heaven that I was guiltleſs of it," ſhe cried out, giving up her cauſe at once. "It was your wicked father who ——"

"Who brought this diſhonour on our family," ſays Mr. Eſmond. "I know it full well. I want to diſturb no one. Thoſe who are in preſent poſſeſſion have been my deareſt benefactors, and are quite innocent of intentional wrong to me. The late lord, my dear patron, knew not the truth until a few months before his death, when Father Holt brought the news to him."

"The wretch! he had it in confeſſion! He had it in confeſſion!" cried out the dowager lady.

"Not ſo. He learned it elſewhere as well as in confeſſion," Mr. Eſmond anſwered. "My

father, when wounded at the Boyne, told the truth to a French prieſt, who was in hiding after the battle, as well as to the prieſt there, at whoſe houſe he died. This gentleman did not think fit to divulge the ſtory till he met with Mr. Holt at Saint Omer's. And the latter kept it back for his own purpoſe, and until he had learned whether my mother was alive or no. She is dead years ſince: my poor patron told me with his dying breath; and I doubt him not. I do not know even whether I could prove a marriage. I would not if I could. I do not care to bring ſhame on our name, or grief upon thoſe whom I love, however hardly they may uſe me. My father's ſon, madam, won't aggravate the wrong my father did you. Continue to be his widow, and give me your kindneſs. 'Tis all I aſk from you; and I ſhall never ſpeak of this matter again."

"Mais vous etes un noble jeune homme!" breaks out my lady, ſpeaking, as uſual with her when ſhe was agitated, in the French language.

"*Nobleſſe oblige*" ſays Mr. Eſmond, making her a low bow. "There are thoſe alive to whom, in return for their love to me, I often

fondly ſaid I would give my life away. Shall I be their enemy now, and quarrel about a title? What matters who has it? 'Tis with the family ſtill."

"What can there be in that little prude of a woman, that makes men ſo *raffoler* about her?" cries out my Lady Dowager. "She was here for a month petitioning the King. She is pretty, and well conſerved; but ſhe has not the *bel air*. In his late Majeſty's court all the men pretended to admire her; and ſhe was no better than a little wax doll. She is better now, and looks the ſiſter of her daughter: but what mean you all by bepraiſing her? Mr. Steele, who was in waiting on Prince George, ſeeing her with her two children going to Kenſington, writ a poem about her; and ſays he ſhall wear her colours, and dreſs in black for the future. Mr. Congreve ſays he will write a Mourning Widow, that ſhall be better than his Mourning Bride. Though their huſbands quarrelled and fought when that wretch Churchill deſerted the King (for which he deſerved to be hung), Lady Marlborough has again gone wild about the little widow; inſulted me in my own drawing-room, by ſaying that 'twas not the *old* widow, but the young

viſcounteſs, ſhe had come to ſee. Little Caſtlewood and little Lord Churchill are to be ſworn friends, and have boxed each other twice or thrice like brothers already. 'Twas that wicked young Mohun who, coming back from the provinces laſt year, where he had diſinterred her, raved about her all the winter; ſaid ſhe was a pearl ſet before ſwine; and killed poor ſtupid Frank. The quarrel was all about his wife. I know 'twas all about her. Was there anything between her and Mohun, nephew? Tell me now; was there anything? About yourſelf, I do not aſk you to anſwer queſtions." Mr. Eſmond bluſhed up. "My lady's virtue is like that of a ſaint in Heaven, madam," he cried out.

"Eh!—mon neveu. Many ſaints get to Heaven after having a deal to repent of. I believe you are like all the reſt of the fools, and madly in love with her."

"Indeed, I loved and honoured her before all the world," Eſmond anſwered. "I take no ſhame in that."

"And ſhe has ſhut her door on you—given the living to that horrid young cub, ſon of that horrid old bear, Tuſher, and ſays ſhe will never

ſee you more. Monſieur mon neveu—we are all like that. When I was a young woman, I'm poſitive that a thouſand duels were fought about me. And when poor Monſieur de Souchy drowned himſelf in the canal at Bruges, becauſe I danced with Count Springbock, I couldn't ſqueeze out a ſingle tear, but danced till five o'clock the next morning. 'Twas the Count—no, 'twas my Lord Ormond that payed the fiddles, and His Majeſty did me the honour of dancing all night with me. — How you are grown! You have got the *bel air*. You are a black man. Our Eſmonds are all black. The little prude's ſon is fair; ſo was his father—fair and ſtupid. You were an ugly little wretch, when you came to Caſtlewood—you were all eyes, like a young crow. We intended you ſhould be a prieſt. That awful Father Holt—how he uſed to frighten me when I was ill! I have a comfortable director now—the Abbé Douillette—a dear man. We make meagre on Fridays always. My cook is a devout, pious man. You, of courſe, are of the right way of thinking. They ſay the Prince of Orange is very ill indeed."

In this way the old dowager rattled on remorſeleſsly to Mr. Eſmond, who was quite aſtounded with her preſent volubility, contraſting it with her former haughty behaviour to him. But ſhe had taken him into favour for the moment, and choſe not only to like him, as far as her nature permitted, but to be afraid of him; and he found himſelf to be as familiar with her now as a young man, as, when a boy, he had been timorous and ſilent. She was as good as her word reſpecting him. She introduced him to her company, of which ſhe entertained a good deal—of the adherents of King James, of courſe—and a great deal of loud intriguing took place over her card-tables. She preſented Mr. Eſmond as her kinſman to many perſons of honour; ſhe ſupplied him not illiberally with money, which he had no ſcruple in accepting from her, conſidering the relationſhip which he bore to her, and the ſacrifices which he himſelf was making in behalf of the family. But he had made up his mind to continue at no woman's apron-ſtrings longer; and perhaps had caſt about how he ſhould diſtinguiſh himſelf, and make himſelf a name, which his ſingular fortune had denied

him. A diſcontent with his former bookiſh life and quietude,—a bitter feeling of revolt at that ſlavery in which he had choſen to confine himſelf for the ſake of thoſe whoſe hardneſs towards him made his heart bleed,—a reſtleſs wiſh to ſee men and the world,—led him to think of the military profeſſion: at any rate, to deſire to ſee a few campaigns, and accordingly he preſſed his new patroneſs to get him a pair of colours; and one day had the honour of finding himſelf appointed an enſign in Colonel Quin's regiment of Fuſiliers on the Iriſh eſtabliſhment.

Mr. Eſmond's commiſſion was ſcarce three weeks old when that accident befel King William which ended the life of the greateſt, the wiſeſt, the braveſt, and moſt clement ſovereign whom England ever knew. 'Twas the faſhion of the hoſtile party to aſſail this great prince's reputation during his life; but the joy which they and all his enemies in Europe ſhowed at his death, is a proof of the terror in which they held him. Young as Eſmond was, he was wiſe enough (and generous enough, too, let it be ſaid,) to ſcorn that indecency of gratulation which broke out amongſt the followers of King James in London, upon

the death of this illuſtrious prince, this invincible warrior, this wiſe and moderate ſtateſman. Loyalty to the exiled king's family was traditional, as has been ſaid, in that houſe to which Mr. Eſmond belonged. His father's widow had all her hopes, ſympathies, recollections, prejudices, engaged on King James's ſide; and was certainly as noiſy a conſpirator as ever aſſerted the King's rights or abuſed his opponents, over a quadrille table or a diſh of bohea. Her ladyſhip's houſe ſwarmed with eccleſiaſticks, in diſguiſe and out; with tale-bearers from St. Germains; and quidnuncs that knew the laſt news from Verſailles; nay, the exact force and number of the next expedition which the French king was to ſend from Dunkirk, and which was to ſwallow up the Prince of Orange, his army, and his court. She had received the Duke of Berwick when he landed here in '96. She kept the glaſs he drank from, vowing ſhe never would uſe it till ſhe drank King James the Third's health in it on His Majeſty's return; ſhe had tokens from the Queen, and relics of the ſaint who, if the ſtory was true, had not always been a ſaint as far as ſhe and many others were con-

cerned. She believed in the miracles wrought at his tomb, and had a hundred authentick ſtories of wondrous cures effected by the bleſſed king's roſaries, the medals which he wore, the locks of his hair, or what not. Eſmond remembered a ſcore of marvellous tales, which the credulous old woman told him. There was the Biſhop of Autun, that was healed of a malady he had for forty years, and which left him after he ſaid maſs for the repoſe of the King's ſoul. There was M. Marais, a ſurgeon in Auvergne, who had a palſy in both his legs, which was cured through the King's interceſſion. There was Philip Pitet, of the Benedictines, who had a ſuffocating cough, which well nigh killed him, but he beſought relief of Heaven, through the merits and interceſſion of the bleſſed king, and he ſtraightway felt a profuſe ſweat breaking out all over him, and was recovered perfectly. And there was the wife of Mons. Lepervier, dancing-maſter to the Duke of Saxe Gotha, who was entirely eaſed of a rheumatiſm by the King's interceſſion, of which miracle there could be no doubt, for her ſurgeon and his apprentice had given their teſtimony, under oath, that they did not in any way contribute

to the cure. Of theſe tales, and a thouſand like them, Mr. Eſmond believed as much as he choſe. His kinſwoman's greater faith had ſwallow for them all.

The Engliſh High Church party did not adopt theſe legends. But truth and honour, as they thought, bound them to the exiled king's ſide; nor had the baniſhed family any warmer ſupporter than that kind lady of Caſtlewood, in whoſe houſe Eſmond was brought up. She influenced her huſband, very much more perhaps than my lord knew, who admired his wife prodigiouſly though he might be inconſtant to her, and who, adverſe to the trouble of thinking himſelf, gladly enough adopted the opinions which ſhe choſe for him. To one of her ſimple and faithful heart, allegiance to any ſovereign but the one was impoſſible. To ſerve King William for intereſt's ſake would have been a monſtrous hypocriſy and treaſon. Her pure conſcience could no more have conſented to it than to a theft, a forgery, or any other baſe action. Lord Caſtlewood might have been won over, no doubt, but his wife never could; and he ſubmitted his conſcience to hers in this

caſe as he did in moſt others, when he was not tempted too ſorely. And it was from his affection and gratitude moſt likely, and from that eager devotion for his miſtreſs, which characteriſed all Eſmond's youth, that the young man ſubſcribed to this, and other articles of faith, which his fond benefactreſs ſet him. Had ſhe been a Whig, he had been one; had ſhe followed Mr. Fox, and turned Quaker, no doubt he would have abjured ruffles and a perriwig, and have forſworn ſwords, lace coats, and clocked ſtockings. In the ſcholars' boyiſh diſputes at the Univerſity, where parties ran very high, Eſmond was noted as a Jacobite, and very likely from vanity as much as affection took the ſide of his family.

Almoſt the whole of the clergy of the country and more than a half of the nation were on this ſide. Ours is the moſt loyal people in the world ſurely; we admire our kings, and are faithful to them long after they have ceaſed to be true to us. 'Tis a wonder to any one who looks back at the hiſtory of the Stuart family, to think how they kicked their crowns away from them; how they flung away chances after chances; what

treaſures of loyalty they diſſipated, and how fatally they were bent on conſummating their own ruin. If ever men had fidelity, 'twas they; if ever men ſquandered opportunity, 'twas they; and of all the enemies they had, they themſelves were the moſt fatal.*

When the Princeſs Anne ſucceeded, the wearied nation was glad enough to cry a truce from all theſe wars, controverſies, and conſpiracies, and to accept in the perſon of a Princeſs of the blood royal a compromiſe between the parties into which the country was divided. The Tories could ſerve under her with eaſy conſciences; though a Tory herſelf, ſhe repreſented the triumph of the Whig opinion. The people of England, always liking that their Princes ſhould be attached to their own families, were pleaſed to think the Princeſs was faithful to hers; and up to the very laſt day and hour of her reign, and but for that fatality which he inherited from his fathers along with their claims to the Engliſh crown, King James the Third might have

* Ὦ ποποι, ὁιον δη νυ θεους βροτοι αιτιοωνται
εξ ἡμεων γαρ φασι κακ' εμμεναι, ὁι δε κἰι αυτοι
σφησιν ατ ασθαλιησιν ὑπερ μορον αλγε' εχουσιν.

worn it. But he neither knew how to wait an opportunity, nor to uſe it when he had it; he was ventureſome when he ought to have been cautious, and cautious when he ought to have dared everything. 'Tis with a ſort of rage at his inaptitude that one thinks of his melancholy ſtory. Do the Fates deal more ſpecially with Kings than with common men? One is apt to imagine ſo, in conſidering the hiſtory of that royal race, in whoſe behalf ſo much fidelity, ſo much valour, ſo much blood were deſperately and bootleſſly expended.

The King dead then, the Princeſs Anne (ugly Anne Hyde's daughter, our dowager at Chelſea called her) was proclaimed by trumpeting heralds all over the town from Weſtminſter to Ludgate Hill, amidſt immenſe jubilations of the people.

Next week my Lord Marlborough was promoted to the Garter and to be Captain-General of Her Majeſty's forces at home and abroad. This appointment only inflamed the Dowager's rage, or, as ſhe thought it, her fidelity to her rightful ſovereign. "The Princeſs is but a puppet in the hands of that fury of a woman,

who comes into my drawing-room and inſults me to my face. What can come to a country that is given over to ſuch a woman?" ſays the Dowager: "As for that double-faced traitor, my Lord Marlborough, he has betrayed every man and every woman with whom he has had to deal, except his horrid wife who makes him tremble. 'Tis all over with the country when it has got into the clutches of ſuch wretches as theſe."

Eſmond's old kinſwoman ſaluted the new powers in this way; but ſome good fortune at leaſt occurred to a family which ſtood in great need of it, by the advancement of theſe famous perſonages who benefited humbler people that had the luck of being in their favour. Before Mr. Eſmond left England in the month of Auguſt and being then at Portſmouth where he had joined his regiment, and was buſy at drill, learning the practice and myſteries of the muſket and pike, he heard that a penſion on the Stamp Office had been got for his late beloved miſtreſs, and that the young Miſtreſs Beatrix was alſo to be taken into court. So much good, at leaſt, had come of the poor widow's viſit to London, not revenge upon her huſband's enemies, but recon-

cilement to old friends, who pitied, and ſeemed inclined to ſerve her. As for the comrades in priſon and the late misfortune: Colonel Weſtbury was with the Captain-General gone to Holland; Captain Macartney was now at Portſmouth, with his regiment of Fuſileers and the force under command of his Grace the Duke of Ormond, bound for Spain it was ſaid; my Lord Warwick was returned home; and Lord Mohun, ſo far from being puniſhed for the homicide which had brought ſo much grief and change into the Eſmond family, was gone in company of my Lord Macclesfield's ſplendid embaſſy to the Elector of Hanover, carrying the Garter to his Highneſs and a complimentary letter from the Queen.

CHAPTER IV.

RECAPITULATIONS.

FROM ſuch fitful lights as could be caſt upon his dark hiſtory by the broken narrative of his poor patron, torn by remorſe and ſtruggling in the laſt pangs of diſſolution, Mr. Eſmond had been made to underſtand ſo far, that his mother was long ſince dead; and ſo there could be no queſtion as regarded her or her honour, tarniſhed by her huſband's deſertion and injury, to influence her ſon in any ſteps which he might take either for proſecuting or relinquiſhing his own juſt claims. It appeared from my poor lord's hurried confeſſion, that he had been made acquainted with the real facts of the caſe only two years ſince, when Mr. Holt viſited him, and would have implicated him in one of thoſe many conſpiracies by which the

ſecret leaders of King James's party in this country were ever endeavouring to deſtroy the Prince of Orange's life or power; conſpiracies ſo like murder, ſo cowardly in the means uſed, ſo wicked in the end, that our nation has ſure done well in throwing off all allegiance and fidelity to the unhappy family that could not vindicate its right except by ſuch treachery,—by ſuch dark intrigue and baſe agents. There were deſigns againſt King William that were no more honourable than the ambuſhes of cut-throats and footpads. 'Tis humiliating to think that a great Prince, poſſeſſor of a great and ſacred right, and upholder of a great cauſe, ſhould have ſtooped to ſuch baſeneſs of aſſaſſination and treaſons as are proved by the unfortunate King James's own warrant and ſign-manual given to his ſupporters in this country. What he and they called levying war was, in truth, no better than inſtigating murder. The noble Prince of Orange burſt magnanimouſly through thoſe feeble meſhes of conſpiracy in which his enemies tried to envelop him: it ſeemed as if their cowardly daggers broke upon the breaſt of his undaunted reſolution. After King James's

death, the Queen and her people at St. Germains —prieſts and women, for the moſt part—continued their intrigues in behalf of the young Prince, James the Third, as he was called in France and by his party here (this Prince, or Chevalier de St. George, was born in the ſame year with Eſmond's young pupil Frank, my Lord Viſcount's ſon): and the Prince's affairs, being in the hands of prieſts and women, were conducted as prieſts and women will conduct them, artfully, cruelly, feebly, and to a certain bad iſſue. The moral of the Jeſuits' ſtory I think as wholeſome a one as ever was writ: the artfulleſt, the wiſeſt, the moſt toilſome, and dexterous plot-builders in the world,—there always comes a day when the rouſed publick indignation kicks their flimſy edifice down, and ſends its cowardly enemies a-flying. Mr. Swift hath finely deſcribed that paſſion for intrigue, that love of ſecreſy, ſlander and lying, which belongs to weak people, hangers-on of weak courts. Tis the nature of ſuch to hate and envy the ſtrong, and conſpire their ruin; and the conſpiracy ſucceeds very well, and everything preſages the ſatisfactory overthrow of the great victim; until

one day Gulliver rouſes himſelf, ſhakes off the little vermin of an enemy, and walks away unmoleſted. Ah! the Iriſh ſoldiers might well ſay after the Boyne, "Change kings with us, and we will fight it over again." Indeed, the fight was not fair between the two. 'Twas a weak prieſt-ridden, woman-ridden man, with ſuch puny allies and weapons as his own poor nature led him to chooſe, contending againſt the ſchemes, the generalſhip, the wiſdom, and the heart of a hero.

On one of theſe many coward's errands, then (for, as I view them now, I can call them no leſs), Mr. Holt had come to my lord at Caſtlewood, propoſing ſome infallible plan for the Prince of Orange's deſtruction, in which my Lord Viſcount, loyaliſt as he was, had indignantly refuſed to join. As far as Mr. Eſmond could gather from his dying words, Holt came to my lord with a plan of inſurrection, and offer of the renewal, in his perſon, of that marquis's title, which King James had conferred on the preceding viſcount; and on refuſal of this bribe, a threat was made, on Holt's part, to upſet my Lord Viſcount's claim to his eſtate and title of

Caſtlewood altogether. To back this aſtounding piece of intelligence, of which Henry Eſmond's patron now had the firſt light, Holt came armed with the late lord's dying declaration, after the affair of the Boyne, at Trim, in Ireland, made both to the Iriſh prieſt and a French eccleſiaſtick of Holt's order, that was with King James's army. Holt ſhowed, or pretended to ſhow, the marriage certificate of the late Viſcount Eſmond with my mother, in the city of Bruſſels, in the year 1677, when the viſcount, then Thomas Eſmond, was ſerving with the Engliſh army in Flanders; he could ſhow, he ſaid, that this Gertrude, deſerted by her huſband long ſince, was alive, and a profeſſed nun in the year 1685, at Bruſſels, in which year Thomas Eſmond married his uncle's daughter, Iſabella, now called Viſcounteſs Dowager of Caſtlewood; and leaving him, for twelve hours, to conſider this aſtounding news (ſo the poor dying lord ſaid), diſappeared with his papers in the myſterious way in which he came. Eſmond knew how, well enough: by that window from which he had ſeen the father iſſue:—but there was no need to explain to my poor lord, only to gather from his

parting lips the words which he would ſoon be able to utter no more.

Ere the twelve hours were over, Holt himſelf was a priſoner, implicated in Sir John Fenwick's conſpiracy, and locked up at Hexton firſt, whence he was transferred to the Tower; leaving the poor Lord Viſcount, who was not aware of the other's being taken, in daily apprehenſion of his return, when (as my Lord Caſtlewood declared, calling God to witneſs, and with tears in his dying eyes), it had been his intention at once to give up his eſtate and his title to their proper owner, and to retire to his own houſe at Walcote with his family. "And would to God I had done it," the poor lord ſaid, "I would not be here now, wounded to death, a miſerable, ſtricken man!"

My lord waited day after day, and, as may be ſuppoſed, no meſſenger came; but at a month's end Holt got means to convey to him a meſſage out of the Tower, which was to this effect: That he ſhould conſider all unſaid that had been ſaid, and that things were as they were.

"I had a ſore temptation," ſaid my poor lord.

"Since I had come in to this curſed title of Caſtlewood, which hath never proſpered with me, I have ſpent far more than the income of that eſtate, and my paternal one, too. I calculated all my means down to the laſt ſhilling, and found I never could pay you back, my poor Harry, whoſe fortune I had had for twelve years. My wife and children muſt have gone out of the houſe diſhonoured, and beggars. God knows, it hath been a miſerable one for me and mine. Like a coward, I clung to that reſpite which Holt gave me. I kept the truth from Rachel and you. I tried to win money of Mohun, and only plunged deeper into debt; I ſcarce dared look thee in the face when I ſaw thee. This ſword hath been hanging over my head theſe two years. I ſwear I felt happy, when Mohun's blade entered my ſide."

After lying ten months in the Tower, Holt, againſt whom nothing could be found, except that he was a Jeſuit-prieſt, known to be in King James's intereſt, was put on ſhip-board by the incorrigible forgiveneſs of King William, who promiſed him, however, a hanging, if ever he ſhould again ſet foot on Engliſh ſhore. More

than once, whilſt he was in priſon himſelf, Eſmond had thought where thoſe papers could be, which the Jeſuit had ſhown to his patron, and which had ſuch an intereſt for himſelf. They were not found on Mr. Holt's perſon when that Father was apprehended, for had ſuch been the caſe my lords of the council had ſeen them, and this family hiſtory had long ſince been made publick. However, Eſmond cared not to ſeek the papers. His reſolution being taken; his poor mother dead; what matter to him that documents exiſted proving his right to a title which he was determined not to claim, and of which he vowed never to deprive that family which he loved beſt in the world? Perhaps he took a greater pride out of his ſacrifice than he would have had in thoſe honours which he was reſolved to forego. Again, as long as theſe titles were not forthcoming, Eſmond's kinſman, dear young Francis, was the honourable and undiſputed owner of the Caſtlewood eſtate and title. The mere word of a Jeſuit could not overſet Frank's right of occupancy, and ſo Eſmond's mind felt actually at eaſe to think the papers were miſſing, and in their abſence his dear

miſtreſs and her ſon the lawful Lady and Lord of Caſtlewood.

Very ſoon after his liberation, Mr. Eſmond made it his buſineſs to ride to that village of Ealing where he had paſſed his earlieſt years in this country, and to ſee if his old guardians were ſtill alive and inhabitants of that place. But the only relique which he found of old M. Paſtoureau was a ſtone in the churchyard, which told that Athanaſius Paſtoureau, a native of Flanders, lay there buried, aged 87 years. The old man's cottage, which Eſmond perfectly recollected, and the garden (where in his childhood he had paſſed many hours of play and reverie, and had many a beating from his termagant of a foſter-mother,) were now in the occupation of quite a different family; and it was with difficulty that he could learn in the village what had come of Paſtoureau's widow and children. The clerk of the pariſh recollected her—the old man was ſcarce altered in the fourteen years that had paſſed ſince laſt Eſmond ſet eyes on him—it appeared ſhe had pretty ſoon conſoled herſelf after the death of her old huſband, whom ſhe ruled over, by taking a new one younger than herſelf, who ſpent her

money and ill-treated her and her children. The girl died; one of the boys 'liſted; the other had gone apprentice. Old Mr. Rogers, the clerk, ſaid he had heard that Mrs. Paſtoureau was dead too. She and her huſband had left Ealing this ſeven year; and ſo Mr. Eſmond's hopes of gaining any information regarding his parentage from this family, were brought to an end. He gave the old clerk a crown-piece for his news, ſmiling to think of the time when he and his little playfellows had ſlunk out of the churchyard, or hidden behind the graveſtones at the approach of this awful authority.

Who was his mother? What had her name been? When did ſhe die? Eſmond longed to find ſome one who could anſwer theſe queſtions to him, and thought even of putting them to his aunt the viſcounteſs, who had innocently taken the name which belonged of right to Henry's mother. But ſhe knew nothing or choſe to know nothing, on this ſubject, nor, indeed, could Mr. Eſmond preſs her much to ſpeak on it. Father Holt was the only man who could enlighten him, and Eſmond felt he muſt wait until ſome freſh chance or new intrigue might

put him face to face with his old friend, or bring that reſtleſs indefatigable ſpirit back to England again.

The appointment to his enſigncy, and the preparations neceſſary for the campaign, preſently gave the young gentleman other matters to think of. His new patroneſs treated him very kindly and liberally; ſhe promiſed to make intereſt and pay money, too, to get him a company ſpeedily; ſhe bade him procure a handſome outfit, both of clothes and of arms, and was pleaſed to admire him when he made his firſt appearance in his laced ſcarlet coat, and to permit him to ſalute her on the occaſion of this intereſting inveſtiture. "Red," ſays ſhe, toſſing up her old head, "hath always been the colour worn by the Eſmonds." And ſo her ladyſhip wore it on her own cheeks very faithfully to the laſt. She would have him be dreſſed, ſhe ſaid, as became his father's ſon, and paid cheerfully for his five-pound beaver, his black buckled perriwig, and his fine holland ſhirts, and his ſwords, and his piſtols, mounted with ſilver. Since the day he was born, poor Harry had never looked ſuch a fine gentleman: his

liberal ſtepmother filled his purſe with guineas, too, ſome of which Captain Steele and a few choice ſpirits helped Harry to ſpend in an entertainment which Dick ordered (and, indeed, would have paid for, but that he had no money when the reckoning was called for; nor would the landlord give him any more credit,) at the Garter, over againſt the gate of the Palace, in Pall Mall.

The old viſcounteſs, indeed, if ſhe had done Eſmond any wrong formerly, ſeemed inclined to repair it by the preſent kindneſs of her behaviour: ſhe embraced him copiouſly at parting, wept plentifully, bade him write by every packet, and gave him an ineſtimable relick, which ſhe beſought him to wear round his neck—a medal, bleſſed by I know not what Pope, and worn by his late ſacred Majeſty King James. So Eſmond arrived at his regiment with a better equipage than moſt young officers could afford. He was older than moſt of his ſeniors, and had a further advantage which belonged but to very few of the army gentlemen in his day—many of whom could do little more than write their names—that he had read much, both at home and at

the Univerſity, was maſter of two or three languages, and had that further education which neither books nor years will give, but which ſome men get from the ſilent teaching of adverſity. She is a great ſchoolmiſtreſs, as many a poor fellow knows, that hath held his hand out to her ferule, and whimpered over his leſſon before her awful chair.

CHAPTER V.

I GO ON THE VIGO BAY EXPEDITION, TASTE SALT WATER AND SMELL POWDER.

THE firſt expedition in which Mr. Eſmond had the honour to be engaged, rather reſembled one of the invaſions projected by the redoubted Captain Avory, or Captain Kid, than a war between crowned heads, carried on by generals of rank and honour. On the 1ſt day of July, 1702, a great fleet, of a hundred and fifty ſail, ſet ſail from Spithead, under the command of Admiral Shovell, having on board 12,000 troops, with his Grace the Duke of Ormond as the Capt.-General of the expedition. One of theſe 12,000 heroes having never been to ſea before, or, at leaſt, only once in his infancy, when he made the voyage to England from that unknown country where he was born,—one of thoſe 12,000—the junior enſign of Col. Quin's

regiment of Fuſileers—was in a quite unheroic ſtate of corporal proſtration a few hours after ſailing; and an enemy, had he boarded the ſhip, would have had eaſy work of him. From Portſmouth we put into Plymouth, and took in freſh reinforcements. We were off Finiſterre on the 31ſt of July, ſo Eſmond's table-book informs him; and on the 8th of Auguſt made the rock of Liſbon. By this time the enſign was grown as bold as an admiral, and a week afterwards had the fortune to be under fire for the firſt time,—and, under water, too,—his boat being ſwamped in the ſurf in Toros bay, where the troops landed. The ducking of his new coat was all the harm the young ſoldier got in this expedition, for, indeed, the Spaniards made no ſtand before our troops, and were not in ſtrength to do ſo.

But the campaign, if not very glorious, was very pleaſant. New ſights of nature, by ſea and land,—a life of action, beginning, now, for the firſt time,—occupied and excited the young man. The many accidents, and the routine of ſhip-board,—the military duty,—the new acquaintances, both of his comrades in arms, and of the officers of the fleet, ſerved to cheer and occupy

his mind, and waken it out of that ſelfiſh depreſſion into which his late unhappy fortunes had plunged him. He felt as if the ocean ſeparated him from his paſt care, and welcomed the new era of life which was dawning for him. Wounds heal rapidly in a heart of two-and-twenty; hopes revive daily; and courage rallies, in ſpite of a man. Perhaps, as Eſmond thought of his late deſpondency and melancholy, and how irremediable it had ſeemed to him, as he lay in his priſon a few months back, he was almoſt mortified in his ſecret mind at finding himſelf ſo cheerful.

'To ſee with one's own eyes men and countries, is better than reading all the books of travel in the world; and it was with extreme delight and exultation that the young man found himſelf actually on his grand tour, and in the view of people and cities which he had read about as a boy. He beheld war, for the firſt time—the pride, pomp, and circumſtance of it, at leaſt, if not much of the danger. He ſaw actually, and with his own eyes, thoſe Spaniſh cavaliers and ladies whom he had beheld in imagination in that immortal ſtory of Cervantes, which had been the

delight of his youthful leiſure. 'Tis forty years ſince Mr. Eſmond witneſſed thoſe ſcenes, but they remain as freſh in his memory as on the day when firſt he ſaw them as a young man. A cloud, as of grief, that had lowered over him, and had wrapped the laſt years of his life in gloom, ſeemed to clear away from Eſmond during this fortunate voyage and campaign. His energies ſeemed to awaken and to expand, under a cheerful ſenſe of freedom. Was his heart ſecretly glad to have eſcaped from that fond but ignoble bondage at home? Was it that the inferiority to which the idea of his baſe birth had compelled him, vaniſhed with the knowledge of that ſecret, which though, perforce, kept to himſelf, was yet enough to cheer and conſole him? At any rate, young Eſmond of the army was quite a different being to the ſad little dependant of the kind Caſtlewood houſehold, and the melancholy ſtudent of Trinity Walks; diſcontented with his fate, and with the vocation into which that drove him, and thinking, with a ſecret indignation, that the caſſock and bands, and the very ſacred office with which he had once propoſed to inveſt himſelf, were, in fact, but marks of a ſervitude

which was to continue all his life long. For, diſguiſe it as he might to himſelf, he had all along felt that to be Caſtlewood's chaplain was to be Caſtlewood's inferior ſtill, and that his life was but to be a long, hopeleſs ſervitude. So, indeed, he was far from grudging his old friend Tom Tuſher's good fortune (as Tom, no doubt, thought it). Had it been a mitre and Lambeth which his friends offered him, and not a ſmall living and a country parſonage, he would have felt as much a ſlave in one caſe as in the other, and was quite happy and thankful to be free.

The braveſt man I ever knew in the army, and who had been preſent in moſt of King William's actions, as well as in the campaigns of the great Duke of Marlborough, could never be got to tell us of any achievement of his, except that once Prince Eugene ordered him up a tree to reconnoitre the enemy, which feat he could not achieve on account of the horſeman's boots he wore; and on another day that he was very nearly taken priſoner becauſe of theſe jack-boots, which prevented him from running away. The preſent narrator ſhall imitate this laudable reſerve, and doth not intend to dwell upon his military

exploits, which were, in truth, not very different from thoſe of a thouſand other gentlemen. This firſt campaign of Mr. Eſmond's laſted but a few days; and as a ſcore of books have been written concerning it, it may be diſmiſſed very briefly here.

When our fleet came within view of Cadiz, our commander ſent a boat with a white flag and a couple of officers to the Governor of Cadiz, Don Scipio de Brancaccio, with a letter from his Grace, in which he hoped that as Don Scipio had formerly ſerved with the Auſtrians againſt the French in England, 'twas to be hoped that his Excellency would now declare himſelf againſt the French king and for the Auſtrian in the war between King Philip and King Charles. But his Excellency, Don Scipio, prepared a reply, in which he announced that, having ſerved his former king with honour and fidelity, he hoped to exhibit the same loyalty and devotion towards his preſent ſovereign, King Philip V.; and by the time this letter was ready, the officers, who had been taken to ſee the town, and the alameda, and the theatre, where bull-fights are fought, and the convents, where the admirable

works of Don Bartholomew Murillo inſpired one of them with a great wonder and delight—ſuch as he had never felt before—concerning this divine art of painting; and theſe ſights over, and a handſome refection and chocolate being ſerved to the Engliſh gentlemen, they were accompanied back to their ſhallop with every courteſy, and were the only two officers of the Engliſh army that ſaw at that time that famous city.

The General tried the power of another proclamation on the Spaniards, in which he announced that we only came in the intereſt of Spain and King Charles, and for ourſelves wanted to make no conqueſt nor ſettlement in Spain at all. But all this eloquence was loſt upon the Spaniards, it would ſeem: the Captain-General of Andaluſia would no more liſten to us than the Governor of Cadiz; and in reply to his Grace's proclamation, the Marquis of Villadarias fired off another, which thoſe who knew the Spaniſh thought rather the beſt of the two; and of this number was Harry Eſmond, whoſe kind Jeſuit in old days had inſtructed him, and now had the honour of tranſlating for his

Grace theſe harmleſs documents of war. There was a hard touch for his Grace, and, indeed, for other generals in Her Majeſty's ſervice, in the concluding ſentence of the Don. "That he and his council had the generous example of their anceſtors to follow, who had never yet ſought their elevation in the blood or in the flight of their kings. '*Mori pro patria*' was his device, which the Duke might communicate to the Princeſs who governed England."

Whether the troops were angry at this repartee or no, 'tis certain ſomething put them in a fury, for not being able to get poſſeſſion of Cadiz, our people ſeized upon Port Saint Mary's and ſacked it, burning down the merchants' ſtorehouſes, getting drunk with the famous wines there; pillaging and robbing quiet houſes and convents, murdering and doing worſe.—And the only blood which Mr. Eſmond drew in this ſhameful campaign, was the knocking down an Engliſh ſentinel with a half-pike, who was offering inſult to a poor trembling nun. Is ſhe going to turn out a beauty?—or a princeſs?—or perhaps Eſmond's mother that he had loſt and never ſeen? Alas no, it was but a poor wheezy

old dropſical woman, with a wart on her noſe. But having been early taught a part of the Roman religion, he never had the horror of it that ſome Proteſtants have ſhown and ſeem to think to be a part of ours.

After the pillage and plunder of St. Mary's, and an aſſault upon a fort or two, the troops all took ſhipping and finiſhed their expedition, at any rate more brilliantly than it had begun. Hearing that the French fleet with a great treaſure was in Vigo Bay, our Admirals, Rooke and Hopſon, purſued the enemy thither; the troops landed and carried the forts that protected the bay, Hopſon paſſing the boom firſt on board his ſhip the Torbay, and the reſt of the ſhips, Engliſh and Dutch, following him. Twenty ſhips were burned or taken in the Port of Redondilla, and a vaſt deal more plunder than was ever accounted for; but poor men before that expedition were rich afterwards, and ſo often was it found and remarked that the Vigo officers came home with pockets full of money, that the notorious Jack Shafto who made ſuch a figure at the coffee-houſes and gaming-tables in London, and gave out that he had been a ſoldier at Vigo;

owned when he was about to be hanged, that Bagſhot Heath had been *his* Vigo, and that he only ſpoke of La Redondilla to turn away people's eyes from the real place where the booty lay. Indeed, Hounſlow or Vigo—which, matters much? The latter was a bad buſineſs, though Mr. Addiſon did ſing its praiſes in Latin. That honeſt gentleman's muſe had an eye to the main chance; and I doubt whether ſhe ſaw much inſpiration in the loſing ſide.

But though Eſmond, for his part, got no ſhare of this fabulous booty, one great prize which he had out of the campaign was, that excitement of action and change of ſcene, which ſhook off a great deal of his previous melancholy. He learnt at any rate to bear his fate cheerfully. He brought back a browned face, a heart reſolute enough, and a little pleaſant ſtore of knowledge and obſervation, from that expedition, which was over with the autumn, when the troops were back in England again; and Eſmond giving up his poſt of ſecretary to General Lumley, whoſe command was over, and parting with that officer with many kind expreſſions of good will on the General's ſide, had leave to go to London to ſee

if he could puſh his fortunes any way further, and found himſelf once more in his dowager aunt's comfortable quarters at Chelſea, and in greater favour than ever with the old lady. He propitiated her with a preſent of a comb, a fan, and a black mantle, ſuch as the ladies of Cadiz wear, and which my Lady Viſcounteſs pronounced became her ſtyle of beauty mightily. And ſhe was greatly edified at hearing of that ſtory of his reſcue of the nun, and felt very little doubt but that her King James's relick, which he had always dutifully worn in his deſk, had kept him out of danger, and averted the ſhot of the enemy. My lady made feaſts for him, introduced him to more company, and puſhed his fortunes with ſuch enthuſiaſm and ſucceſs that ſhe got a promiſe of a company for him through the Lady Marlborough's intereſt, who was graciouſly pleaſed to accept of a diamond worth a couple of hundred guineas, which Mr. Eſmond was enabled to preſent to her ladyſhip through his aunt's bounty, and who promiſed that ſhe would take charge of Eſmond's fortune. He had the honour to make his appearance at the Queen's drawing-room occaſionally and to frequent my Lord Marlborough's

levees. That great man received the young one with very eſpecial favour, ſo Eſmond's comrades ſaid, and deigned to ſay that he had received the beſt reports of Mr. Eſmond, both for courage and ability, whereon you may be ſure the young gentleman made a profound bow, and expreſſed himſelf eager to ſerve under the moſt diſtinguiſhed captain in the world.

Whilſt his buſineſs was going on thus proſperouſly, Eſmond had his ſhare of pleaſure, too, and made his appearance along with other young gentlemen at the coffee-houſes, the theatres, and the Mall. He longed to hear of his dear miſtreſs and her family: many a time, in the midſt of the gaieties and pleaſures of the town, his heart fondly reverted to them; and often as the young fellows of his ſociety were making merry at the tavern, and calling toaſts (as the faſhion of that day was) over their wine, Eſmond thought of perſons—of two fair women, whom he had been uſed to adore almoſt, and emptied his glaſs with a ſigh.

By this time the elder viſcounteſs had grown tired again of the younger, and whenever ſhe

ſpoke of my lord's widow, 'twas in terms by no means complimentary towards that poor lady: the younger woman not needing her protection any longer, the elder abuſed her. Moſt of the family quarrels that I have ſeen in life (ſaving always thoſe ariſing from money-diſputes, when a diviſion of twopence halfpenny will often drive the deareſt relatives into war and eſtrangement,) ſpring out of jealouſy and envy. Jack and Tom, born of the ſame family and to the ſame fortune, live very cordially together, not until Jack is ruined when Tom deſerts him, but until Tom makes a ſudden riſe in proſperity, which Jack can't forgive. Ten times to one 'tis the unproſperous man that is angry, not the other who is in fault. 'Tis Mrs. Jack, who can only afford a chair, that ſickens at Mrs. Tom's new coach-and-ſix, cries out againſt her ſiſter's airs, and ſets her huſband againſt his brother. 'Tis Jack who ſees his brother ſhaking hands with a lord (with whom Jack would like to exchange ſnuff-boxes himſelf); that goes home and tells his wife how poor Tom is ſpoiled, he fears, and no better than a ſneak, paraſite, and beggar on horſeback. I remember how furious the coffee-

houſe wits were with Dick Steele when he ſet up his coach, and fine houſe in Bloomſbury: they began to forgive him when the bailiffs were after him, and abuſed Mr. Addiſon for ſelling Dick's country-houſe. And yet Dick in the ſpunging-houſe, or Dick in the Park, with his four mares and plated harneſs, was exactly the ſame gentle, kindly, improvident, jovial Dick Steele: and yet Mr. Addiſon was perfectly right in getting the money which was his, and not giving up the amount of his juſt claim, to be ſpent by Dick upon champagne and fiddlers, laced clothes, fine furniture, and paraſites, Jew and Chriſtian, male and female, who clung to him. As, according to the famous maxim of Monſieur de Rochefoucault, "in our friends misfortunes there's ſomething ſecretly pleaſant to us;" ſo, on the other hand, their good fortune is diſagreeable. If 'tis hard for a man to bear his own good luck, 'tis harder ſtill for his friends to bear it for him; and but few of them ordinarily can ſtand that trial: whereas one of the "precious uſes" of adverſity is, that it is a great reconciler; that it brings back averted kindneſs, diſarms animoſity,

and cauſes yeſterday's enemy to fling his hatred aſide, and hold out a hand to the fallen friend of old days. There's pity and love, as well as envy, in the ſame heart and towards the ſame perſon. The rivalry ſtops when the competitor tumbles; and, as I view it, we ſhould look at theſe agreeable and diſagreeable qualities of our humanity humbly alike. They are conſequent and natural, and our kindneſs and meanneſs both manly.

So you may either read the ſentence, that the elder of Eſmond's two kinſwomen pardoned the younger her beauty, when that had loſt ſomewhat of its freſhneſs, perhaps; and forgot moſt her grievances againſt the other, when the ſubject of them was no longer proſperous and enviable; or we may ſay more benevolently (but the ſum comes to the ſame figures, worked either way), that Iſabella repented of her unkindneſs towards Rachel, when Rachel was unhappy; and beſtirring herſelf in behalf of the poor widow and her children, gave them ſhelter and friendſhip. The ladies were quite good friends as long as the weaker one needed a protector. Before Eſmond went away on his firſt campaign,

his miſtreſs was ſtill on terms of friendſhip (though a poor little chit, a woman that had evidently no ſpirit in her, &c.) with the elder Lady Caſtlewood; and Miſtreſs Beatrix was allowed to be a beauty.

But between the firſt year of Queen Anne's reign, and the ſecond, ſad changes for the worſe had taken place in the two younger ladies, at leaſt, in the elder's deſcription of them. Rachel, Viſcounteſs Caſtlewood, had no more face than a dumpling, and Mrs. Beatrix was grown quite coarſe, and was loſing all her beauty. Little Lord Blandford—(ſhe never would call him Lord Blandford; his father was Lord Churchill—the King, whom he betrayed, had made him Lord Churchill, and he was Lord Churchill ſtill)—might be making eyes at her; but his mother, that vixen of a Sarah Jennings, would never hear of ſuch a folly. Lady Marlborough had got her to be a maid of honour at court to the Princeſs, but ſhe would repent of it. The widow Francis (ſhe was but Mrs. Francis Eſmond,) was a ſcheming, artful, heartleſs huſſey. She was ſpoiling her brat of a boy, and ſhe would end by marrying her chaplain.

"What, Tuſher!" cried Mr. Eſmond, feeling a ſtrange pang of rage and aſtoniſhment.

"Yes—Tuſher, my maid's ſon; and who has got all the qualities of his father, the lacquey in black, and his accompliſhed mamma, the waiting woman," cries my lady. "What, do you ſuppoſe that a ſentimental widow, who will live down in that dingy dungeon of a Caſtlewood, where ſhe ſpoils her boy, kills the poor with her drugs, has prayers twice a day, and ſees nobody but the chaplain—what do you ſuppoſe ſhe can do, *mon Cousin*, but let the horrid parſon, with his great ſquare toes, and hideous little green eyes, make love to her? *Cela c'est vu, mon Couſin.* When I was a girl at Caſtlewood, all the chaplains fell in love with me—they've nothing elſe to do."

My lady went on with more talk of this kind, though, in truth, Eſmond had no idea of what ſhe ſaid further, ſo entirely did her firſt words occupy his thought. Were they true? Not all, nor half, nor a tenth part of what the garrulous old woman ſaid, was true. Could this be ſo? No ear had Eſmond for anything elſe, though his patroneſs chattered on for an hour.

Some young gentlemen of the town with

whom Eſmond had made acquaintance had promiſed to preſent him to that moſt charming of actreſſes, and lively and agreeable of women, Mrs. Bracegirdle, about whom Harry's old adverſary Mohun had drawn ſwords, a few years before my poor lord and he fell out. The famous Mr. Congreve had ſtamped with his high approval, to the which there was no gainſaying, this delightful perſon; and ſhe was acting in Dick Steele's comedies, and finally, and for twenty-four hours after beholding her, Mr. Eſmond felt himſelf, or thought himſelf, to be as violently enamoured of this lovely brunette, as were a thouſand other young fellows about the city. To have once ſeen her was to long to behold her again; and to be offered the delightful privilege of her acquaintance was a pleaſure the very idea of which ſet the young lieutenant's heart on fire. A man cannot live with comrades under the tents without finding out that he too is five-and-twenty. A young fellow cannot be caſt down by grief and misfortune ever ſo ſevere but ſome night he begins to ſleep ſound, and ſome day when dinner time comes to feel hungry for a beefſtake. Time, youth, and good health, new

ſcenes and the excitement of action and a campaign had pretty well brought Eſmond's mourning to an end; and his comrades ſaid that Don Diſmal, as they called him, was Don Diſmal no more. So when a party was made to dine at the Roſe and go to the playhouſe afterward, Eſmond was as pleaſed as another to take his ſhare of the bottle and the play.

How was it that the old aunt's news, or it might be ſcandal about Tom Tuſher, cauſed ſuch a ſtrange and ſudden excitement in Tom's old play-fellow? Hadn't he ſworn a thouſand times in his own mind, that the Lady of Caſtlewood, who had treated him with ſuch kindneſs once, and then had left him ſo cruelly, was, and was to remain henceforth, indifferent to him for ever? Had his pride, and his ſenſe of juſtice not long ſince helped him to cure the pain of that deſertion—was it even a pain to him now? Why, but laſt night as he walked acroſs the fields and meadows to Chelſea from Pall Mall, had he not compoſed two or three ſtanzas of a ſong, celebrating Bracegirdle's brown eyes, and declaring them a thouſand times more beautiful than the brighteſt blue ones that ever languiſhed under the

laſhes of an inſipid fair beauty. But Tom Tuſher! Tom Tuſher, the waiting woman's ſon, raiſing up *his* little eyes to his miſtreſs! Tom Tuſher preſuming to think of Caſtlewood's widow! Rage and contempt filled Mr. Harry's heart at the very notion; the honour of the family, of which he was the chief, made it his duty to prevent ſo monſtrous an alliance, and to chaſtiſe the upſtart who could dare to think of ſuch an inſult to their houſe. 'Tis true Mr. Eſmond often boaſted of republican principles and could remember many fine ſpeeches he had made at College and elſewhere, with *worth* and not *birth* for a text: but Tom Tuſher, to take the place of the noble Caſtlewood—faugh! 'twas as monſtrous as King Hamlet's widow taking off her weeds for Claudius. Eſmond laughed at all widows, all wives, all women; and were the banns about to be publiſhed, as no doubt they were, that very next ſunday at Walcote Church; Eſmond ſwore that he would be preſent, to ſhout no! in the face of the congregation, and to take a private revenge upon the ears of the bridegroom.

Inſtead of going to dinner then at the Roſe that night, Mr. Eſmond bade his ſervant pack a

portmantua and get horſes, and was at Farnham, half way on the road to Walcote, thirty miles off, before his comrades had got to their ſupper after the play. He bade his man give no hint to my Lady Dowager's houſehold of the expedition on which he was going: and as Chelſea was diſtant from London, the roads bad, and infeſted by foot-pads; and Eſmond, often in the habit, when engaged in a party of pleaſure, of lying at a friend's lodging in town, there was no need that his old aunt ſhould be diſturbed at his abſence—indeed nothing more delighted the old lady than to fancy that *Mon couſin*, the incorrigible young ſinner, was abroad boxing the watch, or ſcouring St. Giles's. When ſhe was not at her books of devotion, ſhe thought Etheridge and Sedley very good reading. She had a hundred pretty ſtories about Rocheſter; Harry Jermyn, and Hamilton; and if Eſmond would but have run away with the wife even of a citizen, 'tis my belief ſhe would have pawned her diamonds (the beſt of them went to our Lady of Chaillot) to pay his damages.

My lord's little houſe of Walcote, which he inhabited before he took his title and occupied

the houſe of Caſtlewood—lies about a mile from Wincheſter, and his widow had returned to Walcote after my lord's death as a place always dear to her, and where her earlieſt and happieſt days had been ſpent, cheerfuller than Caſtlewood, which was too large for her ſtraightened means, and giving her, too, the protection of the ex-Dean, her father. The young viſcount had a year's ſchooling at the famous college there with Mr. Tuſher as his governor. So much news of them Mr. Eſmond had had during the paſt year from the old viſcounteſs, his own father's widow; from the young one there had never been a word.

Twice or thrice in his benefactor's lifetime, Eſmond had been to Walcote; and, now, taking but a couple of hours reſt only at the inn on the road, he was up again long before day-break, and made ſuch good ſpeed, that he was at Walcote by two o'clock of the day. He rid to the inn of the village, where he alighted and ſent a man thence to Mr. Tuſher with a meſſage that a gentleman from London would ſpeak with him on urgent buſineſs. The meſſenger came back to ſay the Doctor was in town, moſt likely at

prayers in the Cathedral. My Lady Viſcounteſs was there too: ſhe always went to Cathedral prayers every day.

The horſes belonged to the poſt-houſe at Wincheſter. Eſmond mounted again, and rode on to the George; whence he walked, leaving his grumbling domeſtick at laſt happy with a dinner, ſtraight to the Cathedral. The organ was playing: the winter's day was already growing grey: as he paſſed under the ſtreet-arch into the cathedral-yard and made his way into the ancient ſolemn edifice.

CHAPTER VI.

THE 29TH DECEMBER.

THERE was ſcarce a ſcore of perſons in the Cathedral beſides the Dean and ſome of his clergy, and the choriſters, young and old, that performed the beautiful evening prayer. But Dr. Tuſher was one of the officiants, and read from the eagle, in an authoritative voice, and a great black perriwig; and in the ſtalls, ſtill in her black widow's hood, ſate Eſmond's dear miſtreſs, her ſon by her ſide, very much grown, and indeed a noble-looking youth, with his mother's eyes, and his father's curling brown hair, that fell over his *point de Veniſe*—a pretty picture ſuch as Vandyke might have painted. Mons. Rigaud's portrait of my Lord Viſcount, done at Paris afterwards, gives but a French verſion of his manly, frank Engliſh face. When

he looked up there were two ſapphire beams out of his eyes, ſuch as no painter's palette has the colour to match, I think. On this day there was not much chance of ſeeing that particular beauty of my young lord's countenance; for the truth is, he kept his eyes ſhut for the moſt part, and, the anthem being rather long, was aſleep.

But the muſick ceaſing, my lord woke up, looking about him, and his eyes lighting on Mr. Eſmond, who was ſitting oppoſite him, gazing with no ſmall tenderneſs and melancholy upon two perſons who had had ſo much of his heart for ſo many years; Lord Caſtlewood, with a ſtart, pulled at his mother's ſleeve (her face had ſcarce been lifted from her book), and ſaid, "Look, mother!" ſo loud, that Eſmond could hear on the other ſide of the church, and the old Dean on his throned ſtall. Lady Caſtlewood looked for an inſtant as her ſon bade her, and held up a warning finger to Frank; Eſmond felt his whole face fluſh, and his heart throbbing, as that dear lady beheld him once more. The reſt of the prayers were ſpeedily over: Mr. Eſmond did not hear them; nor did his miſtreſs, very likely, whoſe hood went more cloſely over her

face, and who never lifted her head again until the ſervice was over, the bleſſing given, and Mr. Dean, and his proceſſion of eccleſiaſticks, out of the inner chapel.

Young Caſtlewood came clambering over the ſtalls before the clergy were fairly gone, and running up to Eſmond, eagerly embraced him. "My dear, deareſt old Harry," he ſaid, "are you come back? Have you been to the wars? You'll take me with you when you go again? Why didn't you write to us? Come to mother."

Mr. Eſmond could hardly ſay more than a God bleſs you, my boy, for his heart was very full and grateful at all this tenderneſs on the lad's part; and he was as much moved at ſeeing Frank, as he was fearful about that other interview which was now to take place; for he knew not if the widow would reject him as ſhe had done ſo cruelly a year ago.

"It was kind of you to come back to us, Henry," Lady Eſmond ſaid. "I thought you might come."

"We read of the fleet coming to Portſmouth. Why did you not come from Portſmouth?"

Frank aſked, or my Lord Viſcount as he now muſt be called.

Eſmond had thought of that too. He would have given one of his eyes ſo that he might ſee his dear friends again once more; but believing that his miſtreſs had forbidden him her houſe, he had obeyed her, and remained at a diſtance.

"You had but to aſk, and you knew I would be here," he ſaid.

She gave him her hand, her little fair hand: there was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. The year of grief and eſtrangement was paſſed. They never had been ſeparated. His miſtreſs had never been out of his mind all that time. No, not once. No, not in the priſon; nor in the camp; nor on ſhore before the enemy; nor at ſea under the ſtars of ſolemn midnight, nor as he watched the glorious riſing of the dawn: not even at the table where he ſate carouſing with friends, or at the theatre yonder where he tried to fancy that other eyes were brighter than hers. Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none ſo dear—no voice ſo ſweet as that of his beloved miſtreſs, who had been ſiſter, mother, goddeſs to

him during his youth—goddeſs now no more, for he knew of her weakneſſes; and by thought, by ſuffering, and that experience it brings, was older now than ſhe; but more fondly cheriſhed as woman perhaps than ever ſhe had been adored as divinity. What is it? Where lies it? the ſecret which makes one little hand the deareſt of all? Whoever can unriddle that myſtery? Here ſhe was, her ſon by his ſide, his dear boy. Here ſhe was, weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconciliation.

"Here comes Squaretoes," ſays Frank. "Here's Tuſher."

Tuſher, indeed, now appeared, creaking on his great heels. Mr. Tom had diveſted himſelf of his alb or ſurplice, and came forward habited in his caſſock and great black perriwig. How had Harry Eſmond ever been for a moment jealous of this fellow?

"Give us thy hand, Tom Tuſher," he ſaid. The chaplain made him a very low and ſtately bow. "I am charmed to ſee Captain Eſmond," ſays he. "My lord and I have read the *Reddas incolumem precor*, and applied it, I am ſure, to

you. You come back with Gaditanian laurels: when I heard you were bound thither, I wiſhed, I am ſure, I was another Septimius. My Lord Viſcount, your lordſhip remembers *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum?*"

"There's an angle of earth that I love better than Gades, Tuſher," ſays Mr. Eſmond. "'Tis that one where your reverence hath a parſonage, and where our youth was brought up."

"A houſe that has ſo many ſacred recollections to me," ſays Mr. Tuſher (and Harry remembered how Tom's father uſed to flog him there)—"a houſe near to that of my reſpected patron, my moſt honoured patroneſs, muſt ever be a dear abode to me. But, madam, the verger waits to cloſe the gates on your ladyſhip."

"And Harry's coming home to ſupper. Huzzay! huzzay!" cries my lord. "Mother, ſhall I run home and bid Beatrix put her ribbons on. Beatrix is a maid of honour, Harry. Such a fine ſet-up minx!"

"Your heart was never in the Church, Harry," the widow ſaid, in her ſweet low tone, as they walked away together. (Now, it ſeemed they had never been parted, and again, as if they had

been ages aſunder.) "I always thought you had no vocation that way; and that 'twas a pity to ſhut you out from the world. You would but have pined and chafed at Caſtlewood: and 'tis better you ſhould make a name for yourſelf. I often ſaid ſo to my dear lord. How he loved you! 'Twas my lord that made you ſtay with us."

"I aſked no better than to ſtay near you always," ſaid Mr. Eſmond.

"But to go was beſt, Harry. When the world cannot give peace, you will know where to find it; but one of your ſtrong imagination and eager deſires muſt try the world firſt before he tires of it. 'Twas not to be thought of, or if it once was, it was only by my ſelfiſhneſs, that you ſhould remain as chaplain to a country gentleman and tutor to a little boy. You are of the blood of the Eſmonds, kinſman; and that was always wild in youth. Look at Francis. He is but fifteen, and I ſcarce can keep him in my neſt. His talk is all of war and pleaſure, and he longs to ſerve in the next campaign. Perhaps he and the young Lord Churchill ſhall go the next. Lord Marlborough has been good to us.

You know how kind they were in my misfortune. And ſo was your—your father's widow. No one knows how good the world is, till grief comes to try us. 'Tis through my Lady Marlborough's goodneſs that Beatrix hath her place at court; and Frank is under my Lord Chamberlain. And the dowager lady, your father's widow, has promiſed to provide for you—has ſhe not?"

Eſmond ſaid "Yes. As far as preſent favour went, Lady Caſtlewood was very good to him. And ſhould her mind change," he added gaily, "as ladies' minds will, I am ſtrong enough to bear my own burthen, and make my way ſomehow. Not by the ſword very likely. Thouſands have a better genius for that than I, but there are many ways in which a young man of good parts and education can get on in the world; and I am pretty ſure, one way or other, of promotion?" Indeed, he had found patrons already in the army, and amongſt perſons very able to ſerve him, too; and told his miſtreſs of the flattering aſpect of fortune. They walked as though they had never been parted, ſlowly, with the grey twilight cloſing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," ſhe continued. "I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having ſpoken unjuſtly to you after that horrid —horrid misfortune. I was half frantick with grief then, when I ſaw you. And I know now—they have told me. That wretch, whoſe name I can never mention, even has ſaid it: how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourſelf, my poor child: but it was God's will that I ſhould be puniſhed, and that my dear lord ſhould fall."

"He gave me his bleſſing on his death-bed," Eſmond ſaid. "Thank God for that legacy!"

"Amen, amen! dear Henry," ſays the lady, preſſing his arm. "I knew it. Mr. Atterbury, of St. Bride's, who was called to him, told me ſo. And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever ſince, remembered it."

"You had ſpared me many a bitter night, had you told me ſooner," Mr. Eſmond ſaid.

"I know it, I know it," ſhe anſwered, in a tone of ſuch ſweet humility, as made Eſmond repent that he ſhould ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been;

and I have ſuffered, too, my dear. I confeſſed to Mr. Atterbury—I muſt not tell any more. He—I ſaid I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better, even, that having parted, we ſhould part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they ſang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, 'They that ſow in tears ſhall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, ſhall doubtleſs come home again with rejoicing, bringing his ſheaves with him;' I looked up from the book, and ſaw you. I was not ſurpriſed when I ſaw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and ſaw the gold ſunſhine round your head."

She ſmiled an almoſt wild ſmile, as ſhe looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the froſty ſky. He could ſee, for the firſt time now clearly, her ſweet, care-worn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" ſhe continued. "It is the 29th of December—it is your

birthday! But laſt year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die; and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your ſheaves with you, my dear." She burſt into a wild flood of weeping as ſhe ſpoke; ſhe laughed and ſobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, "bringing your ſheaves with you—your ſheaves with you!"

As he had ſometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundleſs ſtarlit depths overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endleſs brightneſs and beauty—in ſome ſuch a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the firſt time, revealed to him quite) ſmote upon him, and filled his heart with thankſgiving. Gracious God, who was he, weak and friendleſs creature, that ſuch a love ſhould be poured out upon him? Not in vain, not in vain has he lived,—hard and thankleſs ſhould he be to think ſo—that has ſuch a treaſure given him. What is ambition compared to that? but ſelfiſh vanity. To be rich, to be famous? What do theſe profit a year hence, when other names ſound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under ground,

along with the idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you,—follows your memory with ſecret bleſſing,—or precedes you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*,—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am loſt and hopeleſs living, if a ſainted departed ſoul ſtill loves and prays for me.

"If—if 'tis ſo, dear lady," Mr. Eſmond ſaid, "why ſhould I ever leave you? If God hath given me this great boon,—and near or far from me, as I know now,—the heart of my deareſt miſtreſs follows me; let me have that bleſſing near me, nor ever part with it till life ſeparate us. Come away—leave this Europe, this place which has ſo many ſad recollections for you. Begin a new life in a new world. My good lord often talked of viſiting that land in Virginia which King Charles gave us—gave his anceſtor. Frank will give us that. No man there will aſk if there is a blot on my name, or inquire in the woods what my title is."

"And my children,—and my duty,—and my good father?—Henry," ſhe broke out. "He has none but me now; for ſoon my ſiſter will leave him, and the old man will be alone. He has

conformed ſince the new Queen's reign; and here in Wincheſter, where they love him, they have found a church for him. When the children leave me, I will ſtay with him. I cannot follow them into the great world, where their way lies —it ſcares me. They will come and viſit me; and you will, ſometimes, Henry—yes, ſometimes, as now, in the Holy Advent ſeaſon, when I have ſeen and bleſſed you once more."

"I would leave all to follow you," ſaid Mr. Eſmond; "and can you not be as generous for me, dear lady?"

"Huſh, boy!" ſhe ſaid, and it was with a mother's ſweet plaintive tone and look that ſhe ſpoke. "The world is beginning for you. For me, I have been ſo weak and ſinful that I muſt leave it, and pray out an expiation, dear Henry. Had we houſes of religion as there were once, and many divines of our church would have them again, I often think I would retire to one and paſs my life in penance. But I would love you ſtill—yes, there is no ſin in ſuch a love as mine now; and my dear lord in heaven may ſee my heart; and knows the tears that have waſhed my ſin away—and now—now my duty is here, by

my children whilſt they need me, and by my poor old father, and—"

"And not by me?" Henry ſaid.

"Huſh," ſhe ſaid again, and raiſed her hand up to his lip. "I have been your nurſe. You could not ſee me, Harry, when you were in the ſmall-pox, and I came and ſate by you. Ah! I prayed that I might die, but it would have been in ſin, Henry. O it is horrid to look back to that time. It is over now and paſt, and it has been forgiven me. When you need me again I will come ever ſo far. When your heart is wounded, then come to me, my dear. Be ſilent! let me ſay all. You never loved me, dear Henry —no, you do not now, and I thank Heaven for it. I uſed to watch you, and knew by a thouſand ſigns that it was ſo. Do you remember how glad you were to go away to College? 'Twas I ſent you. I told my papa that, and Mr. Atterbury too, when I ſpoke to him in London. And they both gave me abſolution —both — and they are godly men having authority to bind and to looſe. And they forgave me, as my dear lord forgave me before he went to heaven."

"I think the angels are not all in heaven," Mr. Eſmond ſaid. And as a brother folds a ſiſter to his heart; and as a mother cleaves to her ſon's breaſt—ſo for a few moments Eſmond's beloved miſtreſs came to him and bleſſed him.

CHAPTER VII.

I AM MADE WELCOME AT WALCOTE.

AS they came up to the houſe at Walcote, the windows from within were lighted up with friendly welcome; the ſupper-table was ſpread in the oak parlour; it ſeemed as if forgiveneſs and love were awaiting the returning prodigal. Two or three familiar faces of domeſticks were on the look-out at the porch—the old houſekeeper was there, and young Lockwood from Caſtlewood in my lord's livery of tawney and blue. His dear miſtreſs preſſed his arm as they paſſed into the hall. Her eyes beamed out on him with affection indeſcribable. "Welcome," was all ſhe ſaid: as ſhe looked up, putting back her fair curls and black hood. A ſweet roſy ſmile bluſhed on her face; Harry thought he had never ſeen her look ſo charming.

Her face was lighted with a joy that was brighter than beauty—ſhe took a hand of her ſon who was in the hall waiting his mother—ſhe did not quit Eſmond's arm.

"Welcome, Harry!" my young lord echoed after her. "Here, we are all come to ſay ſo. Here's old Pincot, haſn't ſhe grown handſome?" and Pincot, who was older, and no handſomer than uſual, made a curtſey to the Captain as ſhe called Eſmond, and told my lord to "Have done, now."

"And here's Jack Lockwood. He'll make a famous grenadier Jack; and ſo ſhall I; we'll both liſt under you, Couſin. As ſoon as I am ſeventeen I go to the army—every gentleman goes to the army. Look! who comes here—ho, ho!" he burſt into a laugh. "'Tis Miſtreſs 'Trix, with a new ribbon; I knew ſhe would put one on as ſoon as ſhe heard a Captain was coming to ſupper."

This laughing colloquy took place in the hall of Walcote Houſe: in the midſt of which is a ſtaircaſe that leads from an open gallery, where are the doors of the ſleeping chambers: and from one of theſe, a wax candle in her hand,

and illuminating her, came Miſtreſs Beatrix—the light falling indeed upon the ſcarlet ribbon which ſhe wore, and upon the moſt brilliant white neck in the world.

Eſmond had left a child, and found a woman, grown beyond the common height; and arrived at ſuch a dazzling completeneſs of beauty, that his eyes might well ſhow ſurpriſe and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightneſs ſo luſtrous and melting, that I have ſeen a whole aſſembly follow her as if by an attraction irreſiſtible: and that night the great Duke was at the play-houſe after Ramillies, every ſoul turned and looked (ſhe chanced to enter at the oppoſite ſide of the theatre at the ſame moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty: that is, her eyes, hair, and eye-brows and eye-laſhes, were dark: her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her ſhoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as ſnow in ſunſhine; except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a ſtill deeper crimſon. Her mouth and chin, they ſaid, were too large and full, and ſo they might be for a goddeſs in marble, but not for a woman whoſe eyes were

fire, whoſe look was love, whoſe voice was the ſweeteſt low ſong, whoſe ſhape was perfect ſymmetry, health, deciſion, activity, whoſe foot as it planted itſelf on the ground was firm but flexible, and whoſe motion, whether rapid or ſlow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now ſarcaſtick, there was no ſingle movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes, feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

So ſhe came holding her dreſs with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the ſtair to greet Eſmond.

"She hath put on her ſcarlet ſtockings and white ſhoes," ſays my lord, ſtill laughing. "O, my fine miſtreſs! is this the way you ſet your cap at the Captain!" She approached, ſhining ſmiles upon Eſmond, who could look at nothing but her eyes. She advanced holding forward her head, as if ſhe would have him kiſs her as he uſed to do when ſhe was a child.

"Stop," ſhe ſaid, "I am grown too big! Welcome, couſin Harry," and ſhe made him an arch curtſey, ſweeping down to the ground

almoſt, with the moſt gracious bend, looking up the while with the brighteſt eyes and ſweeteſt ſmile. Love ſeemed to radiate from her. Harry eyed her with ſuch a rapture as the firſt lover is deſcribed as having by Milton.

"*N'est ce pas?*" ſays my lady, in a low, ſweet voice, ſtill hanging on his arm.

Eſmond turned round with a ſtart and a bluſh, as he met his miſtreſs's clear eyes. He had forgotten her, wrapt in admiration of the *filia pulcrior*.

"Right foot forward, toe turned out, ſo: now drop the curtſey, and ſhow the red ſtockings, 'Trix. They've ſilver clocks, Harry. The dowager ſent 'em. She went to put 'em on," cries my lord.

"Huſh, you ſtupid child!" ſays Miſs, ſmothering her brother with kiſſes; and then ſhe muſt come and kiſs her mamma, looking all the while at Harry, over his miſtreſs's ſhoulder. And if ſhe did not kiſs him, ſhe gave him both her hands, and then took one of his in both hands, and ſaid, "Oh, Harry, we're ſo, *ſo* glad you're come!"

"There are woodcocks for ſupper," ſays

my lord: "Huzzay! It was ſuch a hungry ſermon."

"And it is the 29th of December; and our Harry has come home."

"Huzzay, old Pincot!" again ſays my lord; and my dear lady's lips looked as if they were trembling with a prayer. She would have Harry lead in Beatrix to the ſupper-room, going herſelf with my young Lord Viſcount; and to this party came Tom Tuſher directly, whom four at leaſt out of the company of five, wiſhed away. Away he went, however, as ſoon as the ſweetmeats were put down, and then, by the great crackling fire, his miſtreſs or Beatrix with her bluſhing graces filling his glaſs for him, Harry told the ſtory of his campaign, and paſſed the moſt delightful night his life had ever known. The ſun was up long ere he was, ſo deep, ſweet, and refreſhing was his ſlumber. He woke as if angels had been watching at his bed all night. I dareſay one that was as pure and loving as an angel had bleſt his ſleep with her prayers.

Next morning the chaplain read prayers to the little houſehold at Walcote, as the cuſtom was; Eſmond thought Miſtreſs Beatrix did not

liſten to Tuſher's exhortation much; her eyes were wandering everywhere during the ſervice, at leaſt whenever he looked up he met them. Perhaps he alſo was not very attentive to his Reverence the chaplain. "This might have been my life," he was thinking; "this might have been my duty from now till old age. Well, were it not a pleaſant one to be with theſe dear friends and part from 'em no more? Until—until the deſtined lover comes and takes away pretty Beatrix"—and the beſt part of Tom Tuſher's expoſition, which may have been very learned and eloquent, was quite loſt to poor Harry by this viſion of the deſtined lover, who put the preacher out.

All the while of the prayers, Beatrix knelt a little way before Harry Eſmond. The red ſtockings were changed for a pair of grey, and black ſhoes, in which her feet looked to the full as pretty. All the roſes of ſpring could not vie with the brightneſs of her complexion; Eſmond thought he had never ſeen anything like the ſunny luſtre of her eyes. My Lady Viſcounteſs looked fatigued, as if with watching, and her face was pale.

Miſs Beatrix remarked theſe ſigns of indiſpoſition in her mother, and deplored them. "I am an old woman," ſays my lady, with a kind ſmile; "I cannot hope to look as young as you do, my dear."

"She'll never look as good as you do if ſhe lives till ſhe's a hundred," ſays my lord, taking his mother by the waiſt, and kiſſing her hand.

"Do I look very wicked, couſin?" ſays Beatrix, turning full round on Eſmond, with her pretty face ſo cloſe under his chin, that the ſoft perfumed hair touched it. She laid her finger-tips on his ſleeve as ſhe ſpoke; and he put his other hand over hers.

"I'm like your looking-glaſs," ſays he, "and that can't flatter you."

"He means that you are always looking at him, my dear," ſays her mother, archly. Beatrix ran away from Eſmond at this, and flew to her mamma, whom ſhe kiſſed, ſtopping my lady's mouth with her pretty hand.

"And Harry is very good to look at," ſays my lady, with her fond eyes regarding the young man.

"If 'tis good to ſee a happy face," ſays he,

"you ſee that." My lady ſaid Amen, with a ſigh; and Harry thought the memory of her dead lord roſe up and rebuked her back again into ſadneſs; for her face loſt the ſmile, and reſumed its look of melancholy.

"Why, Harry, how fine we look in our ſcarlet and ſilver, and our black perriwig," cries my lord. "Mother, I am tired of my own hair. When ſhall I have a perruke? Where did you get your ſteenkirk, Harry?"

"It's ſome of my Lady Dowager's lace," ſays Harry; "ſhe gave me this and a number of other fine things."

"My Lady Dowager iſn't ſuch a bad woman," my lord continued.

"She's not ſo—ſo red as ſhe's painted," ſays Miſs Beatrix.

Her brother broke into a laugh. "I'll tell her you ſaid ſo; by the Lord, 'Trix, I will," he cries out.

"She'll know that you hadn't the wit to ſay it, my lord," ſays Miſs Beatrix.

"We won't quarrel the firſt day Harry's here, will we, mother?" ſaid the young lord. "We'll ſee if we can get on to the new year without a

fight. Have ſome of this Chriſtmas pie? and here comes the tankard; no, it's Pincot with the tea."

"Will the Captain chooſe a diſh?" aſks Miſtreſs Beatrix.

"I ſay, Harry," my lord goes on, "I'll ſhow thee my horſes after breakfaſt; and we'll go a bird-netting to-night, and on Monday there's a cock-match at Wincheſter—do you love cock-fighting, Harry?—between the gentlemen of Suſſex and the gentlemen of Hampſhire, at ten pound the battle, and fifty pound the odd battle, to ſhow one-and-twenty cocks."

"And what will you do, Beatrix, to amuſe our kinſman?" aſks my lady.

"I'll liſten to him," ſays Beatrix; "I am ſure he has a hundred things to tell us. And I'm jealous already of the Spaniſh ladies. Was that a beautiful nun at Cadiz that you reſcued from the ſoldiers? Your man talked of it laſt night in the kitchen, and Mrs. Betty told me this morning as ſhe combed my hair. And he ſays you muſt be in love, for you ſate on deck all night, and ſcribbled verſes all day in your table-book." Harry thought if he had wanted

a ſubject for verſes yeſterday, to-day he had found one: and not all the Lindamiras and Ardelias of the poets were half ſo beautiful as this young creature; but he did not ſay ſo, though ſome one did for him.

This was his dear lady who, after the meal was over, and the young people were gone, began talking of her children with Mr. Eſmond, and of the characters of one and the other, and of her hopes and fears for both of them. "'Tis not while they are at home," ſhe ſaid, "and in their mother's neſt, I fear for them—'tis when they are gone into the world whither I ſhall not be able to follow them. Beatrix will begin her ſervice next year. You may have heard a rumour about—about my Lord Blandford. They were both children; and it is but idle talk. I know my kinſwoman would never let him make ſuch a poor marriage as our Beatrix would be. There's ſcarce a princeſs in Europe that ſhe thinks is good enough for him or for her ambition."

"There's not a princeſs in Europe to compare with her," ſays Eſmond.

"In beauty? No, perhaps not," anſwered

my lady. "She is moſt beautiful, isn't ſhe? 'Tis not a mother's partiality that deceives me. I marked you yeſterday when ſhe came down the ſtair: and read it in your face. We look when you don't fancy us looking, and ſee better than you think, dear Harry: and juſt now when they ſpoke about your poems—you writ pretty lines when you were but a boy—you thought Beatrix was a pretty ſubject for verſe, did not you, Harry? (The gentleman could only bluſh for a reply.) And ſo ſhe is—nor are you the firſt her pretty face has captivated. 'Tis quickly done. Such a pair of bright eyes as hers learn their power very ſoon, and uſe it very early." And, looking at him keenly with hers, the fair widow left him.

And ſo it is—a pair of bright eyes with a dozen glances ſuffice to ſubdue a man; to enſlave him, and enflame him; to make him even forget: they dazzle him ſo that the paſt becomes ſtraightway dim to him: and he ſo prizes them that he would give all his life to poſſeſs 'em. What is the fond love of deareſt friends compared to this treaſure? Is memory as ſtrong as expectancy? fruition, as hunger? gratitude, as deſire? I

have looked at royal diamonds in the jewel rooms in Europe, and thought how wars have been made about 'em; Mogul ſovereigns depoſed and ſtrangled for them, or ranſomed with them; millions expended to buy them; and daring lives loſt in digging out the little ſhining toys that I value no more than the button in my hat. And ſo there are other glittering baubles (of rare water too) for which men have been ſet to kill and quarrel ever ſince mankind began: and which laſt but for a ſcore of years, when their ſparkle is over. Where are thoſe jewels now that beamed under Cleopatra's forehead, or ſhone in the ſockets of Helen?

The ſecond day after Eſmond's coming to Walcote, Tom Tuſher had leave to take a holiday and went off in his very beſt gown and bands to court the young woman whom his Reverence deſired to marry, and who was not a viſcount's widow, as it turned out, but a brewer's relict at Southampton, with a couple of thouſand pounds to her fortune: for honeſt Tom's heart was under ſuch excellent controul, that Venus herſelf without a portion would never have cauſed it to flutter. So he rode away on his heavy-

paced gelding to purſue his jog-trot loves, leaving Eſmond to the ſociety of his dear miſtreſs and her daughter, and with his young lord for a companion, who was charmed not only to ſee an old friend, but to have the tutor and his Latin books put out of the way.

The boy talked of things and people, and not a little about himſelf, in his frank artleſs way. 'Twas eaſy to ſee that he and his ſiſter had the better of their fond mother, for the firſt place in whoſe affections though they fought conſtantly; and though the kind lady perſiſted that ſhe loved both equally, 'twas not difficult to underſtand that Frank was his mother's darling and favourite. He ruled the whole houſehold (always excepting rebellious Beatrix) not leſs now than when he was a child marſhalling the village boys in playing at ſoldiers, and caning them luſtily too like the ſturdieſt corporal. As for Tom Tuſher, his Reverence treated the young lord with that politeneſs and deference which he always ſhowed for a great man, whatever his age or his ſtature was. Indeed with reſpect to this young one, it was impoſſible not to love him, ſo frank and winning were his manners, his beauty, his gaiety,

the ring of his laughter, and the delightful tone of his voice. Wherever he went, he charmed and domineered. I think his old grandfather, the Dean, and the grim old houſekeeper, Mrs. Pincot, were as much his ſlaves as his mother was: and as for Eſmond, he found himſelf preſently ſubmitting to a certain faſcination the boy had, and ſlaving it like the reſt of the family. The pleaſure which he had in Harry's mere company and converſe, exceeded that which he ever enjoyed in the ſociety of any other man, however delightful in talk, or famous for wit. His preſence brought ſunſhine into a room, his laugh, his prattle, his noble beauty, and brightneſs of look cheered and charmed indeſcribably. At the leaſt tale of ſorrow, his hands were in his purſe, and he was eager with ſympathy and bounty. The way in which women loved and petted him, when, a year or two afterwards, he came upon the world, yet a mere boy, and the follies which they did for him, (as indeed he for them,) recalled the career of Rocheſter, and outdid the ſucceſſes of Grammont. His very creditors loved him; and the hardeſt uſurers, and ſome of the rigid prudes of the other ſex too,

could deny him nothing. He was no more witty than another man, but what he ſaid, he ſaid and looked as no man elſe could ſay or look it. I have ſeen the women at the comedy at Bruxelles crowd round him in the lobby: and as he ſate on the ſtage more people looked at him than at the actors, and watched him; and I remember at Ramillies, when he was hit, and fell, a great big red-haired Scotch ſergeant flung his halberd down, burſt out a-crying like a woman, ſeizing him up as if he had been an infant, and carrying him out of the fire. This brother and ſiſter were the moſt beautiful couple ever ſeen: though after he winged away from the maternal neſt this pair were ſeldom together.

Sitting at dinner two days after Eſmond's arrival (it was the laſt day of the year), and ſo happy a one to Harry Eſmond, that to enjoy it was quite worth all the previous pain which he had endured and forgot: my young lord, filling a bumper, and bidding Harry take another, drank to his ſiſter, ſaluting her under the title of "Marchioneſs."

"Marchioneſs!" ſays Harry, not without a

pang of wonder, for he was curious and jealous already.

"Nonſenſe, my lord," ſays Beatrix, with a toſs of her head. My Lady Viſcounteſs looked up for a moment at Eſmond, and caſt her eyes down.

"The Marchioneſs of Blandford," ſays Frank, "don't you know—hath not Rouge Dragon told you? (My lord uſed to call the dowager at Chelſea by this and other names.) Blandford has a lock of her hair: the Ducheſs found him on his knees to Miſtreſs 'Trix, and boxed his ears, and ſaid Dr. Hare ſhould whip him."

"I wiſh Mr. Tuſher would whip you too," ſays Beatrix.

My lady only ſaid: "I hope you tell none of theſe ſilly ſtories elſewhere than at home, Francis."

"'Tis true, on my word," continues Frank: "look at Harry ſcowling, mother, and ſee how Beatrix bluſhes as red as the ſilver-clocked ſtockings."

"I think we had beſt leave the gentlemen to their wine, and their talk," ſays Miſtreſs Beatrix, riſing up with the air of a young queen, toſſing

her ruſtling, flowing draperies about her, and quitting the room, followed by her mother.

Lady Caſtlewood again looked at Eſmond, as ſhe ſtooped down and kiſſed Frank. "Do not tell thoſe ſilly ſtories, child," ſhe ſaid: "do not drink much wine, ſir; Harry never loved to drink wine." And ſhe went away, too, in her black robes, looking back on the young man with her fair, fond face.

"Egad! it's true," ſays Frank, ſipping his wine with the air of a lord. "What think you of this Liſbon—real Collares? 'Tis better than your heady port: we got it out of one of the Spaniſh ſhips that came from Vigo laſt year: my mother bought it at Southampton, as the ſhip was lying there,—the Roſe, Captain Hawkins."

"Why, I came home in that ſhip," ſays Harry.

"And it brought home a good fellow and good wine," ſays my lord. "I ſay, Harry, I wiſh thou hadſt not that curſed bar ſiniſter."

"And why not the bar ſiniſter?" aſks the other.

"Suppoſe I go to the army and am killed—

every gentleman goes to the army—who is to take care of the women? 'Trix will never ſtop at home; mother's in love with you,—yes, I think mother's in love with you. She was always praiſing you, and always talking about you; and when ſhe went to Southampton, to ſee the ſhip, I found her out. But you ſee it is impoſſible: we are of the oldeſt blood in England; we came in with the Conqueror; we were only baronets,—but what then? we were forced into that. James the Firſt forced our great grandfather. We are above titles; we old Engliſh gentry don't want 'em; the Queen can make a duke any day. Look at Blandford's father, Duke Churchill, and Ducheſs Jennings, what were they, Harry? Damn it, ſir, what are they, to turn up their noſes at us? Where were they, when our anceſtor rode with King Henry at Agincourt, and filled up the French king's cup after Poictiers? 'Fore George, ſir, why ſhouldn't Blandford marry Beatrix? By G—! he *ſhall* marry Beatrix, or tell me the reaſon why. We'll marry with the beſt blood of England, and none but the beſt blood of England. You are an Eſmond, and you can't

help your birth, my boy. Let's have another bottle. What! no more? I've drunk three parts of this myſelf. I had many a night with my father; you ſtood to him like a man, Harry. You backed your blood; you can't help your misfortune, you know,—no man can help that."

The elder ſaid, he would go in to his miſtreſs's tea-table. The young lad, with a heightened colour and voice, began ſinging a ſnatch of a ſong, and marched out of the room. Eſmond heard him preſently calling his dogs about him, and cheering and talking to them; and by a hundred of his looks and geſtures, tricks of voice and gait, was reminded of the dead lord, Frank's father.

And ſo, the ſylveſter night paſſed away; the family parted long before midnight, Lady Caſtlewood remembering, no doubt, former New Years' Eves, when healths were drunk, and laughter went round in the company of him, to whom years, paſt, and preſent, and future, were to be as one; and ſo cared not to ſit with her children and hear the Cathedral bells ringing the birth of the year 1703. Eſmond heard the chimes as he ſat in his own chamber, ruminating

by the blazing fire there, and liſtened to the laſt notes of them, looking out from his window towards the city, and the great grey towers of the Cathedral lying under the froſty ſky, with the keen ſtars ſhining above.

The ſight of theſe brilliant orbs no doubt made him think of other luminaries. "And ſo her eyes have already done execution," thought Eſmond — "on whom? — who can tell me?" Luckily his kinſman was by, and Eſmond knew he would have no difficulty in finding out Miſtreſs Beatrix's hiſtory from the ſimple talk of the boy.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAMILY TALK.

WHAT Harry admired and ſubmitted to in the pretty lad, his kinſman, was (for why ſhould he reſiſt it?) the calmneſs of patronage which my young lord aſſumed, as if to command was his undoubted right, and all the world (below his degree) ought to bow down to Viſcount Caſtlewood.

"I know my place, Harry," he ſaid. "I'm not proud—the boys at Wincheſter College ſay I'm proud: but I'm not proud. I am ſimply Francis James Viſcount Caſtlewood in the peerage of Ireland. I might have been (do you know that?) Francis James, Marquis and Earl of Eſmond, in that of England. The late lord refuſed the title which was offered to him by my godfather, his late Majeſty. You ſhould know that—you are

of our family, you know—you cannot help your bar ſiniſter, Harry, my dear fellow; and you belong to one of the beſt families in England, in ſpite of that; and you ſtood by my father, and by G—! I'll ſtand by you. You ſhall never want a friend, Harry, while Francis James Viſcount Caſtlewood has a ſhilling. It's now 1703—I ſhall come of age in 1709. I ſhall go back to Caſtlewood; I ſhall live at Caſtlewood; I ſhall build up the houſe. My property will be pretty well reſtored by then. The late viſcount miſmanaged my property, and left it in a very bad ſtate. My mother is living cloſe, as you ſee, and keeps me in a way hardly befitting a peer of theſe realms; for I have but a pair of horſes, a governor, and a man that is valet and groom. But when I am of age, theſe things will be ſet right, Harry. Our houſe will be as it ſhould be. You'll always come to Caſtlewood, won't you? You ſhall always have your two rooms in the court kept for you; and if anybody ſlights you, d—— them! let them have a care of *me*. I ſhall marry early—'Trix will be a ducheſs by that time, moſt likely; for a cannon-ball may knock over his Grace any day, you know."

"How?" ſays Harry.

"Huſh, my dear!" ſays my Lord Viſcount. "You are of the family—you are faithful to us, by George, and I tell you everything. Blandford will marry her—or—" and here he put his little hand on his ſword—"you underſtand the reſt. Blandford knows which of us two is the beſt weapon. At ſmall-ſword, or back-ſword, or ſword and dagger, if he likes: I can beat him. I have tried him, Harry; and begad, he knows I am a man not to be trifled with."

"But you do not mean," ſays Harry, concealing his laughter, but not his wonder, "that you can force my Lord Blandford, the ſon of the firſt man of this kingdom, to marry your ſiſter at ſword's point?"

"I mean to ſay that we are couſins by the mother's ſide, though that's nothing to boaſt of. I mean to ſay that an Eſmond is as good as a Churchill; and when the King comes back, the Marquis of Eſmond's ſiſter may be a match for any nobleman's daughter in the kingdom. There are but two marquiſes in all England, William Herbert, Marquis of Powis, and Francis James, Marquis of Eſmond; and hark you,

Harry, now ſwear you'll never mention this. Give me your honour, as a gentleman, for you *are* a gentleman, though you are a ——"

"Well, well," ſays Harry, a little impatient.

"Well, then, when after my late viſcount's misfortune, my mother went up with us to London, to aſk for juſtice againſt you all (as for Mohun, I'll have his blood, as ſure as my name is Francis Viſcount Eſmond), we went to ſtay with our couſin, my Lady Marlborough, with whom we had quarrelled for ever ſo long. But when misfortune came, ſhe ſtood by her blood;—ſo did the Dowager Viſcounteſs ſtand by her blood,—ſo did you. Well, ſir, whilſt my mother was petitioning the late Prince of Orange—for I will never call him king—and while you were in priſon, we lived at my Lord Marlborough's houſe, who was only a little there, being away with the army in Holland. And then . . . I ſay, Harry, you won't tell, now?"

Harry again made a vow of ſecrecy.

"Well, there uſed to be all ſorts of fun, you know: my Lady Marlborough was very fond of us, and ſhe ſaid I was to be her page; and ſhe got 'Trix to be a maid of honour, and while ſhe was

up in her room crying, we uſed to be always having fun, you know; and the Ducheſs uſed to kiſs me, and ſo did her daughters, and Blandford fell tremendous in love with 'Trix, and ſhe liked him; and one day he—he kiſſed her behind a door—he did though,—and the Ducheſs caught him, and ſhe banged ſuch a box of the ear both to 'Trix and Blandford—you ſhould have ſeen it! And then ſhe ſaid that we muſt leave directly, and abuſed my mamma, who was cognizant of the buſineſs; but ſhe waſn't,—never thinking about anything but father. And ſo we came down to Walcote. Blandford being locked up, and not allowed to ſee 'Trix. But *I* got at him. I climbed along the gutter, and in through the window, where he was crying.

"'Marquis,' ſays I, when he had opened it and helped me in, 'you know I wear a ſword,' for I had brought it.

"'O, viſcount!' ſays he—'O, my deareſt Frank!' and he flung himſelf into my arms, and burſt out a-crying. 'I do love Miſtreſs Beatrix ſo, that I ſhall die, if I don't have her.'

"'My dear Blandford,' ſays I, 'you are young to think of marrying; for he was but

fifteen, and a young fellow at that age can ſcarce do ſo, you know.'

"'But I'll wait twenty years, if ſhe'll have me,' ſays he. 'I'll never marry — no never, never, never, marry anybody but her. No, not a princeſs, though they would have me do it ever ſo. If Beatrix will wait for me, her Blandford ſwears he will be faithful.' And he wrote a paper (it waſn't ſpelt right, for he wrote 'I'm ready to *ſine with my blode*,' which you know, Harry, iſn't the way of ſpelling it), and vowing that he would marry none other but the Honourable Miſtreſs Gertrude Beatrix Eſmond, only ſiſter of his deareſt friend Francis James, fourth Viſcount Eſmond. And ſo I gave him a locket of her hair."

"A locket of her hair!" cries Eſmond.

"Yes. 'Trix gave me one after the fight with the Ducheſs that very day. I'm ſure I didn't want it; and ſo I gave it him, and we kiſſed at parting, and ſaid—'Good-bye, brother.' And I got back through the gutter; and we ſet off home that very evening. And he went to King's College, in Cambridge, and *I'm* going to Cambridge ſoon; and if he doeſn't ſtand to his

promiſe (for he's only wrote once,)—he knows I wear a ſword, Harry. Come along, and let's go ſee the cocking-match at Wincheſter."

"... But I ſay," he added, laughing, after a pauſe, "I don't think 'Trix will break her heart about him. Law bleſs you! Whenever ſhe ſees a man, ſhe makes eyes at him; and young Sir Wilmot Crawley, of Queen's Crawley, and Anthony Henley, of Alresford, were at ſwords drawn about her, at the Wincheſter Aſſembly, a month ago."

That night Mr. Harry's ſleep was by no means ſo pleaſant or ſweet as it had been on the firſt two evenings after his arrival at Walcote. "So, the bright eyes have been already ſhining on another," thought he, "and the pretty lips, or the cheeks at any rate, have begun the work which they were made for. Here's a girl not ſixteen, and one young gentleman is already whimpering over a lock of her hair, and two country ſquires are ready to cut each other's throats that they may have the honour of a dance with her. What a fool am I to be dallying about this paſſion, and ſingeing my wings in this fooliſh flame. Wings!—why not

ſay crutches? There is but eight years difference between us, to be ſure; but in life I am thirty years older. How could I ever hope to pleaſe ſuch a ſweet creature as that, with my rough ways and glum face? Say that I have merit ever ſo much, and won myſelf a name, could ſhe ever liſten to me? She muſt be my Lady Marchioneſs, and I remain a nameleſs baſtard. Oh! my maſter, my maſter! (here he fell to thinking with a paſſionate grief of the vow which he had made to his poor dying lord); Oh! my miſtreſs, deareſt and kindeſt, will you be contented with the ſacrifice which the poor orphan makes for you, whom you love, and who ſo loves you?"

And then came a fiercer pang of temptation. "A word from me," Harry thought, "a ſyllable of explanation, and all this might be changed; but no, I ſwore it over the dying bed of my benefactor. For the ſake of him and his; for the ſacred love and kindneſs of old days; I gave my promiſe to him, and may kind Heaven enable me to keep my vow!"

The next day, although Eſmond gave no ſign of what was going on in his mind, but ſtrove to

be more than ordinarily gay and cheerful when he met his friends at the morning meal, his dear miſtreſs, whoſe clear eyes it ſeemed no emotion of his could eſcape, perceived that ſomething troubled him, for ſhe looked anxiously towards him more than once during the breakfaſt, and when he went up to his chamber afterwards ſhe preſently followed him, and knocked at his door.

As ſhe entered, no doubt the whole ſtory was clear to her at once, for ſhe found our young gentleman packing his valiſe, purſuant to the reſolution which he had come to over-night of making a briſk retreat out of this temptation.

She cloſed the door very carefully behind her, and then leant againſt it, very pale, her hands folded before her, looking at the young man, who was kneeling over his work of packing. "Are you going ſo ſoon?" ſhe ſaid.

He roſe up from his knees, bluſhing, perhaps, to be ſo diſcovered, in the very act, as it were, and took one of her fair little hands—it was that which had her marriage ring on—and kiſſed it.

"It is beſt that it ſhould be ſo, deareſt lady," he ſaid.

"I knew you were going, at breakfaſt.

I—I thought you might ſtay. What has happened? Why can't you remain longer with us? What has Frank told you—you were talking together late laſt night?"

"I had but three days leave from Chelſea," Eſmond ſaid, as gaily as he could. "My aunt—ſhe lets me call her aunt—is my miſtreſs now; I owe her my lieutenantcy and my laced coat. She has taken me into high favour; and my new general is to dine at Chelſea to-morrow—General Lumley, madam—who has appointed me his aid-de-camp, and on whom I muſt have the honour of waiting. See, here is a letter from the dowager; the poſt brought it laſt night; and I would not ſpeak of it, for fear of diſturbing our laſt merry meeting."

My lady glanced at the letter, and put it down with a ſmile that was ſomewhat contemptuous. "I have no need to read the letter," ſays ſhe—(indeed, 'twas as well ſhe did not; for the Chelſea miſſive, in the poor dowager's uſual French jargon, permitted him a longer holiday than he ſaid. '*Je vous donne*,' quoth her ladyſhip, '*oui jour, pour vous fatigay parfaictement de vos parens fatigans*')—"I have no need to

read the letter," ſays ſhe. "What was it Frank told you laſt night?"

"He told me little I did not know," Mr. Eſmond anſwered. "But I have thought of that little, and here's the reſult: I have no right to the name I bear, dear lady; and it is only by your ſufferance that I am allowed to keep it. If I thought for an hour of what has perhaps croſſed your mind too——"

"Yes, I did, Harry," ſaid ſhe; "I thought of it; and think of it. I would ſooner call you my ſon, than the greateſt prince in Europe—yes, than the greateſt prince. For who is there ſo good and ſo brave, and who would love her as you would? But there are reaſons a mother can't tell."

"I know them," ſaid Mr. Eſmond, interrupting her with a ſmile. "I know there's Sir Wilmot Crawley of Queen's Crawley, and Mr. Anthony Henley of the Grange, and my Lord Marquis of Blandford, that ſeems to be the favoured ſuitor. You ſhall aſk me to wear my Lady Marchioneſs's favours and to dance at her ladyſhip's wedding."

"O! Harry, Harry, it is none of theſe follies

that frighten me," cried out Lady Caſtlewood. "Lord Churchill is but a child, his outbreak about Beatrix was a mere boyiſh folly. His parents would rather ſee him buried than married to one below him in rank. And do you think that I would ſtoop to ſue for a huſband for Francis Eſmond's daughter; or ſubmit to have my girl ſmuggled into that proud family to cauſe a quarrel between ſon and parents, and to be treated only as an inferior? I would diſdain ſuch a meanneſs. Beatrix would ſcorn it. Ah! Henry, 'tis not with you the fault lies, 'tis with her. I know you both, and love you; need I be aſhamed of that love now? No, never, never, and 'tis not you, dear Harry, that is unworthy. 'Tis for my poor Beatrix I tremble,—whoſe headſtrong will frightens me; whoſe jealous temper (they ſay I was jealous too, but, pray God, I am cured of that ſin) and whoſe vanity no words or prayers of mine can cure—only ſuffering, only experience, and remorſe afterwards. Oh! Henry, ſhe will make no man happy who loves her. Go away, my ſon: leave her: love us always and think kindly of us: and for me, my dear, you know theſe walls contain all that I love in the world."

In after life, did Eſmond find the words true which his fond miſtreſs ſpoke from her ſad heart? Warning he had: but I doubt others had warning before his time, and ſince: and he benefited by it as moſt men do.

My young Lord Viſcount was exceeding ſorry when he heard that Harry could not come to the cock-match with him, and muſt go to London; but no doubt my lord conſoled himſelf when the Hampſhire cocks won the match; and he ſaw every one of the battles, and crowed properly over the conquered Suſſex gentlemen.

As Eſmond rode towards town his ſervant coming up to him informed him with a grin, that Miſtreſs Beatrix had brought out a new gown, and blue ſtockings for that day's dinner, in which ſhe intended to appear, and had flown into a rage and given her maid a ſlap on the face ſoon after ſhe heard he was going away. Miſtreſs Beatrix's woman, the fellow ſaid, came down to the ſervants' hall, crying, and with the mark of a blow ſtill on her cheek: but Eſmond peremptorily ordered him to fall back and be ſilent, and rode on with thoughts enough of his own to occupy him—ſome ſad ones, ſome inexpreſſibly dear and pleaſant.

His miſtreſs, from whom he had been a year ſeparated, was his deareſt miſtreſs again. The family from which he had been parted, and which he loved with the fondeſt devotion, was his family once more. If Beatrix's beauty ſhone upon him, it was with a friendly luſtre, and he could regard it with much ſuch a delight as he brought away after ſeeing the beautiful pictures of the ſmiling Madonnas in the convent at Cadiz, when he was diſpatched thither with a flag: and as for his miſtreſs, 'twas difficult to ſay with what a feeling he regarded her. 'Twas happineſs to have ſeen her: 'twas no great pang to part; a filial tenderneſs, a love that was at once reſpect and protection filled his mind as he thought of her; and near her or far from her, and from that day until now, and from now till death is paſt, and beyond it, he prays that ſacred flame may ever burn.

CHAPTER IX.

I MAKE THE CAMPAIGN OF 1704.

MR. ESMOND rode up to London then, where, if the dowager had been angry at the abrupt leave of abſence he took, ſhe was mightily pleaſed at his ſpeedy return.

He went immediately and paid his court to his new general, General Lumley, who received him graciously, having known his father, and alſo, he was pleaſed to ſay, having had the very beſt accounts of Mr. Eſmond from the officer whoſe aide-de-camp he had been at Vigo. During this winter Mr. Eſmond was gazetted to a lieutenantcy in Brigadier Webb's regiment of Fuſileers, then with their colonel in Flanders; but being now attached to the ſuite of Mr. Lumley, Eſmond did not join his own regiment until more than a year afterwards, and after his return from the

campaign of Blenheim, which was fought the next year. The campaign began very early, our troops marching out of their quarters before the winter was almoſt over, and inveſting the city of Bonn, on the Rhine, under the Duke's command. His Grace joined the army in deep grief of mind, with crape on his ſleeve, and his houſehold in mourning; and the very ſame packet which brought the Commander-in-Chief over, brought letters to the forces which preceded him, and one from his dear miſtreſs to Eſmond, which intereſted him not a little.

The young Marquis of Blandford, his Grace's ſon, who had been entered in King's College in Cambridge (whither my Lord Viſcount had alſo gone, to Trinity, with Mr. Tuſher as his governor), had been ſeized with ſmall-pox, and was dead at ſixteen years of age, and ſo poor Frank's ſchemes for his ſiſter's advancement were over, and that innocent childiſh paſſion nipped in the birth.

Eſmond's miſtreſs would have had him return, at leaſt her letters hinted as much; but in the preſence of the enemy this was impoſſible, and

our young man took his humble ſhare in the ſiege, which need not be deſcribed here, and had the good luck to eſcape without a wound of any ſort, and to drink his general's health after the ſurrender. He was in conſtant military duty this year, and did not think of aſking for a leave of abſence, as one or two of his leſs fortunate friends did, who were caſt away in that tremendous ſtorm which happened towards the cloſe of November, that "which of late o'er pale Britannia paſt," (as Mr. Addiſon ſang of it,) and in which ſcores of our greateſt ſhips and 15,000 of our ſeamen went down.

They ſaid that our Duke was quite heart-broken by the calamity which had befallen his family; but his enemies found that he could ſubdue them, as well as maſter his grief. Succeſsful as had been this great General's operations in the paſt year, they were far enhanced by the ſplendour of his victory in the enſuing campaign. His Grace the Captain-General went to England after Bonn, and our army fell back into Holland, where, in April, 1704, his Grace again found the troops embarking from Harwich and landing at Maeſland Sluys:

thence His Grace came immediately to the Hague, where he received the foreign miniſters, general-officers, and other people of quality. The greateſt honours were paid to his Grace everywhere, — at the Hague, Utrecht, Ruremonde, and Maeſtricht; the civic authorities coming to meet his coaches: ſalvos of cannon ſaluting him, canopies of ſtate being erected for him where he ſtopped, and feaſts prepared for the numerous gentlemen following in his ſuite. His Grace reviewed the troops of the States-General between Liege and Maeſtricht, and afterwards the Engliſh forces, under the command of General Churchill, near Bois-le-Duc. Every preparation was made for a long march; and the army heard, with no ſmall elation, that it was the Commander-in-Chief's intention to carry the war out of the Low Countries, and to march on the Mozelle. Before leaving our camp at Maeſtricht, we heard that the French, under the Marſhal Villeroy, were alſo bound towards the Mozelle.

Towards the end of May, the army reached Coblentz; and next day, his Grace, and the generals accompanying him, went to viſit the

Elector of Treves at his Caſtle of Ehrenbreitſtein, the Horſe and Dragoons paſſing the Rhine whilſt the Duke was entertained at a grand feaſt by the Elector. All as yet was novelty, feſtivity, and ſplendour,—a brilliant march of a great and glorious army through a friendly country, and ſure through ſome of the moſt beautiful ſcenes of nature which I ever witneſſed.

The Foot and Artillery, following after the Horſe as quick as poſſible, croſſed the Rhine under Ehrenbreitſtein, and ſo to Caſtel, over againſt Mayntz, in which city his Grace, his generals, and his retinue were received at the landing-place by the Elector's coaches, carried to his Highneſs's palace amidſt the thunder of cannon, and then once more magnificently entertained. Gidlingen, in Bavaria, was appointed as the general rendezvous of the army, and thither, by different routes, the whole forces of Engliſh, Dutch, Danes, and German auxiliaries took their way. The Foot and Artillery under General Churchill paſſed the Neckar, at Heidelberg; and Eſmond had an opportunity of ſeeing that city and palace, once ſo famous and beautiful (though ſhattered and battered by

the French, under Turenne, in the late war), where his grandſire had ſerved the beautiful and unfortunate Electreſs-Palatine, the firſt King Charles's ſiſter.

At Mindelſheim, the famous Prince of Savoy came to viſit our commander, all of us crowding eagerly to get a ſight of that brilliant and intrepid warrior; and our troops were drawn up in battalia before the Prince, who was pleaſed to expreſs his admiration of this noble Engliſh army. At length we came in ſight of the enemy between Dillingen and Lawingen, the Brentz lying between the two armies. The Elector, judging that Donauwort would be the point of his Grace's attack, ſent a ſtrong detachment of his beſt troops to Count Darcos, who was poſted at Schellenberg, near that place, where great intrenchments were thrown up, and thouſands of pioneers employed to ſtrengthen the poſition.

On the 2nd of July, his Grace ſtormed the poſt, with what ſucceſs on our part need ſcarce be told. His Grace advanced with ſix thouſand Foot, Engliſh and Dutch, thirty ſquadrons, and three regiments of Imperial Cuiraſſiers, the Duke

croſſing the river at the head of the Cavalry. Although our troops made the attack with unparalleled courage and fury,—ruſhing up to the very guns of the enemy, and being ſlaughtered before their works,—we were driven back many times, and ſhould not have carried them, but that the Imperialiſts came up under the Prince of Baden, when the enemy could make no head againſt us: we purſued him into the trenches, making a terrible ſlaughter there, and into the very Danube, where a great part of his troops, following the example of their generals, Count Darcos and the Elector himſelf, tried to ſave themſelves by ſwimming. Our army entered Donauwort, which the Bavarians evacuated; and where 'twas ſaid the Elector purpoſed to have given us a warm reception, by burning us in our beds; the cellars of the houſes, when we took poſſeſſion of them, being found ſtuffed with ſtraw. But though the links were there, the link-boys had run away. The townſmen ſaved their houſes, and our General took poſſeſſion of the enemy's ammunition in the arſenals, his ſtores, and magazines. Five days afterwards a great "Te Deum" was ſung in Prince Lewis's

army, and a ſolemn day of thankſgiving held in our own; the Prince of Savoy's compliments coming to his Grace the Captain-General during the day's religious ceremony, and concluding, as it were, with an amen.

And now, having ſeen a great military march through a friendly country; the pomps and feſtivities of more than one German court; the ſevere ſtruggle of a hotly-conteſted battle, and the triumph of victory; Mr. Eſmond beheld another part of military duty; our troops entering the enemy's territory, and putting all around them to fire and ſword; burning farms, waſted fields, ſhrieking women, ſlaughtered ſons and fathers, and drunken ſoldiery, curſing and carouſing in the midſt of tears, terror, and murder. Why does the ſtately Muſe of hiſtory, that delights in deſcribing the valour of heroes and the grandeur of conqueſt, leave out theſe ſcenes, ſo brutal, mean, and degrading, that yet form by far the greater part of the drama of war? You, gentlemen of England, who live at home at eaſe, and compliment yourſelves in the ſongs of triumph with which our chieftains are bepraiſed,—you pretty maidens, that come

tumbling down the ſtairs when the fife and drum call you, and huzzah for the Britiſh Grenadiers,—do you take account that theſe items go to make up the amount of the triumph you admire, and form part of the duties of the heroes you fondle? Our chief, whom England and all Europe, ſaving only the Frenchmen, worſhipped almoſt, had this of the god-like in him, that he was impaſſible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greateſt obſtacle or the moſt trivial ceremony; before a hundred thouſand men drawn in battalia, or a peaſant ſlaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouſe of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage-table, where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death, and ſtrewing corpſes round about him;—he was always cold, calm, reſolute, like fate. He performed a treaſon or a court-bow; he told a falſehood as black as Styx, as eaſily as he paid a compliment or ſpoke about the weather. He took a miſtreſs, and left her; he betrayed his benefactor, and ſupported him, or would have murdered him, with the ſame calmneſs always, and having no more

remorſe than Clotho, when ſhe weaves the thread, or Lacheſis, when ſhe cuts it. In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers ſay, the Prince became poſſeſſed with a ſort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he ruſhed hither and thither, raging; he ſhrieked curſes and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himſelf always at the firſt of the hunt. Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon, as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorſe. He achieved the higheſt deed of daring, or deepeſt calculation of thought, as he performed the very meaneſt action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a half-penny with a like awful ſerenity and equal capacity of the higheſt and loweſt acts of our nature.

His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politicks, and of plenty of ſhrewdneſs and wit; but there exiſted ſuch a perfect confidence in him, as the firſt captain of the world, and ſuch a faith and

admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriouſly cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he uſed and injured—(for he uſed all men, great and ſmall, that came near him, as his inſtruments alike, and took ſomething of theirs, either ſome quality or ſome property,—the blood of a ſoldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thouſand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a ſtarving ſentinel's three farthings; or (when he was young) a kiſs from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have ſaid, this of the god-like in him, that he could ſee a hero periſh or a ſparrow fall, with the ſame amount of ſympathy for either. Not that he had no tears; he could always order up this reſerve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or ſmiles alike, and whenever need was for uſing this cheap coin. He would cringe to a ſhoeblack, as he would flatter a miniſter or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, graſp your hand or ſtab you whenever he ſaw occaſion)—But yet thoſe of the army, who knew him beſt and had ſuffered moſt

from him, admired him moſt of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or ſhot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they ſaw the ſplendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irreſiſtible.

After the great victory of Blenheim the enthuſiaſm of the army for the Duke, even of his bittereſt perſonal enemies in it, amounted to a ſort of rage—nay, the very officers who curſed him in their hearts, were among the moſt frantick to cheer him. Who could refuſe his meed of admiration to ſuch a victory and ſuch a victor? Not he who writes: a man may profeſs to be ever ſo much a philoſopher; but he who fought on that day muſt feel a thrill of pride as he recalls it.

The French right was poſted near to the village of Blenheim, on the Danube, where the Marſhal Tallard's quarters were; their line extending through, it may be, a league and a half, before Lutzingen and up to a woody hill, round the baſe of which, and acting againſt the Prince of Savoy, were forty of his ſquadrons.

Here was a village that the Frenchmen had burned, the wood being, in fact, a better ſhelter and eaſier of guard than any village.

Before theſe two villages and the French lines ran a little ſtream, not more than two foot broad, through a marſh (that was moſtly dried up from the heats of the weather), and this ſtream was the only ſeparation between the two armies —ours coming up and ranging themſelves in line of battle before the French, at ſix o'clock in the morning: ſo that our line was quite viſible to theirs; and the whole of this great plain was black and ſwarming with troops for hours before the cannonading began.

On one ſide and the other this cannonading laſted many hours. The French guns being in poſition in front of their line, and doing ſevere damage among our Horſe eſpecially, and on our right wing of Imperialiſts under the Prince of Savoy, who could neither advance his artillery nor his lines, the ground before him being cut up by ditches, moraſſes, and very difficult of paſſage for the guns.

It was paſt mid-day when the attack began on our left, where Lord Cutts commanded, the

braveſt and moſt beloved officer in the Engliſh army. And now, as if to make his experience in war complete, our young aide-de-camp having ſeen two great armies facing each other in line of battle, and had the honour of riding with orders from one end to other of the line, came in for a not uncommon accompaniment of military glory, and was knocked on the head, along with many hundred of brave fellows, almoſt at the very commencement of this famous day of Blenheim. A little after noon, the diſpoſition for attack being completed with much delay and difficulty, and under a ſevere fire from the enemy's guns, that were better poſted and more numerous than ours, a body of Engliſh and Heſſians, with Major-General Rowe commanding at the extreme left of our line, marched upon Blenheim, advancing with great gallantry, the Major-General on foot, with his officers, at the head of the column, and marching, with his hat off, intrepidly in the face of the enemy, who was pouring in a tremendous fire from his guns and muſketry, to which our people were inſtructed not to reply, except with pike and bayonet when they reached the French paliſades.

To theſe Rowe walked intrepidly, and ſtruck the wood-work with his ſword, before our people charged it. He was ſhot down at the inſtant with his colonel, major, and ſeveral officers; and our troops cheering and huzzaing, and coming on, as they did, with immenſe reſolution and gallantry, were nevertheleſs ſtopped bythe murderous fire from behind the enemy's defences, and then attacked in flank by a furious charge of French horſe which ſwept out of Blenheim, and cut down our men in great numbers. Three fierce and deſperate aſſaults of our Foot were made and repulſed by the enemy; ſo that our columns of Foot were quite ſhattered, and fell back, ſcrambling over the little rivulet, which we had croſſed ſo reſolutely an hour before, and purſued by the French cavalry, ſlaughtering us and cutting us down.

And now the conquerors were met by a furious charge of Engliſh horſe under Eſmond's general, General Lumley, behind whoſe ſquadrons the flying Foot found refuge, and formed again, whilſt Lumley drove back the French horſe, charging up to the village of Blenheim and the paliſades where Rowe and many hundred more

gallant Engliſhmen lay in ſlaughtered heaps. Beyond this moment, and of this famous victory, Mr. Eſmond knows nothing; for a ſhot brought down his horſe and our young gentleman on it, who fell cruſhed and ſtunned under the animal; and came to his ſenſes he knows not how long after, only to loſe them again from pain and loſs of blood. A dim ſenſe, as of people groaning round about him, a wild incoherent thought or two for her who occupied ſo much of his heart now, and that here his career, and his hopes, and misfortunes were ended, he remembers in the courſe of theſe hours. When he woke up it was with a pang of extreme pain, his breaſtplate was taken off, his ſervant was holding his head up, the good and faithful lad of Hampſhire* was blubbering over his maſter, whom he found and had thought dead, and a ſurgeon was probing a wound in the ſhoulder, which he muſt have got at the ſame moment when his horſe was ſhot and fell over him. The battle was over at this end of the field, by this time: the village was in

* My miſtreſs before I went this campaign ſent me John Lockwood out of Walcote, who hath ever ſince remained with me.—H. E.

poſſeſſion of the Engliſh, its brave defenders priſoners, or fled, or drowned, many of them, in the neighbouring waters of Donau. But for honeſt Lockwood's faithful ſearch after his maſter there had no doubt been an end of Eſmond here, and of this his ſtory. The marauders were out rifling the bodies as they lay on the field, and Jack had brained one of theſe gentry with the club-end of his muſket, who had eaſed Eſmond of his hat and perriwig, his purſe, and fine ſilver-mounted piſtols, which the dowager gave him, and was fumbling in his pockets for further treaſure, when Jack Lockwood came up and put an end to the ſcoundrel's triumph.

Hoſpitals for our wounded were eſtabliſhed at Blenheim, and here for ſeveral weeks Eſmond lay in very great danger of his life; the wound was not very great, from which he ſuffered, and the ball extracted by the ſurgeon on the ſpot where our young gentleman received it; but a fever ſet in next day, as he was lying in hoſpital, and that almoſt carried him away. Jack Lockwood ſaid he talked in the wildeſt manner, during his delirium; that he called himſelf the Marquis of Eſmond, and ſeizing one of the ſurgeon's

aſſiſtants who came to dreſs his wounds, ſwore that he was Madam Beatrix, and that he would make her a ducheſs if ſhe would but ſay yes. He was paſſing the days in theſe crazy fancies, and *vana ſomnia*, whilſt the army was ſinging Te Deum for the victory, and thoſe famous feſtivities were taking place at which our Duke, now made a Prince of the Empire, was entertained by the King of the Romans and his nobility. His Grace went home by Berlin and Hanover, and Eſmond loſt the feſtivities which took place at thoſe cities, and which his general ſhared in company of the other general officers who travelled with our great captain. When he could move it was by the Duke of Wirtemburg's city of Stuttgard that he made his way homewards, reviſiting Heidelberg again, whence he went to Manheim, and hence had a tedious but eaſy water journey down the river of Rhine, which he had thought a delightful and beautiful voyage indeed, but that his heart was longing for home, and ſomething far more beautiful and delightful.

As bright and welcome as the eyes almoſt of his miſtreſs ſhone the lights of Harwich,

as the packet came in from Holland. It was not many hours ere he, Eſmond, was in London, of that you may be ſure, and received with open arms by the old dowager of Chelſea, who vowed in her jargon of French and Engliſh, that he had the *air noble*, that his pallor embelliſhed him, that he was an Amadis and deſerved a Gloriana, and, oh! flames and darts! what was his joy at hearing that his miſtreſs was come into waiting, and was now with her Majeſty at Kenſington! Although Mr. Eſmond had told Jack Lockwood to get horſes and they would ride for Wincheſter that night; when he heard this news he countermanded the horſes at once; his buſineſs lay no longer in Hants; all his hope and deſire lay within a couple of miles of him in Kenſington Park wall. Poor Harry had never looked in the glaſs before ſo eagerly to ſee whether he had the *bel air*, and his paleneſs really did become him: he never took ſuch pains about the curl of his perriwig, and the taſte of his embroidery and point-lace, as now, before Mr. Amadis preſented himſelf to Madam Gloriana. Was the fire of the French lines half ſo murderous as the killing glances from her

ladyſhip's eyes? Oh! darts and raptures, how beautiful were they!

And as before the blazing ſun of morning, the moon fades away in the ſky almoſt inviſible;—Eſmond thought, with a bluſh perhaps, of another ſweet pale face, ſad and faint, and fading out of ſight, with its ſweet fond gaze of affection; ſuch a laſt look it ſeemed to caſt as Eurydice might have given, yearning after her lover, when fate and Pluto ſummoned her, and ſhe paſſed away into the ſhades.

CHAPTER X.

AN OLD STORY ABOUT A FOOL AND A WOMAN.

ANY taſte for pleaſure which Eſmond had (and he liked to *deſipere in loco*, neither more nor leſs than moſt young men of his age) he could now gratify, to the utmoſt extent, and in the beſt company which the town afforded. When the army went into winter quarters abroad, thoſe of the officers who had intereſt or money, eaſily got leave of abſence, and found it much pleaſanter to ſpend their time in Pall-Mall and Hyde Park, than to paſs the winter away behind the fortifications of the dreary old Flanders towns, where the Engliſh troops were gathered. Yatches and packets paſſed daily between the Dutch and Flemiſh ports and Harwich; the roads thence to London and the great inns were crowded with army gentlemen; the taverns and

ordinaries of the town ſwarmed with red-coats; and our great Duke's levees at St. James's were as thronged as they had been at Ghent and Bruſſels, where we treated him and he us, with the grandeur and ceremony of a ſovereign. Though Eſmond had been appointed to a lieutenantcy in the Fuſileer regiment, of which that celebrated officer, Brigadier John Richmond Webb, was colonel, he had never joined the regiment, nor been introduced to its excellent commander, though they had made the ſame campaign together, and been engaged in the ſame battle. But being aide-de-camp to General Lumley, who commanded the diviſion of Horſe, and the army marching to its point of deſtination on the Danube by different routes, Eſmond had not fallen in, as yet, with his commander and future comrades of the fort; and it was in London, in Golden Square, where Major-General Webb lodged, that Captain Eſmond had the honour of firſt paying his reſpects to his friend, patron, and commander of after days.

Thoſe who remember this brilliant and accompliſhed gentleman, may recollect his character, upon which he prided himſelf, I think, not a

little, of being the handſomeſt man in the army; a poet who writ a dull copy of verſes upon the battle of Oudenarde three years after, deſcribing Webb, ſays:—

"To noble danger Webb conducts the way,
"His great example all his troops obey;
"Before the front the general ſternly rides,
"With ſuch an air as Mars to battle ſtrides:
"Propitious heaven muſt ſure a hero ſave,
"Like Paris handſome, and like Hector brave."

Mr. Webb thought theſe verſes quite as fine as Mr. Addiſon's, on the Blenheim Campaign, and, indeed, to be Hector *à la mode de Paris*, was a part of this gallant gentleman's ambition. It would have been difficult to find an officer in the whole army, or amongſt the ſplendid courtiers and cavaliers of the Maiſon du Roy, that fought under Vendoſme and Villeroy in the army oppoſed to ours, who was a more accompliſhed ſoldier and perfect gentleman, and either braver or better-looking. And, if Mr. Webb believed of himſelf what the world ſaid of him, and was deeply convinced of his own indiſputable genius, beauty, and valour, who has a right to quarrel with him very much? This ſelf-content of his

kept him in general good-humour, of which his friends and dependents got the benefit.

He came of a very ancient Wiltſhire family, which he reſpected above all families in the world; he could prove a lineal deſcent from King Edward the Firſt, and his firſt anceſtor, Roaldus de Richmond, rode by William the Conqueror's ſide on Haſtings' field. "We were gentlemen, Eſmond," he uſed to ſay, "when the Churchills were horſe-boys." He was a very tall man, ſtanding in his pumps ſix feet three inches (in his great jack-boots, with his tall, fair perriwig, and hat and feather, he could not have been leſs than eight feet high). "I am taller than Churchill," he would ſay, ſurveying himſelf in the glaſs, "and I am a better made man; and if the women won't like a man that haſn't a wart on his noſe, faith, I can't help myſelf, and Churchill has the better of me there." Indeed, he was always meaſuring himſelf with the Duke, and always aſking his friends to meaſure them. And talking in this frank way, as he would do over his cups, wags would laugh and encourage him; friends would be ſorry for him; ſchemers and flatterers would egg him

on, and tale-bearers carry the ſtories to head-quarters, and widen the difference which already exiſted there between the great captain and one of the ableſt and braveſt lieutenants he ever had.

His rancour againſt the Duke was ſo apparent, that one ſaw it in the firſt half-hour's converſation with General Webb; and his lady, who adored her General, and thought him a hundred times taller, handſomer, and braver than a prodigal nature had made him, hated the great Duke with ſuch an intenſity as it becomes faithful wives to feel againſt their huſbands' enemies. Not that my Lord Duke was ſo yet; Mr. Webb had ſaid a thouſand things againſt him, which his ſuperior had pardoned; and his Grace, whoſe ſpies were everywhere, had heard a thouſand things more that Webb had never ſaid. But it coſt this great man no pains to pardon; and he paſſed over an injury or a benefit alike eaſily.

Should any child of mine take the pains to read theſe, his anceſtor's memoirs, I would not have him judge of the great Duke* by what

* This paſſage in the Memoirs of Eſmond is written on a leaf inſerted into the MS. book and dated 1744, probably after he had heard of the Ducheſs's death.

a cotemporary has written of him. No man hath been ſo immenſely lauded and decried as this great ſtateſman and warrior; as, indeed, no man ever deſerved better the very greateſt praiſe and the ſtrongeſt cenſure. If the preſent writer joins with the latter faction, very likely a private pique of his own may be the cauſe of his ill-feeling.

On preſenting himſelf at the Commander-in-Chief's levee, his Grace had not the leaſt remembrance of General Lumley's aide-de-camp, and though he knew Eſmond's family perfectly well, having ſerved with both lords (my Lord Francis and the Viſcount, Eſmond's father) in Flanders, and in the Duke of York's Guard, the Duke of Marlborough, who was friendly and ſerviceable to the (ſo-ſtyled) legitimate repreſentatives of the Viſcount Caſtlewood, took no ſort of notice of the poor lieutenant, who bore their name. A word of kindneſs or acknowledgment, or a ſingle glance of approbation, might have changed Eſmond's opinion of the great man; and inſtead of a ſatire, which his pen cannot help writing, who knows but that the humble hiſtorian might have taken the other ſide of panegyrick? He have but to change the point of view, and

greateſt action looks mean; as we turn the perſpective-glaſs, and a giant appears a pigmy. You may deſcribe, but who can tell whether your ſight is clear or not, or your means of information accurate? Had the great man ſaid but a word of kindneſs to the ſmall one (as he would have ſtepped out of his gilt chariot to ſhake hands with Lazarus in rags and ſores, if he thought Lazarus could have been of any ſervice to him), no doubt Eſmond would have fought for him with pen and ſword to the utmoſt of his might; but my lord the lion did not want maſter mouſe at this moment, and ſo Muſcipulus went off and nibbled in oppoſition.

So it was, however, that a young gentleman, who, in the eyes of his family, and in his own, doubtleſs, was looked upon as a conſummate hero, found that the great hero of the day took no more notice of him than of the ſmalleſt drummer in his Grace's army. The dowager at Chelſea was furious againſt this neglect of her family, and had a great battle with Lady [illegible]borough (as Lady Caſtlewood inſiſted on [illegible]g the Ducheſs). Her Grace was now [illegible]reſs of the Robes to her Majeſty, and one

of the greateſt perſonages in this kingdom, as her huſband was in all Europe, and the battle between the two ladies took place in the Queen's drawing-room.

The Ducheſs in reply to my aunt's eager clamour, ſaid haughtily, that ſhe had done her beſt for the legitimate branch of the Eſmonds, and could not be expected to provide for the baſtard brats of the family.

"Baſtards," ſays the viſcounteſs, in a fury, "there are baſtards amongſt the Churchills, as your Grace knows, and the Duke of Berwick is provided for well enough."

"Madam," ſays the Ducheſs, "you know whoſe fault it is that there are no ſuch dukes in the Eſmond family too, and how that little ſcheme of a certain lady miſcarried."

Eſmond's friend, Dick Steele, who was in waiting on the Prince, heard the controverſy between the ladies at court, "And faith," ſays Dick, "I think, Harry, thy kinſwoman had the worſt of it."

He could not keep the ſtory quiet; 'twas all over the coffee-houſes ere night; it was printed in a News Letter before a month was over, and

"The Reply of her Grace the Ducheſs of M-rlb-r-gh to a Popiſh Lady of the Court once a favourite of the late K— J-m-s" was printed in half a dozen places, with a note ſtating that "this ducheſs, when the head of this lady's family came by his death lately in a fatal duel, never reſted until ſhe got a penſion for the orphan heir, and widow, from her Majeſty's bounty." The ſquabble did not advance poor Eſmond's promotion much, and indeed made him ſo aſhamed of himſelf that he dared not ſhow his face at the Commander-in-Chief's levees again.

During thoſe eighteen months which had paſſed ſince Eſmond ſaw his dear miſtreſs, her good father, the old Dean, quitted this life, firm in his principles to the very laſt, and enjoining his family always to remember that the Queen's brother, King James the Third, was their rightful ſovereign. He made a very edifying end, as his daughter told Eſmond, and, not a little to her ſurpriſe, after his death (for he had lived always very poorly) my lady found that her father had left no leſs a ſum than £3000 behind him, which he bequeathed to her.

With this little fortune Lady Caſtlewood was enabled, when her daughter's turn at court came, to come to London, where ſhe took a ſmall genteel houſe at Kenſington in the neighbourhood of the Court, bringing her children with her, and here it was that Eſmond found his friends.

As for the young lord, his univerſity career had ended rather abruptly. Honeſt Tuſher, his governor, had found my young gentleman quite ungovernable. My lord worried his life away with tricks; and broke out, as home-bred lads will, into a hundred youthful extravagancies, ſo that Dr. Bentley, the new maſter of Trinity, thought fit to write to the Viſcounteſs Caſtlewood, my lord's mother, and beg her to remove the young nobleman from a college where he declined to learn, and where he only did harm by his riotous example. Indeed, I believe he nearly ſet fire to Nevil's Court, that beautiful new quadrangle of our college, which Sir Chriſtopher Wren had lately built. He knocked down a proctor's man that wanted to arreſt him in a midnight prank; he gave a dinner party on the Prince of Wales's birthday, which was within a fortnight of his own, and the twenty young

gentlemen then preſent ſallied out after their wine, having toaſted King James's health with open windows, and ſung cavalier ſongs, and ſhouted "God ſave the King!" in the great court, ſo that the maſter came out of his lodge at midnight, and diſſipated the riotous aſſembly.

This was my lord's crowning freak, and the Rev. Thomas Tuſher, domeſtick chaplain to the Right Honourable the Lord Viſcount Caſtlewood, finding his prayers and ſermons of no earthly avail to his lordſhip, gave up his duties of governor; went and married his brewer's widow at Southampton, and took her and her money to his parſonage-houſe at Caſtlewood.

My lady could not be angry with her ſon for drinking King James's health, being herſelf a loyal Tory, as all the Caſtlewood family were, and acquieſced with a ſigh, knowing, perhaps, that her refuſal would be of no avail to the young lord's deſire for a military life. She would have liked him to be in Mr. Eſmond's regiment, hoping that Harry might act as guardian and adviſer to his wayward young kinſman; but my young lord would hear of

nothing but the Guards, and a commiſſion was got for him in the Duke of Ormond's regiment; ſo Eſmond found my lord, enſign and lieutenant when he returned from Germany after the Blenheim campaign.

The effect produced by both Lady Caſtewood's children when they appeared in publick was extraordinary, and the whole town ſpeedily rang with their fame; ſuch a beautiful couple it was declared, never had been ſeen; the young maid of honour was toaſted at every table and tavern, and as for my young lord, his good looks were even more admired than his ſiſter's. A hundred ſongs were written about the pair, and as the faſhion of that day was, my young lord was praiſed in theſe Anacreonticks as warmly as Bathyllus. You may be ſure that he accepted very complacently the town's opinion of him, and acquieſced with that frankneſs and charming good-humour he always ſhowed in the idea that he was the prettieſt fellow in all London.

The old dowager at Chelſea, though ſhe could never be got to acknowledge that Miſtreſs Beatrix was any beauty at all (in which opinion, as it may be imagined, a vaſt number of the ladies

agreed with her), yet, on the very firſt ſight of young Caſtlewood, ſhe owned ſhe fell in love with him; and Henry Eſmond, on his return to Chelſea, found himſelf quite ſuperſeded in her favour by her younger kinſman. That feat of drinking the King's health at Cambridge would have won her heart, ſhe ſaid, if nothing elſe did. "How had the dear young fellow got ſuch beauty?" ſhe aſked. "Not from his father—certainly not from his mother. How had he come by ſuch noble manners, and the perfect *bel air?* That countrified Walcote widow could never have taught him." Eſmond had his own opinion about the countrified Walcote widow, who had a quiet grace, and ſerene kindneſs, that had always ſeemed to him the perfection of good breeding, though he did not try to argue this point with his aunt. But he could agree in moſt of the praiſes which the enraptured old dowager beſtowed on my Lord Viſcount, than whom he never beheld a more faſcinating and charming gentleman. Caſtlewood had not wit ſo much as enjoyment. "The lad looks good things," Mr. Steele uſed to ſay; "and his laugh lights up a converſation as much as ten repartees from

Mr. Congreve. I would as ſoon ſit over a bottle with him as with Mr. Addiſon; and rather liſten to his talk than hear Nicolini. Was ever man ſo gracefully drunk as my Lord Caſtlewood? "I would give anything to carry my wine (though, indeed, Dick bore his very kindly, and plenty of it, too) like this incomparable young man. When he is ſober he is delightful; and when tipſy, perfectly irreſiſtible." And referring to his favourite, Shakſpeare, (who was quite out of faſhion until Steele brought him back into the mode,) Dick compared Lord Caſtlewood to Prince Hal, and was pleaſed to dub Eſmond as ancient Piſtol.

The Miſtreſs of the Robes, the greateſt lady in England after the Queen, or even before her Majeſty, as the world ſaid, though ſhe never could be got to ſay a civil word to Beatrix, whom ſhe had promoted to her place of maid of honour, took her brother into inſtant favour. When young Caſtlewood, in his new uniform, and looking like a prince out of a fairy-tale, went to pay his duty to her Grace, ſhe looked at him for a minute in ſilence, the young man bluſhing and in confuſion before her, then

fairly burſt out a-crying, and kiſſed him before her daughters and company. "He was my boy's friend," ſhe ſaid, through her ſobs. "My Blandford might have been like him." And everybody ſaw, after this mark of the Ducheſs's favour, that my young lord's promotion was ſecure, and people crowded round the favourite's favourite, who became vainer and gayer, and more good-humoured than ever.

Meanwhile Madam Beatrix was making her conqueſts on her own ſide, and amongſt them was one poor gentleman, who had been ſhot by her young eyes two years before, and had never been quite cured of that wound; he knew, to be ſure, how hopeleſs any paſſion might be, directed in that quarter, and had taken that beſt, though ignoble, *remedium amoris*, a ſpeedy retreat from before the charmer, and a long abſence from her; and not being dangerouſly ſmitten in the firſt inſtance, Eſmond pretty ſoon got the better of his complaint, and if he had it ſtill, did not know he had it, and bore it eaſily. But when he returned after Blenheim, the young lady of ſixteen, who had appeared the moſt beautiful object his eyes had ever looked on two years

back, was now advanced to a perfect ripeneſs and perfection of beauty ſuch as inſtantly enthralled the poor devil, who had already been a fugitive from her charms. Then he had ſeen her but for two days, and fled; now he beheld her day after day, and when ſhe was at court, watched after her; when ſhe was at home, made one of the family party; when ſhe went abroad, rode after her mother's chariot; when ſhe appeared in publick places was in the box near her, or in the pit looking at her; when ſhe went to church was ſure to be there, though he might not liſten to the ſermon, and be ready to hand her to her chair if ſhe deigned to accept of his ſervices, and ſelect him from a ſcore of young men who were always hanging round about her. When ſhe went away, accompanying her Majeſty to Hampton Court, a darkneſs fell over London; Gods, what nights has Eſmond paſſed, thinking of her, rhyming about her, talking about her! His friend Dick Steele was at this time courting the young lady, Mrs. Scurlock, whom he married; ſhe had a lodging in Kenſington Square, hard by my Lady Caſtlewood's houſe there. Dick and Harry

being on the ſame errand uſed to meet conſtantly at Kenſington. They were always prowling about that place, or diſmally walking thence, or eagerly running thither. They emptied ſcores of bottles at the King's Arms, each man prating of his love, and allowing the other to talk on condition that he might have his own turn as a liſtener. Hence aroſe an intimacy between them, though to all the reſt of their friends they muſt have been inſufferable. Eſmond's verſes to "Gloriana at the Harpſichord," to "Gloriana's Noſegay," to "Gloriana at Court," appeared this year in the "Obſervator."—Have you never read them? They were thought pretty poems, and attributed by ſome to Mr. Prior.

This paſſion did not eſcape—how ſhould it?—the clear eyes of Eſmond's miſtreſs: he told her all; what will a man not do when frantick with love? To what baſeneſs will he not demean himſelf? What pangs will he not make others ſuffer, ſo that he may eaſe his ſelfiſh heart of a part of its own pain? Day after day he would ſeek his dear miſtreſs, pour' inſane hopes, ſupplications, rhapſodies, raptures, into her ear. She liſtened, ſmiled, conſoled, with

untiring pity and ſweetneſs. Eſmond was the eldeſt of her children, ſo ſhe was pleaſed to ſay; and as for her kindneſs, who ever had or would look for aught elſe from one who was an angel of goodneſs and pity? After what has been ſaid, 'tis needleſs almoſt to add that poor Eſmond's ſuit was unſucceſsful. What was a nameleſs, pennyleſs lieutenant to do, when ſome of the greateſt in the land were in the field? Eſmond never ſo much as thought of aſking permiſſion to hope ſo far above his reach as he knew this prize was—and paſſed his fooliſh, uſeleſs life in mere abject ſighs and impotent longing. What nights of rage, what days of torment, of paſſionate unfulfilled deſire, of ſickening jealouſy, can he recal! Beatrix thought no more of him than of the lacquey that followed her chair. His complaints did not touch her in the leaſt; his raptures rather fatigued her; ſhe cared for his verſes no more than for Dan Chaucer's, who's dead theſe ever ſo many hundred years; ſhe did not hate him; ſhe rather deſpiſed him, and juſt ſuffered him.

One day, after talking to Beatrix's mother, his dear, fond, conſtant miſtreſs—for hours—for

all day along—pouring out his flame and his paſſion, his deſpair and rage, returning again and again to the theme, pacing the room, tearing up the flowers on the table, twiſting and breaking into bits the wax out of the ſtand-diſh, and performing a hundred mad freaks of paſſionate folly; ſeeing his miſtreſs at laſt quite pale and tired out with ſheer wearineſs of compaſſion, and watching over his fever for the hundredth time, Eſmond ſeized up his hat, and took his leave. As he got into Kenſington Square, a ſenſe of remorſe came over him for the weariſome pain he had been inflicting upon the deareſt and kindeſt friend ever man had. He went back to the houſe, where the ſervant ſtill ſtood at the open door, ran up the ſtairs, and found his miſtreſs where he had left her in the embraſure of the window, looking over the fields towards Chelſea. She laughed, wiping away at the ſame time the tears which were in her kind eyes; he flung himſelf down on his knees, and buried his head in her lap. She had in her hand the ſtalk of one of the flowers, a pink, that he had torn to pieces. "Oh, pardon me, pardon me, my deareſt and kindeſt," he

ſaid; "I am in hell, and you are the angel that brings me a drop of water."

"I am your mother, you are my ſon, and I love you always," ſhe ſaid, folding her hands over him; and he went away comforted and humbled in mind as he thought of that amazing and conſtant love and tenderneſs with which this ſweet lady ever bleſſed and purſued him.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FAMOUS MR. JOSEPH ADDISON

THE gentlemen uſhers had a table at Kenſington, and the guard a very ſplendid dinner daily at St. James's, at either of which ordinaries Eſmond was free to dine. Dick Steele liked the guard-table better than his own at the gentleman uſher's, where there was leſs wine and more ceremony; and Eſmond had many a jolly afternoon in company of his friend, and a hundred times at leaſt ſaw Dick into his chair. If there is verity in wine, according to the old adage, what an amiable-natured character Dick's muſt have been! In proportion as he took in wine he overflowed with kindneſs. His talk was not witty ſo much as charming. He never ſaid a word that could anger anybody, and only became the more

benevolent the more tipſy he grew. Many of the wags derided the poor fellow in his cups, and choſe him as a butt for their ſatire; but there was a kindneſs about him, and a ſweet playful fancy, that ſeemed to Eſmond far more charming than the pointed talk of the brighteſt wits, with their elaborate repartees and affected ſeverities. I think Steele ſhone rather than ſparkled. Thoſe famous *beaux-eſprits* of the coffee-houſes (Mr. William Congreve, for inſtance, when his gout and his grandeur permitted him to come among us) would make many brilliant hits—half a dozen in a night ſometimes —but, like ſharp-ſhooters, when they had fired their ſhot, they were obliged to retire under cover, till their pieces were loaded again, and wait till they got another chance at their enemy; whereas Dick never thought that his bottle-companion was a butt to aim at—only a friend to ſhake by the hand. The poor fellow had half the town in his confidence; everybody knew everything about his loves and his debts, his creditors or his miſtreſs's obduracy. When Eſmond firſt came on to the town honeſt Dick was all flames and raptures for a young lady,

a Weſt India fortune, whom he married. In a couple of years the lady was dead, the fortune was all but ſpent, and the honeſt widower was as eager in purſuit of a new paragon of beauty as if he had never courted and married and buried the laſt one.

Quitting the guard-table on one ſunny afternoon, when by chance Dick had a ſober fit upon him, he and his friend were making their way down Germain Street, and Dick all of a ſudden left his companion's arm, and ran after a gentleman, who was poring over a folio volume at the bookſhop near to St. James's church. He was a fair, tall man, in a ſnuff-coloured ſuit, with a plain ſword, very ſober and almoſt ſhabby in appearance,—at leaſt, when compared to Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round perſon with the fineſt of clothes, and ſhone in ſcarlet and gold lace. The Captain ruſhed up, then, to the ſtudent of the bookſtall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kiſſed him,—for Dick was always hugging and buſſing his friends,—but the other ſtepped back with a fluſh on his pale face, ſeeming to decline this publick manifeſtation of Steele's regard.

"My deareſt Joe, where haſt thou hidden thyſelf this age?" cries the Captain, ſtill holding both his friend's hands; "I have been languiſhing for thee this fortnight."

"A fortnight is not an age, Dick," ſays the other, very good-humouredly. (He had light blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handſome, like a tinted ſtatue.) "And I have been hiding myſelf,—where do you think?"

"What! not acroſs the water, my dear Joe?" ſays Steele, with a look of great alarm: "thou knoweſt I have always——"

"No," ſays his friend, interrupting him with a ſmile: "we are not come to ſuch ſtraits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, ſir, at a place where people never think of finding you,—at my own lodgings, whither I am going to ſmoke a pipe now and drink a glaſs of ſack; will your honour come?"

"Harry Eſmond, come hither," cries out Dick. "Thou haſt heard me talk over and over again at my deareſt Joe, my guardian-angel."

"Indeed," ſays Mr. Eſmond, with a bow,

"it is not from you only that I have learnt to admire Mr. Addiſon. We loved good poetry at Cambridge, as well as at Oxford; and I have ſome of yours by heart, though I have put on a red-coat..... 'O, qui canoro blandius Orpheo vocale ducis carmen;' ſhall I go on, ſir?" ſays Mr. Eſmond, who indeed had read and loved the charming Latin poems of Mr. Addiſon, as every ſcholar of that time knew and admired them.

"This is Captain Eſmond, who was at Blenheim," ſays Steele.

"Lieutenant Eſmond,' ſays the other, with a low bow; "at Mr. Addiſon's ſervice."

"I have heard of you," ſays Mr. Addiſon, with a ſmile; as, indeed, everybody about town had heard that unlucky ſtory about Eſmond's dowager aunt and the Ducheſs.

"We were going to the George, to take a bottle before the play," ſays Steele; "wilt thou be one, Joe?"

Mr. Addiſon ſaid his own lodgings were hard by, where he was ſtill rich enough to give a good bottle of wine to his friends; and invited the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Haymarket, whither we accordingly went.

"I ſhall get credit with my landlady," ſays he, with a ſmile, "when ſhe ſees two ſuch fine gentlemen as you come up my ſtair." And he politely made his viſitors welcome to his apartment, which was indeed but a ſhabby one, though no grandee of the land could receive his gueſts with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, conſiſting of a ſlice of meat and a penny loaf, was awaiting the owner of the lodgings. "My wine is better than my meat," ſays Mr. Addiſon; "my Lord Halifax ſent me the Burgundy." And he ſet a bottle and glaſſes before his friends, and eat his ſimple dinner in a very few minutes; after which the three fell to, and began to drink. "You ſee," ſays Mr. Addiſon, pointing to his writing-table, whereon was a map of the action at Hochſtedt, and ſeveral other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, "that I, too, am buſy about your affairs, captain. I am engaged as a poetical gazetteer, to ſay truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign."

So Eſmond, at the requeſt of his hoſt, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table, *aliquo mero*, and with

the aid of ſome bits of tobacco-pipe, ſhowed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

A ſheet or two of the verſes lay already on the table beſide our bottles and glaſſes, and Dick having plentifully refreſhed himſelf from the latter, took up the pages of manuſcript, writ out with ſcarce a blot or correction, in the author's ſlim, neat handwriting, and began to read therefrom with great emphaſis and volubility. At pauſes of the verſe the enthuſiaſtick reader ſtopped and fired off a great ſalvo of applauſe.

Eſmond ſmiled at the enthuſiaſm of Addiſon's friend. "You are like the German Burghers," ſays he, "and the Princes on the Moſelle; when our army came to a halt, they always ſent a deputation to compliment the chief, and fired a ſalute with all their artillery from their walls."

"And drunk the great chief's health afterward, did not they?" ſays Captain Steele, gaily filling up a bumper;—he never was tardy at that ſort of acknowledgment of a friend's merit.

"And the Duke, ſince you will have me act his Grace's part," ſays Mr. Addiſon, with a ſmile

and ſomething of a bluſh, "pledged his friends in return. Moſt ſerene Elector of Covent Garden I drink to your Highneſs's health," and he filled himſelf a glaſs. Joſeph required ſcarce more preſſing than Dick to that ſort of amuſement; but the wine never ſeemed at all to fluſter Mr. Addiſon's brains; it only unlooſed his tongue, whereas Captain Steele's head and ſpeech were quite overcome by a ſingle bottle.

No matter what the verſes were, and, to ſay truth, Mr. Eſmond found ſome of them more than indifferent, Dick's enthuſiaſm for his chief never faltered, and in every line from Addiſon's pen, Steele found a maſter-ſtroke. By the time Dick had come to that part of the poem, wherein the bard deſcribes as blandly as though he were recording a dance at the opera, or a harmleſs bout of bucolick cudgelling at a village fair, that bloody and ruthleſs part of our campaign, with the remembrance whereof, every ſoldier who bore a part in it muſt ſicken with ſhame, —when we were ordered to ravage and lay waſte the Elector's country; and with fire and murder, ſlaughter and crime, a great part of

his dominions was overrun;—when Dick came to the lines:—

"In vengeance rouſed the ſoldier fills his hand
With ſword and fire, and ravages the land.
In crackling flames a thouſand harveſts burn,
A thouſand villages to aſhes turn.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixed with bellowing herds confuſedly bleat.
Their trembling lords the common ſhade partake,
And cries of infants ſound in every brake.
The liſtening ſoldier fixed in ſorrow ſtands,
Loth to obey his leader's juſt commands.
The leader grieves, by generous pity ſwayed,
To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obeyed:"

by this time wine and friendſhip had brought poor Dick to a perfectly maudlin ſtate, and he hiccupped out the laſt line with a tenderneſs that ſet one of his auditors a-laughing.

"I admire the licenſe of you poets," ſays Eſmond to Mr. Addiſon. (Dick, after reading of the verſes, was fain to go off, inſiſting on kiſſing his two dear friends before his departure, and reeling away with his perriwig over his eyes.) "I admire your art: the murder of the campaign is done to military muſick, like a battle at the opera, and the virgins ſhriek in harmony, as our victorious grenadiers march into their villages.

Do you know what a ſcene it was? (By this time, perhaps, the wine had warmed Mr. Eſmond's head too,) what a triumph you are celebrating? what ſcenes of ſhame and horror were enacted, over which the commander's genuis preſided, as calm as though he didn't belong to our ſphere? You talk of the 'liſtening ſoldier fixed in ſorrow,' the 'leader's grief ſwayed by generous pity;' to my belief the leader cared no more for bleating flocks than he did for infants' cries, and many of our ruffians butchered one or the other with equal alacrity. I was aſhamed of my trade when I ſaw thoſe horrors perpetrated, which came under every man's eyes. You hew out of your poliſhed verſes a ſtately image of ſmiling victory; I tell you 'tis an uncouth, diſtorted, ſavage idol; hideous, bloody, and barbarous. The rites performed before it are ſhocking to think of. You great poets ſhould ſhow it as it is—ugly and horrible, not beautiful and ſerene. O, ſir, had you made the campaign, believe me, you never would have ſung it ſo."

During this little outbreak, Mr. Addiſon was liſtening, ſmoking out of his long pipe, and ſmiling very placidly. "What would you

have?" ſays he. "In our poliſhed days, and according to the rules of art, 'tis impoſſible that the Muſe ſhould depict tortures or begrime her hands with the horrors of war. Theſe are indicated rather than deſcribed; as in the Greek tragedies, that, I dare ſay, you have read; (and ſure there can be no more elegant ſpecimens of compoſition;) Agamemnon is ſlain, or Medea's children deſtroyed, away from the ſcene;—the chorus occupying the ſtage and ſinging of the action to pathetick muſick. Something of this I attempt, my dear ſir, in my humble way: 'tis a panegyrick I mean to write, and not a ſatire. Were I to ſing as you would have me, the town would tear the poet in pieces, and burn his book by the hands of the common hangman. Do you not uſe tobacco? Of all the weeds grown on earth, ſure the nicotian is the moſt ſoothing and ſalutary. We muſt paint our great Duke," Mr. Addiſon went on, "not as a man, which no doubt he is, with weakneſſes like the reſt of us, but as a hero. 'Tis in a triumph, not a battle, that your humble ſervant is riding his ſleek Pegaſus. We college-poets trot, you know, on very eaſy nags; it hath been, time out of mind,

part of the poet's profeſſion to celebrate the actions of heroes in verſe, and to ſing the deeds which you men of war perform. I muſt follow the rules of my art, and the compoſition of ſuch a ſtrain as this muſt be harmonious and majeſtick, not familiar, or too near the vulgar truth. *Si parva licet:* if Virgil could invoke the divine Auguſtus, a humbler poet from the banks of the Iſis may celebrate a victory and a conqueror of our own nation, in whoſe triumphs every Briton has a ſhare, and whoſe glory and genius contributes to every citizen's individual honour. When hath there been, ſince our Henrys and Edwards' days, ſuch a great feat of arms as that from which you yourſelf have brought away marks of diſtinction. If 'tis in my power to ſing that ſong worthily, I will do ſo, and be thankful to my Muſe. If I fail as a poet, as a Briton at leaſt I will ſhow my loyalty, and fling up my cap and huzzah for the conqueror:

> ——— "'Rheni pacator et Iſtri
> Omnis in hoc uno variis diſcordia ceſſit
> Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque ſenator,
> Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.'"

"There were as brave men on that field,"

ſays Mr. Eſmond (who never could be made to love the Duke of Marlborough, nor to forget thoſe ſtories which he uſed to hear in his youth regarding that great chief's ſelfiſhneſs and treachery), "there were men at Blenheim as good as the leader, whom neither knights or ſenators applauded, nor voices plebeian or patrician favoured, and who lie there forgotten, under the clods. What poet is there to ſing them?"

"To ſing the gallant ſouls of heroes ſent to Hades!" ſays Mr. Addiſon, with a ſmile: "Would you celebrate them all? If I may venture to queſtion anything in ſuch an admirable work, the catalogue of the ſhips in Homer hath always appeared to me as ſomewhat weariſome; what had the poem been, ſuppoſing the writer had chronicled the names of captains, lieutenants, rank and file? One of the greateſt of a great man's qualities is ſucceſs; 'tis the reſult of all the others; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favour of the gods, and ſubjugates fortune. Of all his gifts I admire that one in the great Marlborough. To be brave? every man is brave. But in being victorious, as he is, I fancy there is ſomething divine. In preſence of the

occaſion, the great ſoul of the leader ſhines out, and the god is confeſſed. Death itſelf reſpects him, and paſſes by him to lay others low. War and carnage flee before him to ravage other parts of the field, as Hector from before the divine Achilles. You ſay he hath no pity; no more have the gods, who are above it, and ſuper-human. The fainting battle gathers ſtrength at his aſpect; and wherever he rides, victory charges with him."

A couple of days after, when Mr. Eſmond reviſited his poetick friend, he found this thought, ſtruck out in the fervour of converſation improved and ſhaped into thoſe famous lines, which are in truth the nobleſt in the poem of the "Campaign." As the two gentlemen ſat engaged in talk, Mr. Addiſon ſolacing himſelf with his cuſtomary pipe; the little maid-ſervant that waited on his lodging came up, preceding a gentleman in fine laced clothes, that had evidently been figuring at Court or a great man's levee. The courtier coughed a little at the ſmoke of the pipe, and looked round the room curiouſly, which was ſhabby enough, as was the owner in his worn ſnuff-coloured ſuit and plain tie-wig.

"How goes on the *magnum opus*, Mr. Addiſon?" ſays the Court gentleman on looking down at the papers that were on the table.

"We were but now over it," ſays Addiſon (the greateſt courtier in the land could not have a more ſplendid politeneſs, or greater dignity of manner); "here is the plan," ſays he, "on the table: *hac ibat Simois*, here ran the little river Nebel, *hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, here are Tallard's quarters, at the bowl of this pipe, at the attack of which Captain Eſmond was preſent. I have the honour to introduce him to Mr. Boyle; and Mr. Eſmond was but now depicting *aliquo prælia mixta mero*, when you came in." In truth the two gentlemen had been ſo engaged when the viſitor arrived, and Addiſon in his ſmiling way, ſpeaking of Mr. Webb, Colonel of Eſmond's regiment (who commanded a brigade in the action, and greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf there), was lamenting that he could find never a ſuitable rhyme for Webb, otherwiſe the brigadier ſhould have had a place in the poet's verſes. "And for you, you are but a lieutenant," ſays Addiſon, "and the Muſe can't occupy herſelf with any gentleman under the rank of a field-officer."

Mr. Boyle was all impatient to hear, ſaying that my Lord Treaſurer and my Lord Halifax were equally anxious; and Addiſon, bluſhing, began reading of his verſes, and, I ſuſpect, knew their weak parts as well as the moſt critical hearer. When he came to the lines deſcribing the angel, that

> "Inſpired repulſed battalions to engage,
> And taught the doubtful battle where to rage,"

he read with great animation, looking at Eſmond, as much as to ſay, "You know where that ſimile came from—from our talk, and our bottle of Burgundy, the other day."

The poet's two hearers were caught with enthuſiaſm, and applauded the verſes with all their might. The gentleman of the Court ſprang up in great delight. "Not a word more," my dear ſir," ſays he. "Truſt me with the papers—I'll defend them with my life. Let me read them over to my Lord Treaſurer, whom I am appointed to ſee in half an hour. I venture to promiſe, the verſes ſhall loſe nothing by my reading, and then, ſir, we ſhall ſee whether Lord Halifax has a right to complain that his friend's penſion is no longer paid." And without more

ado, the courtier in lace ſeized the manuſcript pages, placed them in his breaſt with his ruffled hand over his heart, executed a moſt gracious wave of the hat with the diſengaged hand, and ſmiled and bowed out of the room, leaving an odour of pomander behind him.

"Does not the chamber look quite dark?" ſays Addiſon, ſurveying it, "after the glorious appearance and diſappearance of that gracious meſſenger? Why, he illuminated the whole room. Your ſcarlet, Mr. Eſmond, will bear any light; but this thread-bare old coat of mine, how very worn it looked under the glare of that ſplendour! I wonder whether they will do anything for me," he continued. "When I came out of Oxford into the world, my patrons promiſed me great things; and you ſee where their promiſes have landed me, in a lodging up two pair of ſtairs; with a ſixpenny dinner from the cook's ſhop. Well, I ſuppoſe this promiſe will go after the others, and fortune will jilt me, as the jade has been doing any time theſe ſeven years. 'I puff the proſtitute away,'" ſays he, ſmiling, and blowing a cloud out of his pipe. "There is no hardſhip in poverty, Eſmond, that

is not bearable; no hardſhip even in honeſt dependence that an honeſt man may not put up with. I came out of the lap of Alma-Mater, puffed up with her praiſes of me, and thinking to make a figure in the world with the parts and learning which had got me no ſmall name in our college. The world is the ocean, and Iſis and Charwell are but little drops, of which the ſea takes no account. My reputation ended a mile beyond Maudlin Tower; no one took note of me; and I learned this, at leaſt, to bear up againſt evil fortune with a cheerful heart. Friend Dick hath made a figure in the world, and has paſſed me in the race long ago. What matters a little name or a little fortune? There is no fortune that a philoſopher cannot endure. I have been not unknown as a ſcholar, and yet forced to live by turning bear-leader, and teaching a boy to ſpell. What then? The life was not pleaſant, but poſſible—the bear was bearable. Should this venture fail, I will go back to Oxford; and ſome day, when you are a general, you ſhall find me a curate in a caſſock and bands, and I ſhall welcome your honour to my cottage in the country, and to a mug of penny ale. 'Tis not

poverty that's the hardeſt to bear, or the leaſt happy lot in life," ſays Mr. Addiſon, ſhaking the aſh out of his pipe. "See, my pipe is ſmoked out. Shall we have another bottle? I have ſtill a couple in the cupboard, and of the right ſort. No more?—let us go abroad and take a turn on the Mall, or look in at the theatre and ſee Dick's comedy. 'Tis not a maſterpiece of wit; but Dick is a good fellow, though he doth not ſet the Thames on fire."

Within a month after this day, Mr. Addiſon's ticket had come up a prodigious prize in the lottery of life. All the town was in an uproar of admiration of his poem, the "Campaign," which Dick Steele was ſpouting at every coffee-houſe in Whitehall and Covent Garden. The wits on the other ſide of Temple Bar ſaluted him at once as the greateſt poet the world had ſeen for ages; the people huzza'ed for Marlborough and for Addiſon, and, more than this, the party in power provided for the meritorious poet, and Mr. Addiſon got the appointment of Commiſſioner of Exciſe, which the famous Mr. Locke vacated, and roſe from this place to other dignities and honours; his proſperity from

henceforth to the end of his life being ſcarce ever interrupted. But I doubt whether he was not happier in his garret in the Haymarket, than ever he was in his ſplendid palace at Kenſington; and I believe the fortune that came to him in the ſhape of the 'countes his wife, was no better than a ſhrew and a vixen.

Gay as the town was, 'twas but a dreary place for Mr. Eſmond, whether his charmer was in it or out of it, and he was glad when his general gave him notice that he was going back to his diviſion of the army which lay in winter-quarters at Bois-le-Duc. His dear miſtreſs bade him farewell with a cheerful face; her bleſſing he knew he had always, and whereſoever fate carried him. Mrs. Beatrix was away in attendance on her Majeſty at Hampton Court, and kiſſed her fair finger-tips to him, by way of adieu, when he rode thither to take his leave. She received her kinſman in a waiting-room where there were half a dozen more ladies of the Court, ſo that his high-flown ſpeeches, had he intended to make any (and very likely he did), were impoſſible; and ſhe announced to her friends that her couſin

was going to the army, in as eaſy a manner as ſhe would have ſaid he was going to a chocolate-houſe. He aſked with a rather rueful face, if ſhe had any orders for the army? and ſhe was pleaſed to ſay that ſhe would like a mantle of Mechlin lace. She made him a ſaucy curtſey in reply to his own diſmal bow. She deigned to kiſs her finger-tips from the window, where ſhe ſtood laughing with the other ladies, and chanced to ſee him as he made his way to the Toy. The dowager at Chelſea was not ſorry to part with him this time. "*Mon cher, vous êtes triſte comme un ſermon*," ſhe did him the honour to ſay to him; indeed, gentlemen in his condition are by no means amuſing companions, and beſides, the fickle old woman had now found a much more amiable favourite, and *raffolêt* for her darling lieutenant of the Guard. Frank, remained behind for a while, and did not join the army till later, in the ſuit of His Grace the Commander-in-Chief. His dear mother, on the laſt day before Eſmond went away, and when the three dined together, made Eſmond promiſe to befriend her boy, and beſought Frank to take the example of his kinſman as of a loyal gentle-

man and brave ſoldier, ſo ſhe was pleaſed to ſay; and at parting, betrayed not the leaſt ſign of faltering or weakneſs, though, God knows, that fond heart was fearful enough when others were concerned, though ſo reſolute in bearing its own pain.

Eſmond's general embarked at Harwich. 'Twas a grand ſight to ſee Mr. Webb dreſſed in ſcarlet on the deck, waving his hat as our yatch put off, and the guns ſaluted from the ſhore. Harry did not ſee his viſcount again, until three months after, at Bois-le-Duc, when his Grace the Duke came to take the command, and Frank brought a budget of news from home: how he had ſupped with this actreſs, and got tired of that; how he had got the better of Mr. St. John, both over the bottle, and with Mrs. Mountford, of the Haymarket Theatre (a veteran charmer of fifty, with whom the young ſcape-grace choſe to fancy himſelf in love); how his ſiſter was always at her tricks, and had jilted a young baron for an old earl. "I can't make out Beatrix," he ſaid; "ſhe cares for none of us—ſhe only thinks about herſelf; ſhe is never happy unleſs ſhe is quarrelling; but as for my mother,—my mother,

Harry, is an angel." Harry tried to impreſs on the young fellow the neceſſity of doing everything in his power to pleaſe that angel; not to drink too much; not to go into debt; not to run after the pretty Flemiſh girls, and ſo forth, as became a ſenior ſpeaking to a lad. "But Lord bleſs thee!" the boy ſaid; "I may do what I like, and I know ſhe will love me all the ſame;" and ſo, indeed, he did what he liked. Everybody ſpoiled him, and his grave kinſman as much as the reſt.

CHAPTER XII.

I GET A COMPANY IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1706.

ON Whit-Sunday, the famous 23d of May, 1706, my young lord firſt came under the fire of the enemy, whom we found poſted in order of battle, their lines extending three miles or more, over the high ground behind the little Gheet river, and having on his left the little village of Anderkirk or Autre-egliſe, and on his right Ramillies, which has given its name to one of the moſt brilliant and diſaſtrous days of battle that hiſtory ever hath recorded.

Our Duke here once more met his old enemy of Blenheim, the Bavarian Elector and the Mareſchal Villeroy, over whom the Prince of Savoy had gained the famous victory of Chiari. What Engliſhman or Frenchman doth not know the iſſue of that day? Having choſen his own

ground, having a force ſuperior to the Engliſh, and beſides the excellent Spaniſh and Bavarian troops, the whole Maiſon-du-Roy with him, the moſt ſplendid body of Horſe in the world,—in an hour (and in ſpite of the prodigious gallantry of the French Royal Houſehold, who charged through the centre of our line and broke it), this magnificent army of Villeroy was utterly routed by troops that had been marching for twelve hours, and by the intrepid ſkill of a commander, who did, indeed, ſeem in the preſence of the enemy to be the very Genius of Victory.

I think it was more from conviction than policy, though that policy was ſurely the moſt prudent in the world, that the great Duke always ſpoke of his victories with an extraordinary modeſty, and as if it was not ſo much his own admirable genius and courage which achieved theſe amazing ſucceſſes, but as if he was a ſpecial and fatal inſtrument in the hands of Providence, that willed irreſiſtibly the enemy's overthrow. Before his actions, he always had the Church ſervice read ſolemnly, and profeſſed an undoubting belief that our Queen's arms were bleſſed and our victory ſure. All the letters

which he writ after his battles ſhow awe rather than exultation; and he attributes the glory of theſe achievements, about which I have heard mere petty officers and men bragging with a pardonable vain-glory, in no wiſe to his own bravery or ſkill, but to the ſuperintending protection of Heaven, which he ever ſeemed to think was our eſpecial ally. And our army got to believe ſo, and the enemy learnt to think ſo too; for we never entered into a battle without a perfect confidence that it was to end in a victory; nor did the French, after the iſſue of Blenheim, and that aſtoniſhing triumph of Ramillies, ever meet us without feeling that the game was loſt before it was begun to be played, and that our general's fortune was irreſiſtible. Here, as at Blenheim, the Duke's charger was ſhot, and 'twas thought for a moment he was dead. As he mounted another, Binfield, his Maſter-of-the Horſe, kneeling to hold his Grace's ſtirrup, had his head ſhot away by a cannon-ball. A French gentleman of the Royal Houſehold, that was a priſoner with us, told the writer that at the time of the charge of the Houſehold, when their Horſe and ours were mingled, an Iriſh officer

recogniſed the Prince-Duke, and calling out—"Marlborough, Marlborough!" fired his piſtol at him *à bout-portant*, and that a ſcore more carbines and piſtols were diſcharged at him. Not one touched him: he rode through the French Cuiraſſiers ſword-in-hand, and entirely unhurt, and calm and ſmiling rallied the German Horſe, that was reeling before the enemy, brought theſe and twenty ſquadrons of Orkney's back upon them, and drove the French acroſs the river again; —leading the charge himſelf, and defeating the only dangerous move the French made that day.

Major-General Webb commanded on the left of our line, and had his own regiment under the orders of their beloved colonel. Neither he nor they belied their character for gallantry on this occaſion; but it was about his dear young lord that Eſmond was anxious, never having ſight of him ſave once, in the whole courſe of the day, when he brought an order from the Commander-in-Chief to Mr. Webb. When our Horſe, having charged round the right flank of the enemy by Overkirk, had thrown him into entire confuſion, a general advance was made, and our whole line of Foot, croſſing the little river and

the moraſs, aſcended the high ground where the French were poſted, cheering as they went, the enemy retreating before them. 'Twas a ſervice of more glory than danger, the French battalions never waiting to exchange puſh of pike or bayonet with ours; and the gunners flying from their pieces which our line left behind us as they advanced, and the French fell back.

At firſt it was a retreat orderly enough; but preſently the retreat became a rout, and a frightful ſlaughter of the French enſued on this panick; ſo that an army of ſixty thouſand men was utterly cruſhed and deſtroyed in the courſe of a couple of hours. It was as if a hurricane had ſeized a compact and numerous fleet, flung it all to the winds, ſhattered, ſunk, and annihilated it; *afflavit Deus, et diſſipati ſunt.* The French army of Flanders was gone, their artillery, their ſtandards, their treaſure, proviſions, and ammunition were all left behind them: the poor devils had even fled without their ſoup-kettles, which are as much the palladia of the French infantry as of the Grand Signor's Janiſſaries, and round which they rally even more than round their lilies.

The purſuit, and a dreadful carnage which

enſued (for the dregs of a battle, however brilliant, are ever a baſe reſidue of rapine, cruelty, and drunken plunder), was carried far beyond the field of Ramillies.

Honeſt Lockwood, Eſmond's ſervant, no doubt wanted to be among the marauders himſelf and take his ſhare of the booty; for when, the action over, and the troops got to their ground for the night, the Captain bade Lockwood get a horſe, he aſked, with a very rueful countenance, whether his honour would have him come, too; but his honour only bade him go about his own buſineſs, and Jack hopped away quite delighted as ſoon as he ſaw his maſter mounted. Eſmond made his way, and not without danger and difficulty, to his Grace's head-quarters, and found for himſelf very quickly where the aides-de-camp' quarters were, in an out-building of a farm, where ſeveral of theſe gentlemen were ſeated, drinking and ſinging, and at ſupper. If he had any anxiety about his boy, 'twas relieved at once. One of the gentlemen was ſinging a ſong to a tune that Mr. Farquhar and Mr. Gay both had uſed in their admirable comedies, and very

popular in the army of that day; after the ſong came a chorus, "Over the hills and far away;" and Eſmond heard Frank's freſh voice ſoaring, as it were, over the ſongs of the reſt of the young men—a voice that had always a certain artleſs, indeſcribable pathos with it, and indeed which cauſed Mr. Eſmond's eyes to fill with tears now, out of thankfulneſs to God the child was ſafe and ſtill alive to laugh and ſing.

When the ſong was over Eſmond entered the room, where he knew ſeveral of the gentlemen preſent, and there ſat my young lord, having taken off his cuiraſs, his waiſtcoat open, his face fluſhed, his long yellow hair hanging over his ſhoulders, drinking with the reſt; the youngeſt, gayeſt, handſomeſt there. As ſoon as he ſaw Eſmond, he clapped down his glaſs, and, running towards his friend, put both his arms round him and embraced him. The other's voice trembled with joy as he greeted the lad; he had thought but now as he ſtood in the court-yard under the clear-ſhining moonlight; "Great God! what a ſcene of murder is here within a mile of us; what hundreds and thouſands have faced danger to-day; and here are theſe lads ſinging over their cups,

and the ſame moon that is ſhining over yonder horrid field is looking down on Walcote very likely, while my lady ſits and thinks about her boy that is at the war." As Eſmond embraced his young pupil now, 'twas with the feeling of quite religious thankfulneſs, and an almoſt paternal pleaſure that he beheld him.

Round his neck was a ſtar with a ſtriped ribbon, that was made of ſmall brilliants and might be worth a hundred crowns. "Look," ſays he, "won't that be a pretty preſent for mother?"

"Who gave you the Order," ſays Harry, ſaluting the gentleman: "did you win it in battle?"

"I won it," cried the other, "with my ſword and my ſpear. There was a mouſquetaire that had it round his neck,—ſuch a big mouſquetaire, as big as General Webb. I called out to him to ſurrender, and that I'd give him quarter: he called me a *petit poliſſon*, and fired his piſtol at me, and then ſent it at my head with a curſe. I rode at him, ſir, drove my ſword right under his arm-hole, and broke it in the raſcal's body. I found a purſe in his holſter with ſixty-five Louis

in it, and a bundle of love-letters, and a flaſk of Hungary-water. "*Vive la guerre!* there are the ten pieces you lent me. I ſhould like to have a fight every day;" and he pulled at his little mouſtache and bade a ſervant bring a ſupper to Captain Eſmond.

Harry fell to with a very good appetite; he had taſted nothing ſince twenty hours ago, at early dawn. Maſter Grandſon, who read this, do you look for the hiſtory of battles and ſieges? Go, find them in the proper books; this is only the ſtory of your grandfather and his family. Far more pleaſant to him than the victory, though for that too he may ſay *meminiſſe juvat*, it was to find that the day was over, and his dear young Caſtlewood was unhurt.

And would you, ſirrah, wiſh to know how it was that a ſedate Captain of Foot, a ſtudious and rather ſolitary bachelor of eight or nine and twenty years of age, who did not care very much for the jollities which his comrades engaged in, and was never known to loſe his heart in any garriſon-town—ſhould you wiſh to know why ſuch a man had ſo prodigious a tenderneſs, and tended ſo fondly a boy of eighteen, wait, my

good friend, until thou art in love with thy ſchool-fellow's ſiſter, and then ſee how mighty tender thou wilt be towards him. Eſmond's general and his Grace the Prince-Duke were notoriouſly at variance, and the former's friendſhip was in no wiſe likely to advance any man's promotion, of whoſe ſervices Webb ſpoke well; but rather likely to injure him, ſo the army ſaid, in the favour of the greater man. However, Mr. Eſmond had the good fortune to be mentioned very advantageouſly by Major-General Webb in his report after the action; and the major of his regiment and two of the captains having been killed upon the day of Ramillies, Eſmond, who was ſecond of the lieutenants, got his company, and had the honour of ſerving as Captain Eſmond in the next campaign.

My lord went home in the winter, but Eſmond was afraid to follow him. His dear miſtreſs wrote him letters more than once, thanking him, as mothers know how to thank, for his care and protection of her boy, extolling Eſmond's own merits with a great deal more praiſe than they deſerved; for he did his duty no better than any other officer; and ſpeaking ſometimes, though

gently and cautiouſly, of Beatrix. News came from home of at leaſt half a dozen grand matches that the beautiful maid of honour was about to make. She was engaged to an earl, our gentlemen of St. James's ſaid, and then jilted him for a duke, who, in his turn, had drawn off. Earl or duke it might be who ſhould win this Helen, Eſmond knew ſhe would never beſtow herſelf on a poor captain. Her conduct, it was clear, was little ſatisfactory to her mother, who ſcarcely mentioned her, or elſe the kind lady thought it was beſt to ſay nothing, and leave time to work out its cure. At any rate, Harry was beſt away from the fatal object which always wrought him ſo much miſchief; and ſo he never aſked for leave to go home, but remained with his regiment that was garriſoned in Bruſſels, which city fell into our hands when the victory of Ramillies drove the French out of Flanders.

CHAPTER XIII.

I MEET AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN FLANDERS, AND FIND MY MOTHER'S GRAVE AND MY OWN CRADLE THERE.

BEING one day in the Church of St. Gudule, at Bruſſels, admiring the antique ſplendour of the architecture (and always entertaining a great tenderneſs and reverence for the Mother Church, that hath been as wickedly perſecuted in England, as ever ſhe herſelf perſecuted in the days of her proſperity), Eſmond ſaw kneeling at a ſide altar, an officer in a green uniform coat, very deeply engaged in devotion. Something familiar in the figure and poſture of the kneeling man ſtruck Captain Eſmond, even before he ſaw the officer's face. As he roſe up, putting away into his pocket a little black breviary, ſuch as prieſts uſe, Eſmond beheld a countenance ſo like that of his friend and tutor of early days, Father Holt, that he broke out into an exclamation of

aſtoniſhment and advanced a ſtep towards the gentleman, who was making his way out of church. The German officer too looked ſurpriſed when he ſaw Eſmond, and his face from being pale grew ſuddenly red. By this mark of recognition, the Engliſhman knew that he could not be miſtaken; and though the other did not ſtop, but on the contrary rather haſtily walked away towards the door; Eſmond purſued him and faced him once more, as the officer, helping himſelf to holy water, turned mechanically towards the altar to bow to it ere he quitted the ſacred edifice.

"My Father!" ſays Eſmond in Engliſh.

"Silence! I do not underſtand. I do not ſpeak Engliſh," ſays the other, in Latin.

Eſmond ſmiled at this ſign of confuſion, and replied in the ſame language. "I ſhould know my Father in any garment, black or white, ſhaven or bearded:" for the Auſtrian officer was habited quite in the military manner, and had as warlike a mouſtachio as any Pandour.

He laughed—we were on the church ſteps by this time paſſing through the crowd of beggars that uſually is there holding up little trinkets for

ſale and whining for alms. "You ſpeak Latin," ſays he, "in the Engliſh way, Harry Eſmond; you have forſaken the old true Roman tongue you once knew." His tone was very frank, and friendly quite; the kind voice of fifteen years back; he gave Eſmond his hand as he ſpoke.

"Others have changed their coats too, my Father," ſays Eſmond, glancing at his friend's military decoration.

"Huſh! I am Mr. or Captain von Holtz, in the Bavarian Elector's ſervice, and on a miſſion to his Highneſs the Prince of Savoy. You can keep a ſecret I know from old times."

"Captain von Holtz," ſays Eſmond, "I am your very humble ſervant."

"And you too have changed your coat," continues the other in his laughing way; "I have heard of you at Cambridge and afterwards: we have friends everywhere; and I am told that Mr. Eſmond at Cambridge was as good a fencer as he was a bad theologian." (So, thinks Eſmond, my old *maître d'armes* was a Jeſuit as they ſaid.)

"Perhaps you are right," ſays the other, reading his thoughts quite as he uſed to do in

old days: "you were all but killed at Hochſtedt of a wound in the left ſide. You were before that at Vigo, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Ormonde. You got your company the other day after Ramillies; your general and the Prince-Duke are not friends; he is of the Webbs of Lydiard Tregoze, in the county of York, a relation of my Lord St. John. Your couſin, M. de Caſtlewood, ſerved his firſt campaign this year in the Guard: yes, I do know a few things as you ſee."

Captain Eſmond laughed in his turn, "You have indeed a curious knowledge," he ſays. A foible of Mr. Holt's, who did know more about books and men than, perhaps, almoſt any perſon Eſmond had ever met, was omniſcience; thus in every point he here profeſſed to know, he was nearly right, but not quite. Eſmond's wound was in the right ſide not the left; his firſt general was General Lumley; Mr. Webb came out of Wiltſhire, not out of Yorkſhire; and ſo forth. Eſmond did not think fit to correct his old maſter in theſe trifling blunders, but they ſerved to give him a knowledge of the other's character, and he ſmiled to think that this was

his oracle of early days; only now no longer infallible or divine.

"Yes," continues Father Holt, or Captain von Holtz, "for a man who has not been in England theſe eight years, I know what goes on in London very well. The old Dean is dead, my Lady Caſtlewood's father. Do you know that your recuſant biſhops wanted to conſecrate him Biſhop of Southampton, and that Collier is Biſhop of Thetford by the ſame impoſition? The Princeſs Anne has the gout and eats too much; when the King returns, Collier will be an archbiſhop."

"Amen!" ſays Eſmond, laughing; "and I hope to ſee your eminence no longer in jack-boots, but red ſtockings, at Whitehall."

"You are always with us—I know that—I heard of that when you were at Cambridge; ſo was the late lord; ſo is the young viſcount."

"And ſo was my father before me," ſaid Mr. Eſmond, looking calmly at the other, who did not, however, ſhow the leaſt ſign of intelligence in his impenetrable grey eyes—how well Harry remembered them and their look! only crow's feet were wrinkled round them—marks of black old Time, who had ſettled there.

Eſmond's face choſe to ſhow no more ſign of meaning than the Father's. There may have been on the one ſide and the other juſt the fainteſt glitter of recognition, as you ſee a bayonet ſhining out of an ambuſh; but each party fell back, when everything was again dark.

"And you, mon capitaine, where have you been?" ſays Eſmond, turning away the converſation from this dangerous ground, where neither choſe to engage.

"I may have been in Pekin," ſays he, "or I may have been in Paraguay—who knows where? I am now Captain von Holtz, in the ſervice of his Electoral Highneſs, come to negotiate exchange of priſoners with his Highneſs of Savoy."

'Twas well known that very many officers in our army were well-affected towards the young king at St. Germains, whoſe right to the throne was undeniable, and whoſe acceſſion to it, at the death of his ſiſter, by far the greater part of the Engliſh people would have preferred, to the having a petty German prince for a ſovereign, about whoſe cruelty, rapacity, booriſh manners, and odious foreign ways, a thouſand ſtories were

current. It wounded our Engliſh pride to think, that a ſhabby high-Dutch duke, whoſe revenues were not a tithe as great as thoſe of many of the princes of our ancient Engliſh nobility, who could not ſpeak a word of our language, and whom we choſe to repreſent as a ſort of German boor, feeding on train-oil and ſour-crout, with a bevy of miſtreſſes in a barn, ſhould come to reign over the proudeſt and moſt poliſhed people in the world. Were we, the conquerors of the Grand Monarch, to ſubmit to that ignoble domination? What did the Hanoverian's Proteſtantiſm matter to us? Was it not notorious (we were told, and led to believe ſo) that one of the daughters of this Proteſtant hero was being bred up with no religion at all, as yet, and ready to be made Lutheran or Roman, according as the huſband might be, whom her parents ſhould find for her? This talk, very idle and abuſive much of it was, went on at a hundred meſs-tables in the army; there was ſcarce an enſign that did not hear it, or join in it, and everybody knew, or affected to know, that the Commander-in-Chief himſelf had relations with his nephew, the Duke of Berwick

('twas by an Engliſhman, thank God, that we were beaten at Almanza), and that his Grace was moſt anxious to reſtore the royal race of his benefactors, and to repair his former treaſon.

This is certain, that for a conſiderable period no officer in the Duke's army loſt favour with the Commander-in-chief for entertaining or proclaiming his loyalty towards the exiled family. When the Chevalier de St. George, as the King of England called himſelf, came with the dukes of the French blood royal, to join the French army under Vendoſme, hundreds of ours ſaw him and cheered him, and we all ſaid he was like his father in this, who, ſeeing the action of La Hogue fought between the French ſhips and ours, was on the ſide of his native country during the battle. But this, at leaſt, the Chevalier knew, and every one knew, that, however well our troops and their general might be inclined towards the prince perſonally, in the face of the enemy there was no queſtion at all. Wherever my Lord Duke found a French army, he would fight and beat it, as he did at Oudenarde, two years after Ramillies, where his Grace achieved another of his tranſcendent victories; and the

noble young prince, who charged gallantly along with the magnificent Maiſon-du-Roy, ſent to compliment his conquerors after the action.

In this battle, where the young Electoral Prince of Hanover behaved himſelf very gallantly, fighting on our ſide, Eſmond's dear General Webb diſtinguiſhed himſelf prodigiouſly, exhibiting conſummate ſkill and coolneſs as a general, and fighting with the perſonal bravery of a common ſoldier. Eſmond's good luck again attended him; he eſcaped without a hurt, although more than a third of his regiment was killed, had again the honour to be favourably mentioned in his commander's report, and was advanced to the rank of major. But of this action there is little need to ſpeak, as it hath been related in every Gazette, and talked of in every hamlet in this country. To return from it to the writer's private affairs, which here, in his old age, and at a diſtance, he narrates for his children who come after him. Before Oudenarde, and after that chance rencontre with Captain von Holtz at Bruſſels, a ſpace of more than a year elapſed, during which the captain of Jeſuits and the captain of Webb's Fuſileers were thrown

very much together. Eſmond had no difficulty in finding out (indeed, the other made no ſecret of it to him, being aſſured, from old times, of his pupil's fidelity), that the negotiator of priſoners was an agent from St. Germain's, and that he carried intelligence between great perſonages in our camp and that of the French. "My buſineſs," ſaid he, "and I tell you, both becauſe I can truſt you, and your keen eyes have already diſcovered it, is between the King of England and his ſubjects, here engaged in fighting the French king. As between you and them, all the Jeſuits in the world will not prevent your quarrelling: fight it out, gentlemen. St. George for England, I ſay—and you know who ſays ſo, wherever he may be."

I think Holt loved to make a parade of myſtery, as it were, and would appear and diſappear at our quarters as ſuddenly as he uſed to return and vaniſh in the old days at Caſtlewood. He had paſſes between both armies, and ſeemed to know (but with that inaccuracy which belonged to the good Father's omniſcience) equally well what paſſed in the French camp and in ours. One day he would give Eſmond news of a great

feſte that took place in the French quarters, of a ſupper of Monſieur de Rohan's, where there was play and violins, and then dancing and maſques: the King drove thither in Marſhal Villars's own guinguette. Another day he had the news of his Majeſty's ague, the King had not had a fit theſe ten days, and might be ſaid to be well. Captain Holtz made a viſit to England during this time, ſo eager was he about negotiating priſoners; and 'twas on returning from this voyage that he began to open himſelf more to Eſmond, and to make him, as occaſion ſerved, at their various meetings, ſeveral of thoſe confidences which are here ſet down altogether.

The reaſon of his increaſed confidence was this: upon going to London, the old director of Eſmond's aunt, the dowager, paid her ladyſhip a viſit at Chelſea, and there learnt from her that Captain Eſmond was acquainted with the ſecret of his family, and was determined never to divulge it. The knowledge of this fact raiſed Eſmond in his old tutor's eyes, ſo Holt was pleaſed to ſay, and he admired Harry very much for his abnegation.

"The family at Caſtlewood have done far

more for me than my own ever did," Eſmond ſaid. "I would give my life for them. Why ſhould I grudge the only benefit that 'tis in my power to confer on them?" The good Father's eyes filled with tears at this ſpeech, which to the other ſeemed very ſimple: he embraced Eſmond, and broke out into many admiring expreſſions; he ſaid he was a *noble cœur*, that he was proud of him, and fond of him as his pupil and friend,—regretted more than ever that he had loſt him, and been forced to leave him in thoſe early times, when he might have had an influence over him, have brought him into that only true church, to which the Father belonged, and enliſted him in the nobleſt army in which a man ever engaged,—meaning his own Society of Jeſus, which numbers (ſays he) in its troops the greateſt heroes the world ever knew;—warriors, brave enough to dare or endure anything, to encounter any odds, to die any death;—ſoldiers that have won triumphs a thouſand times more brilliant than thoſe of the greateſt general: that have brought nations on their knees to their ſacred banner, the Croſs; that have achieved glories and palms incom-

parably brighter than thoſe awarded to the moſt ſplendid earthly conquerors, — crowns of immortal light, and ſeats in the high places of Heaven.

Eſmond was thankful for his old friend's good opinion, however little he might ſhare the Jeſuit-father's enthuſiaſm. "I have thought of that queſtion, too," ſays he, "dear Father," and he took the other's hand—"thought it out for myſelf, as all men muſt, and contrive to do the right, and truſt to Heaven as devoutly in my way as you in yours. Another ſix months of you as a child, and I had deſired no better. I uſed to weep upon my pillow at Caſtlewood as I thought of you, and I might have been a brother of your order; and who knows," Eſmond added, with a ſmile, "a prieſt in full orders, and with a pair of mouſtachios, and a Bavarian uniform."

"My ſon," ſays Father Holt, turning red, "in the cauſe of religion and loyalty all diſguiſes are fair."

"Yes," broke in Eſmond, "all diſguiſes are fair, you ſay; and all uniforms, ſay I, black or red,—a black cockade or a white one, or a laced hat, or a ſombrero, with a tonſure under it. I

cannot believe that St. Francis Xavier ſailed over the ſea in a cloak, or raiſed the dead—I tried; and very nearly did once, but cannot. Suffer me to do the right, and to hope for the beſt in my own way."

Eſmond wiſhed to cut ſhort the good Father's theology, and ſucceeded; and the other, ſighing over his pupil's invincible ignorance, did not withdraw his affection from him, but gave him his utmoſt confidence—as much, that is to ſay, as a prieſt can give: more than moſt do; for he was naturally garrulous, and too eager to ſpeak.

Holt's friendſhip encouraged Captain Eſmond to aſk, what he long wiſhed to know, and none could tell him, ſome hiſtory of the poor mother whom he had often imagined in his dreams, and whom he never knew. He deſcribed to Holt thoſe circumſtances which are already put down in the firſt part of this ſtory,—the promiſe he had made to his dear lord, and that dying friend's confeſſion; and he beſought Mr. Holt to tell him what he knew regarding the poor woman from whom he had been taken.

"She was of this very town," Holt ſaid, and took Eſmond to ſee the ſtreet where her father

lived, and where, as he believed, ſhe was born. "In 1676, when your father came hither in the retinue of the late king, then Duke of York, and baniſhed hither in diſgrace, Captain Thomas Eſmond became acquainted with your mother, purſued her, and made a victim of her: he hath told me in many ſubſequent converſations, which I felt bound to keep private then, that ſhe was a woman of great virtue and tenderneſs, and in all reſpects a moſt fond, faithful creature. He called himſelf Captain Thomas, having good reaſon to be aſhamed of his conduct towards her, and hath ſpoken to me many times with ſincere remorſe for that, as with fond love for her many amiable qualities. He owned to having treated her very ill; and that at this time his life was one of profligacy, gambling, and poverty. She became with child of you; was curſed by her own parents at that diſcovery; though ſhe never upbraided, except by her involuntary tears, and the miſery depicted on her countenance, the author of her wretchedneſs and ruin.

"Thomas Eſmond—Captain Thomas, as he was called—became engaged in a gaming-houſe brawl, of which the conſequence was a duel, and

a wound, ſo ſevere that he never—his ſurgeon ſaid—could outlive it. Thinking his death certain, and touched with remorſe, he ſent for a prieſt, of the very Church of St. Gudule, where I met you; and on the ſame day, after his making ſubmiſſion to our church, was married to your mother a few weeks before you were born. My Lord Viſcount Caſtlewood, Marquis of Eſmond by King James's patent, which I myſelf took to your father, your lordſhip was chriſtened at St. Gudule by the ſame curé who married your parents, and by the name of Henry Thomas, ſon of E. Thomas, officer Anglois, and Gertrude Maes. You ſee you belong to us from your birth, and why I did not chriſten you when you became my dear little pupil at Caſtlewood.

"Your father's wound took a favourable turn, —perhaps his conſcience was eaſed by the right he had done,—and to the ſurpriſe of the doctors he recovered. But as his health came back, his wicked nature, too, returned. He was tired of the poor girl, whom he had ruined; and receiving ſome remittance from his uncle, my lord the old viſcount then in

England, he pretended buſineſs, promiſed return, and never ſaw your poor mother more.

"He owned to me, in confeſſion firſt, but afterwards in talk before your aunt, his wife, elſe I never could have diſcloſed what I now tell you, that on coming to London he writ a pretended confeſſion to poor Gertrude Maes — Gertrude Eſmond—of his having been married in England previouſly, before uniting himſelf with her; ſaid that his name was not Thomas; that he was about to quit Europe for the Virginia plantations, where, indeed, your family had a grant of land from King Charles the Firſt; ſent her a ſupply of money, the half of the laſt hundred guineas he had, entreated her pardon, and bade her farewell.

"Poor Gertrude never thought that the news in this letter might be untrue as the reſt of your father's conduct to her. But though a young man of her own degree, who knew her hiſtory, and whom ſhe liked before ſhe ſaw the Engliſh gentleman who was the cauſe of all her miſery, offered to marry her, and to adopt you as his own child, and give you his name, ſhe refuſed him. This refuſal only angered her father, who

had taken her home; ſhe never held up her head there, being the ſubject of conſtant unkindneſs after her fall; and ſome devout ladies of her acquaintance offering to pay a little penſion for her, ſhe went into a convent, and you were put out to nurſe.

"A ſiſter of the young fellow, who would have adopted you as his ſon, was the perſon who took charge of you. Your mother and this perſon were couſins. She had juſt loſt a child of her own, which you replaced, your own mother being too ſick and feeble to feed you; and preſently your nurſe grew ſo fond of you, that ſhe even grudged letting you viſit the convent where your mother was, and where the nuns petted the little infant, as they pitied and loved its unhappy parent. Her vocation became ſtronger every day, and at the end of two years ſhe was received as a ſiſter of the houſe.

"Your nurſe's family were ſilk-weavers out of France, whither they returned to Arras in French Flanders, ſhortly before your mother took her vows, carrying you with them, then a child of three years old. 'Twas a town, before the late vigorous meaſures of the French king,

full of Proteſtants, and here your nurſe's father, old Paſtoureau, he with whom you afterwards lived at Ealing, adopted the Reformed doctrines, perverting all his houſe with him. They were expelled thence by the edict of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, and came to London, and ſet up their looms in Spittlefields. The old man brought a little money with him, and carried on his trade, but in a poor way. He was a widower; by this time his daughter, a widow too, kept houſe for him, and his ſon and he laboured together at their vocation. Meanwhile your father had publickly owned his converſion juſt before King Charles's death (in whom our church had much ſuch another convert), was reconciled to my Lord Viſcount Caſtlewood and married, as you know, to his daughter.

"It chanced that the younger Paſtoureau, going with a piece of brocade to the mercer, who employed him, on Ludgate Hill, met his old rival coming out of an ordinary there. Paſtoureau knew your father at once, ſeized him by the collar, and upbraided him as a villain, who had ſeduced his miſtreſs, and afterwards deſerted her and her ſon. Mr. Thomas Eſmond

alſo recogniſed Paſtoureau at once, beſought him to calm his indignation, and not to bring a crowd round about them; and bade him to enter into the tavern, out of which he had juſt ſtepped, when he would give him any explanation. Paſtoureau entered, and heard the landlord order the drawer to ſhow Captain Thomas to a room; it was by his Chriſtian name that your father was familiarly called at his tavern haunts, which, to ſay the truth, were none of the moſt reputable.

"I muſt tell you that Captain Thomas, or my Lord Viſcount afterwards, was never at a loſs for a ſtory, and could cajole a woman or a dun with a volubility, and an air of ſimplicity at the ſame time, of which many a creditor of his has been the dupe. His tales uſed to gather veriſimilitude as he went on with them. He ſtrung together fact after fact with a wonderful rapidity and coherence. It required, ſaving your preſence, a very long habit of acquaintance with your father to know when his lordſhip was l——, —telling the truth or no.

"He told me with rueful remorſe when he was ill—for the fear of death ſet him inſtantly

repenting, and with ſhrieks of laughter when he was well, his lordſhip having a very great ſenſe of humour—how in half-an-hour's time, and before a bottle was drunk, he had completely ſucceeded in biting poor Paſtoureau. The ſeduction he owned to; that he could not help: he was quite ready with tears at a moment's warning, and ſhed them profuſely to melt his credulous liſtener. He wept for your mother even more than Paſtoureau did, who cried very heartily, poor fellow, as my lord informed me; he ſwore upon his honour that he had twice ſent money to Bruſſels, and mentioned the name of the merchant with whom it was lying for poor Gertrude's uſe. He did not even know whether ſhe had a child or no, or whether ſhe was alive or dead; but got theſe facts eaſily out of honeſt Paſtoureau's anſwers to him. When he heard that ſhe was in a convent, he ſaid he hoped to end his days in one himſelf, ſhould he ſurvive his wife, whom he hated, and had been forced by a cruel father to marry; and when he was told that Gertrude's ſon was alive, and actually in London, 'I ſtarted,' ſays he; 'for then, damme, my wife was expecting to lie-in,

and I thought, ſhould this old Put, my father-in-law, run ruſty, here would be a good chance to frighten him.'

"He expreſſed the deepeſt gratitude to the Paſtoureau family for their care of the infant: you were now near ſix years old; and on Paſtoureau bluntly telling him, when he propoſed to go that inſtant and ſee the darling child, that they never wiſhed to ſee his ill-omened face again within their doors; that he might have the boy, though they ſhould all be very ſorry to loſe him; and that they would take his money, they being poor, if he gave it; or bring him up, by God's help, as they had hitherto done, without; he acquieſced in this at once, with a ſigh, ſaid, 'Well, 'twas better that the dear child ſhould remain with friends who had been ſo admirably kind to him;' and in his talk to me afterwards, honeſtly praiſed and admired the weaver's conduct and ſpirit; owned that the Frenchman was a right fellow, and he, the Lord have mercy upon him, a ſad villain.

"Your father, Mr. Holt went on to ſay, was good-natured with his money when he had it; and having that day received a ſupply from his

uncle, gave the weaver ten pieces with perfect freedom, and promiſed him further remittances. He took down eagerly Paſtoureau's name and place of abode in his table-book, and when the other aſked him for his own, gave, with the utmoſt readineſs, his name as Captain Thomas, New Lodge, Penzance, Cornwall; he ſaid he was in London for a few days only on buſineſs connected with his wife's property; deſcribed her as a ſhrew, though a woman of kind diſpoſition; and depicted his father as a Corniſh ſquire, in an infirm ſtate of health, at whoſe death he hoped for ſomething handſome, when he promiſed richly to reward the admirable protector of his child, and to provide for the boy. 'And by Gad, ſir,' he ſaid to me in his ſtrange laughing way, 'I ordered a piece of brocade of the very ſame pattern as that which the fellow was carrying, and preſented it to my wife for a morning wrapper, to receive company in after ſhe lay-in of our little boy.'

"Your little penſion was paid regularly enough; and when your father became Viſcount Caſtlewood on his uncle's demiſe, I was employed to keep a watch over you, and 'twas at my

inſtance that you were brought home. Your foſter-mother was dead; her father made acquaintance with a woman whom he married, who quarrelled with his ſon. The faithful creature came back to Bruſſels to be near the woman he loved, and died, too, a few months before her. Will you ſee her croſs in the convent cemetery? The Superior is an old penitent of mine, and remembers Sœur Marie Madeleine fondly ſtill."

Eſmond came to this ſpot in one ſunny evening of ſpring, and ſaw, amidſt a thouſand black croſſes, caſting their ſhadows acroſs the graſſy mounds, that particular one which marked his mother's reſting-place. Many more of thoſe poor creatures that lay there had adopted that ſame name, with which ſorrow had rebaptiſed her, and which fondly ſeemed to hint their individual ſtory of love and grief. He fancied her, in tears and darkneſs, kneeling at the foot of her croſs, under which her cares were buried. Surely he knelt down, and ſaid his own prayer there, not in ſorrow ſo much as in awe (for even his memory had no recollection of her), and in pity for the pangs which the gentle ſoul in life had

been made to ſuffer. To this croſs ſhe brought them; for this heavenly bridegroom ſhe exchanged the huſband who had wooed her, the traitor who had left her. A thouſand ſuch hillocks lay round about, the gentle daiſies ſpringing out of the graſs over them, and each bearing its croſs and requieſcat. A nun, veiled in black, was kneeling hard by, at a ſleeping ſiſter's bed-ſide (ſo freſh made, that the ſpring had ſcarce had time to ſpin a coverlid for it); beyond the cemetery walls you had glimpſes of life and the world, and the ſpires and gables of the city. A bird came down from a roof oppoſite, and lit firſt on a croſs, and then on the graſs below it, whence it flew away preſently with a leaf in its mouth: then came a ſound as of chanting, from the chapel of the ſiſters hard by: others had long ſince filled the place, which poor Mary Magdeleine once had there, were kneeling at the ſame ſtall, and hearing the ſame hymns and prayers in which her ſtricken heart had found conſolation. Might ſhe ſleep in peace—might ſhe ſleep in peace; and we, too, when our ſtruggles and pains are over! But the earth is the Lord's, as the heaven is; we are alike His

creatures, here and yonder. I took a little flower off the hillock, and kiſſed it, and went my way like the bird that had juſt lighted on the croſs by me, back into the world again. Silent receptacle of death! tranquil depth of calm, out of reach of tempeſt and trouble! I felt as one who had been walking below the ſea, and treading amidſt the bones of ſhipwrecks.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1707, 1708.

DURING the whole of the year which ſucceeded that in which the glorious battle of Ramillies had been fought, our army made no movement of importance, much to the diſguſt of very many of our officers, remaining inactive in Flanders, who ſaid that his Grace the Captain-General had had fighting enough, and was all for money now, and the enjoyment of his five thouſand a-year and his ſplendid palace at Woodſtock, which was now being built. And his Grace had ſufficient occupation fighting his enemies at home this year, where it begun to be whiſpered that his favour was decreaſing, and his ducheſs loſing her hold on the Queen, who was transferring her royal affections to the famous Mrs. Maſham, and Mrs. Maſham's humble

ſervant, Mr. Harley. Againſt their intrigues, our Duke paſſed a great part of his time intriguing. Mr. Harley was got out of office, and his Grace, in ſo far, had a victory. But her Majeſty, convinced againſt her will, was of that opinion ſtill, of which the poet ſays people are, when ſo convinced, and Mr. Harley, before long, had his revenge.

Meanwhile the buſineſs of fighting did not go on any way to the ſatisfaction of Marlborough's gallant lieutenants. During all 1707, with the French before us, we had never ſo much as a battle; our army in Spain was utterly routed at Almanza by the gallant Duke of Berwick; and we of Webb's, which regiment the young Duke had commanded before his father's abdication, were a little proud to think that it was our colonel who had achieved this victory. "I think if I had had Galway's place, and my Fuſileers," ſays our general, "we would not have laid down our arms, even to our old colonel, as Galway did; and Webb's officers ſwore if we had had Webb, at leaſt we would not have been taken priſoners. Our dear old general talked incautiouſly of himſelf and of others; a braver or

a more brilliant ſoldier never lived than he; but he blew his honeſt trumpet rather more loudly than became a commander of his ſtation, and, mighty man of valour as he was, ſhook his great ſpear, and bluſtered before the army too fiercely.

Myſterious Mr. Holtz, went off on a ſecret expedition in the early part of 1708, with great elation of ſpirits, and a prophecy to Eſmond that a wonderful ſomething was about to take place. This ſecret came out on my friend's return to the army, whither he brought a moſt rueful and dejected countenance, and owned that the great ſomething he had been engaged upon had failed utterly. He had been indeed with that luckleſs expedition of the Chevalier de St. George, who was ſent by the French king with ſhips and an army from Dunkirk, and was to have invaded and conquered Scotland. But that ill wind which ever oppoſed all the projects upon which the Prince ever embarked, prevented the Chevalier's invaſion of Scotland, as 'tis known, and blew poor Monſieur von Holtz back into our camp again, to ſcheme and foretell, and to pry about as uſual. The Chevalier, (the King of England, as ſome of us held him,) went from Dunkirk to

the French army to make the campaign againſt us. The Duke of Burgundy had the command this year, having the Duke of Berry with him, and the famous Mareſchal Vendoſme, and the Duke of Matignon to aid him in the campaign. Holtz who knew everything that was paſſing in Flanders and France, (and the Indies for what I know,) inſiſted that there would be no more fighting in 1708 than there had been in the previous year, and that our commander had reaſons for keeping him quiet. Indeed, Eſmond's general, who was known as a grumbler, and to have a hearty miſtruſt of the great Duke, and hundreds more officers beſides, did not ſcruple to ſay that theſe private reaſons came to the Duke in the ſhape of crown-pieces from the French King, by whom the Generaliſſimo was bribed to avoid a battle. There were plenty of men in our lines, quidnuncs, to whom Mr. Webb liſtened only too willingly, who could ſpecify the exact ſums the Duke got, how much fell to Cadogan's ſhare, and what was the preciſe fee given to Doctor Hare.

And the ſucceſſes with which the French began the campaign of 1708, ſerved to give ſtrength to

theſe reports of treaſon, which were in every-body's mouth. Our general allowed the enemy to get between us and Ghent, and declined to attack him, though for eight and forty hours the armies were in preſence of each other. Ghent was taken, and on the ſame day Monſieur de la Mothe ſummoned Bruges; and theſe two great cities fell into the hands of the French without firing a ſhot. A few days afterwards Lamothe ſeized upon the fort of Plaſhendall: and it began to be ſuppoſed that all Spaniſh Flanders, as well as Brabant, would fall into the hands of the French troops;—when the Prince Eugene arrived from the Mozelle, and then there was no more ſhilly-ſhallying.

The Prince of Savoy always ſignaliſed his arrival at the army by a great feaſt (my Lord Duke's entertainments were both ſeldom and ſhabby): and I remember our general returning from this dinner with the two commanders-in-chief; his honeſt head a little excited by wine, which was dealt out much more liberally by the Auſtrian than by the Engliſh commander:—"Now," ſays my general, ſlapping the table, with an oath, "he muſt fight; and when he is forced

to it, d— it, no man in Europe can ſtand up againſt Jack Churchill." Within a week the battle of Oudenarde was fought, when, hate each other as they might, Eſmond's general and the Commander-in-Chief were forced to admire each other, ſo ſplendid was the gallantry of each upon this day.

The brigade commanded by Major-General Webb gave and received about as hard knocks as any that were delivered in that action, which Mr. Eſmond had the fortune to ſerve at the head of his own company in his regiment, under the command of their own colonel as Major-General; and it was his good luck to bring the regiment out of action as commander of it, the four ſenior officers above him being killed in the prodigious ſlaughter which happened on that day. I like to think that Jack Haythorn, who ſneered at me for being a baſtard and a paraſite of Webb's, as he choſe to call me, and with whom I had had words, ſhook hands with me before the battle begun. Three days before, poor Brace our lieutenant-colonel had heard of his elder brother's death, and was heir to a baronetcy in Norfolk, and four thouſand

a-year; Fate, that had left him harmleſs through a dozen campaigns, ſeized on him juſt as the world was worth living for, and he went into action, knowing, as he ſaid, that the luck was going to turn againſt him. The major had juſt joined us—a creature of Lord Marlborough, put in much to the diſlike of the other officers, and to be a ſpy upon us, as it was ſaid. I know not whether the truth was ſo, nor who took the tattle of our meſs to head-quarters, but Webb's regiment, as its colonel, was known to be in the Commander-in-Chief's black books; "And if he did not dare to break it up at home," our gallant old chief uſed to ſay, "he was determined to deſtroy it before the enemy;" ſo that poor Major Proudfoot was put into a poſt of danger.

Eſmond's dear young viſcount, ſerving as aide-de-camp to my Lord Duke, received a wound, and won a honourable name for himſelf in the Gazette; and Captain Eſmond's name was ſent in for promotion by his general, too, whoſe favourite he was. It made his heart beat to think that certain eyes at home, the brighteſt in the world, might read the page on which his humble ſervices were recorded; but his mind

was made up ſteadily to keep out of their dangerous influence, and to let time and abſence conquer that paſſion he had ſtill lurking about him. Away from Beatrix, it did not trouble him; but he knew as certain that if he returned home, his fever would break out again, and avoided Walcote as a Lincolnſhire-man avoids returning to his fens, where he is ſure that the ague is lying in wait for him.

We of the Engliſh party in the army, who were inclined to ſneer at everything that came out of Hanover, and to treat as little better than boors and ſavages the Elector's court and family, were yet forced to confeſs that on the day of Oudenarde, the young Electoral Prince, then making his firſt campaign, conducted himſelf with the ſpirit and courage of an approved ſoldier. On this occaſion his Electoral Highneſs had better luck than the King of England, who was with his couſins in the enemy's camp, and had to run with them at the ignominious end of the day. With the moſt conſummate generals in the world before them, and an admirable commander on their own ſide, they choſe to neglect the councils, and to ruſh into a combat

with the former, which would have ended in the utter annihilation of their army but for the great ſkill and bravery of the Duke of Vendoſme, who remedied, as far as courage and genius might, the diſaſters occaſioned by the ſquabbles and follies of his kinſmen, the legitimate princes of the blood royal.

"If the Duke of Berwick had but been in the army, the fate of the day would have been very different," was all that poor Mr. von Holtz could ſay; "and you would have ſeen that the hero of Almanza was fit to meaſure ſwords with the conqueror of Blenheim."

The buſineſs relative to the exchange of priſoners was always going on, and was at leaſt that oſtenſible one which kept Mr. Holtz perpetually on the move between the forces of the French and the Allies. I can anſwer for it, that he was once very near hanged as a ſpy by Major-General Wayne, when he was releaſed and ſent on to head-quarters by a ſpecial order of the Commander-in-Chief. He came and went, always favoured, wherever he was, by ſome high though occult protection. He carried meſſages between the Duke of Berwick and his

uncle, our Duke. He ſeemed to know as well what was taking place in the Prince's quarter as our own: he brought the compliments of the King of England to ſome of our officers, the gentlemen of Webb's among the reſt, for their behaviour on that great day; and after Wynendael, when our general was chafing at the neglect of our Commander-in-Chief, he ſaid he knew how that action was regarded by the chiefs of the French army, and that the ſtand made before Wynendael wood was the paſſage by which the Allies entered Lille.

"Ah," ſays Holtz, (and ſome folks were very willing to liſten to him,) "if the King came by his own, how changed the conduct of affairs would be! His Majeſty's very exile has this advantage, that he is enabled to read England impartially, and to judge honeſtly of all the eminent men. His ſiſter is always in the hand of one greedy favourite or another, through whoſe eyes ſhe ſees, and to whoſe flattery or dependents ſhe gives away everything. Do you ſuppoſe that his Majeſty, knowing England ſo well as he does, would neglect ſuch

a man as General Webb? He ought to be in the Houſe of Peers as Lord Lydiard. The enemy and all Europe know his merit; it is that very reputation which certain great people, who hate all equality and independence, can never pardon." It was intended that theſe converſations ſhould be carried to Mr. Webb. They were very welcome to him, for great as his ſervices were, no man could value them more than John Richmond Webb did himſelf, and the differences between him and Marlborough being notorious, his Grace's enemies in the army and at home began to court Webb, and ſet him up againſt the all-graſping, domineering chief. And ſoon after the victory of Oudenarde, a glorious opportunity fell into General Webb's way, which that gallant warrior did not neglect, and which gave him the means of immenſely increaſing his reputation at home.

After Oudenarde, and againſt the counſels of Marlborough, it was ſaid the Prince of Savoy ſat down before Lille, the capital of French Flanders, and commenced that ſiege, the moſt celebrated of our time, and almoſt as famous as

the ſiege of Troy itſelf, for the feats of valour performed in the aſſault and the defence. The enmity of that Prince of Savoy againſt the French king was a furious perſonal hate, quite unlike the calm hoſtility of our great English general, who was no more moved by the game of war than that of billiards, and puſhed forward his ſquadrons, and drove his red battalions hither and thither as calmly as he would combine a ſtroke or make a cannon with the balls. The game over (and he played it ſo as to be pretty ſure to win it), not the leaſt animoſity againſt the other party remained in the breaſt of this conſummate tactician. Whereas between the Prince of Savoy and the French it was *guerre à mort*. Beaten off in one quarter, as he had been at Toulon in the laſt year, he was back again on another frontier of France, aſſailing it with his indefatigable fury. When the Prince came to the army, the ſmouldering fires of war were lighted up and burſt out into a flame. Our phlegmatick Dutch allies were made to advance at a quick march,—our calm Duke forced into action. The Prince was an army in himſelf againſt the French; the energy of

his hatred prodigious, indefatigable,—infectious over hundreds of thouſands of men. The Emperor's general was repaying, and with a vengeance, the ſlight the French king had put upon the fiery little Abbé of Savoy. Brilliant and famous as a leader himſelf, and beyond all meaſure daring and intrepid, and enabled to cope with almoſt the beſt of thoſe famous men of war who commanded the armies of the French king, Eugene had a weapon, the equal of which could not be found in France, ſince the cannon-ſhot of Saſbach laid low the noble Turenne, and could hurl Marlborough at the heads of the French hoſt, and cruſh them as with a rock, under which all the gathered ſtrength of their ſtrongeſt captains muſt go down.

The Engliſh Duke took little part in that vaſt ſiege of Lille, which the Imperial Generaliſſimo purſued with all his force and vigour, further than to cover the beſieging lines from the Duke of Burgundy's army, between which and the Imperialiſts our Duke lay. Once, when Prince Eugene was wounded, our Duke took his Highneſs's place in the trenches; but the ſiege

was with the Imperialiſts, not with us. A diviſion under Webb and Rantzau was detached into Artois and Picardy upon the moſt painful and odious ſervice that Mr. Eſmond ever ſaw in the courſe of his military life. The wretched towns of the defenceleſs provinces, whoſe young men had been drafted away into the French armies, which year after year the inſatiable war devoured, were left at our mercy; and our orders were to ſhow them none. We found places garriſoned by invalids, and children and women: poor as they were, and as the coſts of this miſerable war had made them, our commiſſion was to rob theſe almoſt ſtarving wretches—to tear the food out of their granaries, and ſtrip them of their rags. 'Twas an expedition of rapine and murder we were ſent on: our ſoldiers did deeds ſuch as an honeſt man muſt bluſh to remember. We brought back money and proviſions in quantity to the Duke's camp; there had been no one to reſiſt us, and yet who dares to tell with what murder and violence, with what brutal cruelty, outrage, inſult, that ignoble booty had been raviſhed from the innocent and miſerable victims of the war?

Meanwhile, gallantly as the operations before Lille had been conducted, the Allies had made but little progreſs, and 'twas ſaid when we returned to the Duke of Marlborough's camp that the ſiege would never be brought to a ſatisfactory end, and that the Prince of Savoy would be forced to raiſe it. My Lord Marlborough gave this as his opinion openly; thoſe who miſtruſted him, and Mr. Eſmond owns himſelf to be of the number, hinted that the Duke had his reaſons why Lille ſhould not be taken, and that he was paid to that end by the French king. If this was ſo, and I believe it, General Webb had new a remarkable opportunity of gratifying his hatred of the Commander-in-Chief, of balking that ſhameful avarice, which was one of the baſeſt and moſt notorious qualities of the famous Duke, and of ſhowing his own conſummate ſkill as a commander. And when I conſider all the circumſtances preceding the event which will now be related, that my Lord Duke was actually offered certain millions of crowns, provided that the ſiege of Lille ſhould be raiſed; that the Imperial army before it was without proviſions and ammuni-

tion, and muſt have decamped but for the ſupplies that they received; that the march of the convoy deſtined to relieve the ſiege was accurately known to the French; and that the force covering it was ſhamefully inadequate to that end, and by ſix times inferior to Count de la Mothe's army, which was ſent to intercept the convoy; when 'tis certain that the Duke of Berwick, de la Mothe's chief, was in conſtant correſpondence with his uncle, the Engliſh generaliſſimo: I believe on my conſcience that 'twas my Lord Marlborough's intention to prevent thoſe ſupplies, of which the Prince of Savoy ſtood in abſolute need, from ever reaching his Highneſs; that he meant to ſacrifice the little army, which covered this convoy, and to betray it as he had betrayed Tollemache at Breſt; as he betrayed every friend he had, to further his own ſchemes of avarice or ambition. But for the miraculous victory which Eſmond's general won over an army ſix or ſeven times greater than his own, the ſiege of Lille muſt have been raiſed; and it muſt be remembered that our gallant little force was under the command of a general whom

Marlborough hated, that he was furious with the conqueror, and tried by the moſt open and ſhameleſs injuſtice afterwards to rob him of the credit of his victory.

CHAPTER XV.

GENERAL WEBB WINS THE BATTLE OF WYNENDAEL.

BY the beſiegers and beſieged of Lille, ſome of the moſt brilliant feats of valour were performed, that ever illuſtrated any war. On the French ſide (whoſe gallantry was prodigious, the ſkill and bravery of Marſhal Boufflers actually eclipſing thoſe of his conqueror, the Prince of Savoy,) may be mentioned that daring action of Meſſieurs de Luxembourg and Tournefort, who, with a body of Horſe and Dragoons, carried powder into the town, of which the beſieged were in extreme want, each ſoldier bringing a bag with forty pounds of powder behind him; with which perilous proviſion they engaged our own Horſe, faced the fire of the Foot brought out to meet them: and though half of the men were blown up in the dreadful errand they rode on, a part of

them got into the town with the ſuccours of which the garriſon was ſo much in want. A French officer, Monſieur du Bois, performed an act equally daring, and perfectly ſucceſsful. The Duke's great army lying at Helchin, and covering the ſiege, and it being neceſſary for M. de Vendoſme to get news of the condition of the place, Captain Dubois performed his famous exploit: not only paſſing through the lines of the ſiege, but ſwimming afterwards no leſs than ſeven moats and ditches: and coming back the ſame way ſwimming with his letters in his mouth.

By theſe letters Monſieur de Boufflers ſaid that he could undertake to hold the place till October; and that if one of the convoys of the Allies could be intercepted they muſt raiſe the ſiege altogether.

Such a convoy as hath been ſaid was now prepared at Oſtend, and about to march for the ſiege; and on the 27th September we (and the French too) had news that it was on its way. It was compoſed of 700 waggons containing ammunition of all ſorts, and was eſcorted out of Oſtend by 2000 infantry and 300 Horſe. At

the ſame time M. de Lamothe quitted Bruges, having with him five-and-thirty battalions, and upwards of ſixty ſquadrons, and forty guns in purſuit of the convoy.

Major-General Webb had meanwhile made up a force of twenty battalions, and three ſquadrons of dragoons, at Turout, whence he moved to cover the convoy and purſue Lamothe: with whoſe advanced guard ours came up upon the great plain of Turout, and before the little wood and caſtle of Wynendael: behind which the convoy was marching.

As ſoon as they came in ſight of the enemy our advanced troops were halted, with the wood behind them, and the reſt of our force brought up as quickly as poſſible, our little body of Horſe being brought forward to the opening of the plain, as our general ſaid, to amuſe the enemy. When M. Lamothe came up he found us poſted in two lines in front of the wood; and formed his own army in battle facing ours, in eight lines, four of infantry in front and dragoons and cavalry behind.

The French began the action, as uſual, with a cannonade which laſted three hours, when they

made their attack, advancing in twelve lines, four of Foot and four of Horſe, upon the allied troops in the wood where we were poſted. Their infantry behaved ill, they were ordered to charge with the bayonet, but, inſtead, began to fire, and almoſt at the very firſt diſcharge from our men, broke and fled. The cavalry behaved better; with theſe alone, who were three or four times as numerous as our whole force, Monſieur de la Mothe might have won a victory: but only two of our battalions were ſhaken in the leaſt; and theſe ſpeedily rallied: nor could the repeated attacks of the French horſe cauſe our troops to budge an inch from the poſition in the wood in which our general had placed them.

After attacking for two hours the French retired at nightfall entirely foiled. With all the loſs we had inflicted upon him, the enemy was ſtill three times ſtronger than we; and it could not be ſuppoſed that our general could purſue M. de la Mothe, or do much more than hold our ground about the wood, from which the Frenchman had in vain attempted to diſlodge us. La Mothe retired behind his forty guns, his cavalry protecting them better than it had been

enabled to annoy us; and meanwhile the convoy, which was of more importance than all our little force, and the ſafe paſſage of which we would have dropped to the laſt man to accompliſh, marched away in perfect ſafety during the action, and joyfully reached the beſieging camp before Lille.

Major-General Cadogan, my Lord Duke's Quarter-Maſter General (and between whom and Mr. Webb there was no love loſt), accompanied the convoy, and joined Mr. Webb with a couple of hundred horſe juſt as the battle was over and the enemy in full retreat. He offered, readily enough, to charge with his Horſe upon the French as they fell back; but his force was too weak to inflict any damage upon them; and Mr. Webb, commanding as Cadogan's ſenior, thought enough was done in holding our ground before an enemy that might ſtill have overwhelmed us, had we engaged him in the open territory, and in ſecuring the ſafe paſſage of the convoy. Accordingly, the Horſe brought up by Cadogan did not draw a ſword; and only prevented, by the good countenance they ſhowed, any diſpoſition the French might have had to renew the attack

on us. And no attack coming, at nightfall General Cadogan drew off with his ſquadron, being bound for head-quarters, the two generals at parting grimly ſaluting each other.

"He will be at Roncq time enough to lick my Lord Duke's trenchers at ſupper," ſays Mr. Webb.

Our own men lay out in the woods of Wynendael that night, and our general had his ſupper in the little caſtle there.

"If I was Cadogan, I would have a peerage for this day's work," General Webb ſaid; "and Harry, thou ſhouldſt have a regiment. Thou haſt been reported in the laſt two actions: thou wert near killed in the firſt. I ſhall mention thee in my deſpatch to his Grace the Commander-in-Chief, and recommend thee to poor Dick Harwood's vacant majority. Have you ever a hundred guineas to give Cardonnel? Slip them into his hand to-morrow, when you go to head-quarters with my report."

In this report the Major-General was good enough to mention Captain Eſmond's name with particular favour; and that gentleman carried the deſpatch to head-quarters the next day, and

was not a little pleaſed to bring back a letter by his Grace's ſecretary, addreſſed to Lieutenant-General Webb. The Dutch officer deſpatched by Count Naſſau Woudenbourg, Vælt-Mareſchal Auverquerque's ſon, brought back alſo a complimentary letter to his commander, who had ſeconded Mr. Webb in the action with great valour and ſkill.

Eſmond, with a low bow and a ſmiling face, preſented his deſpatch, and ſaluted Mr. Webb as Lieutenant-General, as he gave it in. The gentlemen round about him—he was riding with his ſuite on the road to Menin as Eſmond came up with him—gave a cheer, and he thanked them, and opened the deſpatch with rather a fluſhed eager face.

He ſlapped it down on his boot in a rage, after he had read it. "'Tis not even writ with his own hand. Read it out, Eſmond." And Eſmond read it out:—

"Sir,—Mr. Cadogan is juſt now come in, and has acquainted me with the ſucceſs of the action you had yeſterday in the afternoon againſt the body of troops commanded by M. de la Mothe, at Wynendael, which muſt be attributed

chiefly to your good conduct and reſolution. You may be ſure I ſhall do you juſtice at home, and be glad on all occaſions to own the ſervice you have done in ſecuring this convoy.

"Yours, &c., M."

"Two lines by that damned Cardonnel, and no more, for the taking of Lille—for beating five times our number—for an action as brilliant as the beſt he ever fought," ſays poor Mr. Webb. "Lieutenant-General! That's not his doing. I was the oldeſt major-general. By ——, I believe he had been better pleaſed, if I had been beat."

The letter to the Dutch officer was in French, and longer and more complimentary than that to Mr. Webb.

"And this is the man," he broke out, "that's gorged with gold,—that's covered with titles and honours that we won for him,—and that grudges even a line of praiſe to a comrade in arms! Hasn't he enough?" Don't we fight that he may roll in riches? Well, well, wait for the Gazette, gentlemen. The Queen and the country will do us juſtice, if his Grace denies it us." There were tears of rage in the brave warrior's eyes, as he ſpoke; and he daſhed them

off his face on to his glove. He ſhook his fiſt in the air. "O, by the Lord!" ſays he, "I know what I had rather have than a peerage!"

"And what is that, ſir?" ſome of them aſked.

"I had rather have a quarter of an hour with John Churchill, on a fair green field, and only a pair of rapiers between my ſhirt and his—"

"Sir!" interpoſes one.

"Tell him ſo! I know that's what you mean. I know every word goes to him that's dropped from every general officer's mouth. I don't ſay he's not brave. Curſe him! he's brave enough; but we'll wait for the Gazette, gentlemen. God ſave her Majeſty! ſhe'll do us juſtice."

The Gazette did not come to us till a month afterwards. When my general and his officers had the honour to dine with Prince Eugene in Lille. His Highneſs being good enough to ſay that we had brought the proviſions, and ought to ſhare in the banquet. 'Twas a great banquet. His Grace of Marlborough was on his Highneſs's right, and on his left the Mareſchal de Boufflers, who had ſo bravely defended the place. The chief officers of either army were preſent; and you may be ſure Eſmond's general was

ſplendid this day: his tall, noble perſon and manly beauty of face made him remarkable anywhere; he wore, for the firſt time, the ſtar of the Order of Generoſity, that his Pruſſian Majeſty had ſent to him for his victory. His Highneſs the Prince of Savoy called a toaſt to the conqueror of Wynendael. My Lord Duke drank it with rather a ſickly ſmile. The aides-de-camp were preſent; and Harry Eſmond and his dear young lord were together, as they always ſtrove to be when duty would permit: they were over againſt the table where the generals were, and could ſee all that paſſed pretty well. Frank laughed at my Lord Duke's glum face: the affair of Wynendael, and the Captain-General's conduct to Webb, had been the talk of the whole army. When his Highneſs ſpoke, and gave—"Le vainqueur de Wynendael; ſon armée et ſa victoire," adding "qui nous font dîner à Lille aujourd'huy"—there was a great cheer through the hall; for Mr. Webb's bravery, generoſity, and very weakneſſes of character cauſed him to be beloved in the army.

"Like Hector, handſome, and like Paris,

brave!" whiſpers Frank Caſtlewood. "A Venus, an elderly Venus, couldn't refuſe him a pippin. Stand up, Harry. See, we are drinking the army of Wynendael. Ramillies is nothing to it. Huzzay! huzzay!"

At this very time, and juſt after our general had made his acknowledgment, ſome one brought in an Engliſh Gazette—and was paſſing it from hand to hand down the table. Officers were eager enough to read it; mothers and ſiſters at home muſt have ſickened over it. There ſcarce came out a Gazette for ſix years that did not tell of ſome heroick death or ſome brilliant achievement.

"Here it is—Action of Wynendael—here you are, general," ſays Frank, ſeizing hold of the little dingy paper that ſoldiers loved to read ſo; and, ſcrambling over from our bench, he went to where the General ſat, who knew him, and had ſeen many a time at his table his laughing, handſome face, which everybody loved who ſaw. The generals in their great perrukes made way for him. He handed the paper over General Dohna's buff coat to our general on the oppoſite ſide.

He came hobbling back, and bluſhing at his

feat: "I thought he'd like it, Harry," the young fellow whiſpered. "Didn't I like to read my name after Ramillies, in the 'London Gazette'? — Viſcount Caſtlewood ſerving a volunteer——I ſay, what's yonder?"

Mr. Webb, reading the "Gazette," looked very ſtrange—ſlapped it down on the table—then ſprung up in his place, and began to,—"Will your Highneſs pleaſe to——"

His Grace the Duke of Marlborough here jumped up too—"There's ſome miſtake, my dear General Webb."

"Your Grace had beſt rectify it," ſays Mr. Webb, holding out the letter; but he was five off his Grace the Prince-Duke, who, beſides, was higher than the General (being ſeated with the Prince of Savoy, the Electoral Prince of Hanover, and the envoys of Pruſſia and Denmark, under a baldaquin), and Webb could not reach him, tall as he was.

"Stay," ſays he, with a ſmile, as if catching at ſome idea, and then, with a perfect courteſy, drawing his ſword, he ran the "Gazette" through with the point, and ſaid, "Permit me to hand it to your Grace."

The Duke looked very black. "Take it," ſays he, to his Maſter of the Horſe, who was waiting behind him.

The Lieutenant-General made a very low bow, and retired and finiſhed his glaſs. The "Gazette" in which Mr. Cardonnel, the Duke's ſecretary, gave an account of the victory of Wynendael, mentioned Mr. Webb's name, but gave the ſole praiſe and conduct of the action to the Duke's favourite, Mr. Cadogan.

There was no little talk and excitement occaſioned by this ſtrange behaviour of General Webb, who had almoſt drawn a ſword upon the Commander-in-Chief; but the General, after the firſt outbreak of his anger, maſtered it outwardly altogether; and, by his ſubſequent behaviour, had the ſatisfaction of even more angering the Commander-in-Chief, than he could have done by any publick exhibition of reſentment.

On returning to his quarters, and conſulting with his chief adviſer, Mr. Eſmond, who was now entirely in the General's confidence, and treated by him as a friend, and almoſt a ſon, Mr. Webb writ a letter to his Grace the Commander-in-Chief, in which he ſaid:—

"Your Grace muſt be aware that the ſudden peruſal of the 'London Gazette,' in which your Grace's ſecretary, Mr. Cardonnel, hath mentioned Major-General Cadogan's name, as the officer commanding in the late action of Wynendael, muſt have cauſed a feeling of anything but pleaſure to the General who fought that action.

"Your Grace muſt be aware that Mr. Cadogan was not even preſent at the battle, though he arrived with ſquadrons of Horſe at its cloſe, and put himſelf under the command of his ſuperior officer. And as the reſult of the battle of Wynendael, in which Lieutenant-General Webb had the good fortune to command, was the capture of Lille, the relief of Bruſſels, then inveſted by the enemy under the Elector of Bavaria, the reſtoration of the great cities of Ghent and Bruges, of which the enemy (by treaſon within the walls) had got poſſeſſion in the previous year: Mr. Webb cannot conſent to forego the honours of ſuch a ſucceſs and ſervice, for the benefit of Mr. Cadogan, or any other perſon.

"As ſoon as the military operations of the year are over, Lieutenant-General Webb will

requeſt permiſſion to leave the army, and return to his place in Parliament, where he gives notice to his Grace the Commander-in-Chief that he ſhall lay his caſe before the Houſe of Commons, the country, and her Majeſty the Queen.

"By his eagerneſs to rectify that falſe ſtatement of the Gazette, which had been written by his Graces's ſecretary, Mr. Cardonnel, Mr. Webb, not being able to reach his Grace the Commander-in-Chief on account of the gentlemen ſeated between them, placed the paper containing the falſe ſtatement on his ſword, ſo that it might more readily arrive in the hands of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, who ſurely would wiſh to do juſtice to every officer of his army.

"Mr. Webb knows his duty too well to think of inſubordination to his ſuperior officer, or of uſing his ſword in a campaign againſt any but the enemies of her Majeſty. He ſolicits permiſſion to return to England immediately the military duties will permit, and take with him to England Captain Eſmond, of his regiment, who acted as his aide-de-camp, and was preſent during the entire action, and noted by his watch the time when Mr. Cadogan arrived at its cloſe."

The Commander-in-Chief could not but grant this permiſſion, nor could he take notice of Webb's letter, though it was couched in terms the moſt inſulting. Half the army believed that the cities of Ghent and Bruges were given up by a treaſon, which ſome in our army very-well underſtood; that the Commander-in-Chief would not have relieved Lille if he could have helped himſelf; that he would not have fought that year had not the Prince of Savoy forced him. When the battle once began, then, for his own renown, my Lord Marlborough would fight as no man in the world ever fought better; and no bribe on earth could keep him from beating the enemy.*

* Our Grandfather's hatred of the Duke of Marlborough appears all through his account of theſe campaigns. He always perſiſted that the Duke was the greateſt traitor and ſoldier Hiſtory ever told of; and declared that he took bribes on all hands during the war. My Lord Marquis (for ſo we may call him here, though he never went by any other name than Colonel Eſmond) was in the habit of telling many ſtories which he did not ſet down in his memoirs, and which he had from his friend the Jeſuit, who was not always correctly informed, and who perſiſted that Marlborough was looking for a bribe of two millions of crowns before the campaign of Ramillies.

And our Grandmother uſed to tell us children that on his firſt preſentation to my Lord Duke, the Duke turned his back upon my Grandfather; and ſaid to the Ducheſs, who told my

But the matter was taken up by the ſubordinates; and half the army might have been by the ears, if the quarrel had not been ſtopped. General Cadogan ſent an intimation to General Webb to ſay that he was ready if Webb liked, and would meet him. This was a kind of invitation our ſtout old general was always too ready to accept, and t'was with great difficulty we got the General to reply that he had no quarrel with Mr. Cadogan, who had behaved with perfect gallantry, but only with thoſe at head-quarters, who had belied him. Mr. Cardonnel offered General Webb reparation, Mr. Webb ſaid he had a cane at the ſervice of Mr. Cardonnel, and the only ſatisfaction he wanted from him was one he was not likely to get, namely, the truth. The officers in our ſtaff of Webb's, and thoſe in the immediate ſuite of the General, were ready to come to blows: and hence aroſe the only affair in which Mr. Eſmond ever engaged as

lady dowager at Chelſea, who afterwards told Colonel Eſmond, —"Tom Eſmond's baſtard has been to my levee: he has the hang-dog look of his rogue of a father"—an expreſſion which my Grandfather never forgave. He was as conſtant in his diſlikes as in his attachments: and exceedingly partial to Webb, whoſe ſide he took againſt the more celebrated general. We have General Webb's portrait now at Caſtlewood. Va.

principal, and that was from a revengeful wiſh to wipe off an old injury.

My Lord Mohun, who had a troop in Lord Macclesfield's regiment of the Horſe Guards, rode this campaign with the Duke. He had ſunk by this time to the very worſt reputation; he had had another fatal duel in Spain; he had married, and forſaken his wife; he was a gambler, a profligate, and debauchee. He joined juſt before Oudenarde; and, as Eſmond feared, as ſoon as Frank Caſtlewood heard of his arrival, Frank was for ſeeking him out, and killing him. The wound my lord got at Oudenarde prevented their meeting, but that was nearly healed, and Mr. Eſmond trembled daily leſt any chance ſhould bring his boy and this known aſſaſſin together. They met at the meſs-table of Handyſide's regiment at Lille; the officer commanding not knowing of the feud between the two noblemen.

Eſmond had not ſeen the hateful handſome face of Mohun for nine years, ſince they had met on that fatal night in Leiceſter Field. It was degraded with crime and paſſion now; it wore the anxious look of a man who has three deaths

—and who knows how many hidden ſhames, and luſts, and crimes on his conſcience. He bowed with a ſickly low bow, and ſlunk away when our hoſt preſented us round to one another. Frank Caſtlewood had not known him till then, ſo changed was he. He knew the boy well enough.

'Twas curious to look at the two—eſpecially the young man, whoſe face fluſhed up when he heard the hated name of the other; and who ſaid in his bad French and his brave boyiſh voice—"he had long been anxious to meet my Lord Mohun." The other only bowed and moved away from him. I do him juſtice, he wiſhed to have no quarrel with the lad.

Eſmond put himſelf between them at table. "D— it," ſays Frank, "why do you put yourſelf in the place of a man who is above you in degree? My Lord Mohun ſhould walk after me. I want to ſit by my Lord Mohun."

Eſmond whiſpered to Lord Mohun, that Frank was hurt in the leg at Oudenarde; and beſought the other to be quiet. Quiet enough he was for ſome time; diſregarding the many taunts which young Caſtlewood flung at him,

until after ſeveral healths, when my Lord Mohun got to be rather in liquor.

"Will you go away, my lord?" Mr. Eſmond ſaid to him, implorſng him to quit the table.

"No, by G—," ſays my Lord Mohun. "I'll not go away for any man," he was quite fluſhed with wine by this time.

The talk got round to the affairs of yeſterday. Webb had offered to challenge the Commander-in-Chief: Webb had been ill-uſed: Webb was the braveſt, handſomeſt, vaineſt man in the army. Lord Mohun did not know that Eſmond was Webb's aide-de-camp. He began to tell ſome ſtories againſt the General: which, from t'other ſide of Eſmond, young Caſtlewood contradicted.

"I can't bear any more of this," ſays my Lord Mohun.

"Nor can I, my lord," ſays Mr. Eſmond, ſtarting up. "The ſtory my Lord Mohun has told reſpecting General Webb is falſe, gentlemen —falſe, I repeat," and making a low bow to Lord Mohun, and without a ſingle word more, Eſmond got up and left the dining-room. Theſe affairs were common enough among the military of thoſe days. There was a garden behind the

houſe, and all the party turned inſtantly into it: and the two gentlemen's coats were off and their points engaged within two minutes after Eſmond's words had been ſpoken. If Captain Eſmond had put Mohun out of the world, as he might, a villain would have been puniſhed and ſpared further villanies—but who is one man to puniſh another? I declare upon my honour that my only thought was to prevent Lord Mohun from miſchief with Frank, and the end of this meeting was, that after half-a-dozen paſſes my lord went home with a hurt which prevented him from lifting his right arm for three months.

"O Harry! why didn't you kill the villain?" young Caſtlewood aſked. "I can't walk without a crutch: but I could have met him on horſeback with ſword and piſtol." But Harry Eſmond ſaid, "'Twas beſt to have no man's life on one's conſcience, not even that villain's;" and this affair, which did not occupy three minutes, being over, the gentlemen went back to their wine, and my Lord Mohun to his quarters, where he was laid up with a fever which had ſpared miſchief had it proved fatal. And very ſoon after this affair Harry Eſmond and his general

left the camp for London; whither a certain reputation had preceded the Captain, for my Lady Caſtlewood of Chelſea received him as if he had been a conquering hero. She gave a great dinner to Mr. Webb, where the General's chair was crowned with laurels; and her ladyſhip called Eſmond's health in a toaſt, to which my kind general was graciouſly pleaſed to bear the ſtrongeſt téſtimony: and took down a mob of at leaſt forty coaches to cheer our general as he came out of the Houſe of Commons, the day when he received the thanks of Parliament for his action. The mob huzza'ed and applauded him, as well as the fine company: it was ſplendid to ſee him waving his hat, and bowing, and laying his hand upon his Order of Generoſity. He introduced Mr. Eſmond to Mr. St. John and the Right Honourable Robert Harley, Eſquire, as he came out of the houſe walking between them; and was pleaſed to make many flattering obſervations regarding Mr. Eſmond's behaviour during the three laſt campaigns.

Mr. St. John (who had the moſt winning preſence of any man I ever ſaw, excepting always my peerleſs young Frank Caſtlewood,) ſaid he

had heard of Mr. Eſmond before from Captain Steele, and how he had helped Mr. Addiſon to write his famous poem of the "Campaign."

"'Tis as great an achievement as the victory of Blenheim itſelf," Mr. Harley ſaid, who was famous as a judge and patron of letters, and ſo perhaps it may be—though for my part I think there are twenty beautiful lines, but all the reſt is common-place, and Mr. Addiſon's hymn worth a thouſand ſuch poems.

All the town was indignant at my Lord Duke's unjuſt treatment of General Webb, and applauded the vote of thanks which the Houſe of Commons gave to the General for his victory at Wynendael. 'Tis certain that the capture of Lille was the conſequence of that lucky achievement, and the humiliation of the old French king, who was ſaid to ſuffer more at the loſs of this great city, than from any of the former victories our troops had won over him. And, I think, no ſmall part of Mr. Webb's exultation at his victory aroſe from the idea that Marlborough had been diſappointed of a great bribe the French king had promiſed him, ſhould the ſiege be raiſed. The very ſum of money offered

to him was mentioned by the Duke's enemies; and honeſt Mr. Webb chuckled at the notion not only of beating the French, but of beating Marlborough too, and intercepting a convoy of three millions of French crowns, that were on their way to the Generaliſſimo's inſatiable pockets. When the General's lady went to the Queen's drawing-room, all the Tory women crowded round her with congratulations, and made her a train greater than the Ducheſs of Marlborough's own. Feaſts were given to the General by all the chiefs of the Tory party, who vaunted him as the Duke's equal in military ſkill; and perhaps uſed the worthy ſoldier as their inſtrument, whilſt he thought they were but acknowledging his merits as a commander. As the General's aide-de-camp, and favourite officer, Mr. Eſmond came in for a ſhare of his chief's popularity, and was preſented to her Majeſty, and advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, at the requeſt of his grateful chief.

We may be ſure there was one family in which any good fortune that happened to Eſmond, cauſed ſuch a ſincere pride and pleaſure, that he, for his part, was thankful he could make them

ſo happy. With theſe fond friends, Blenheim and Oudenarde ſeemed to be mere trifling incidents of the war; and Wynendael was its crowning victory. Eſmond's miſtreſs never tired to hear accounts of the battle; and I think General Webb's lady grew jealous of her, for the General was for ever at Kenſington, and talking on that delightful theme. As for his aide-de-camp, though, no doubt, Eſmond's own natural vanity was pleaſed at the little ſhare of reputation which his good fortune had won him, yet it was chiefly precious to him (he may ſay ſo, now that he hath long ſince outlived it) becauſe it pleaſed his miſtreſs, and, above all, becauſe Beatrix valued it.

As for the old dowager of Chelſea, never was an old woman in all England more delighted nor more gracious than ſhe. Eſmond had his quarters in her ladyſhip's houſe, where the domeſticks were inſtructed to conſider him as their maſter. She bade him give entertainments, of which ſhe defrayed the charges, and was charmed when his gueſts were carried away tipſy in their coaches. She muſt have his picture taken; and accordingly he was painted by

Mr. Jervas, in his red coat, and ſmiling upon a bomb-ſhell, which was burſting at a corner of the piece. She vowed that unleſs he made a great match, ſhe ſhould never die eaſy, and was for ever bringing young ladies to Chelſea, with pretty faces and pretty fortunes, at the diſpoſal of the Colonel. He ſmiled to think how times were altered with him, and of the early days in his father's lifetime, when a trembling page he ſtood before her, with her ladyſhip's baſin and ewer, or crouched in her coach-ſtep. The only fault ſhe found with him was that he was more ſober than an Eſmond ought to be; and would neither be carried to bed by his valet, nor loſe his heart to any beauty, whether of St. James's or Covent Garden.

What is the meaning of fidelity in love, and whence the birth of it? 'Tis a ſtate of mind that men fall into, and depending on the man rather than the woman. We love being in love, that's the truth on't. If we had not met Joan, we ſhould have met Kate, and adored her. We know our miſtreſſes are no better than many other women, nor no prettier, nor no wiſer, nor no wittier. 'Tis not for theſe reaſons we love

a woman, or for any ſpecial quality or charm I know of; we might as well demand that a lady ſhould be the talleſt woman in the world, like the Shropſhire gianteſs,* as that ſhe ſhould be a paragon in any other character, before we began to love her. Eſmond's miſtreſs had a thouſand faults beſide her charms: he knew both perfectly well; ſhe was imperious, ſhe was light-minded, ſhe was flighty, ſhe was falſe, ſhe had no reverence in her character; ſhe was in every-thing, even in beauty, the contraſt of her mother, who was the moſt devoted and the leaſt ſelfiſh of women. Well, from the very firſt moment he ſaw her on the ſtairs at Walcote, Eſmond knew he loved Beatrix. There might be better women—he wanted that one. He cared for none other. Was it becauſe ſhe was glorioufly beautiful? Beautiful as ſhe was, he hath heard people ſay a ſcore of times in their company, that Beatrix's mother looked as young, and was the handſomer of the two. Why did her voice thrill in his ear ſo? She could not ſing near ſo well as Nicolini or Mrs. Tofts; nay,

* 'Tis not thus *woman loves*: Col. E. hath owned to this folly for a *ſcore of women* beſides.—R.

ſhe ſang out of tune, and yet he liked to hear her better than St. Cecilia. She had not a finer complexion than Mrs. Steele (Dick's wife, whom he had now got, and who ruled poor Dick with a rod of pickle), and yet to ſee her dazzled Eſmond; he would ſhut his eyes, and the thought of her dazzled him all the ſame. She was brilliant and lively in talk, but not ſo incomparably witty as her mother, who, when ſhe was cheerful, ſaid the fineſt things; but yet to hear her, and to be with her, was Eſmond's greateſt pleaſure. Days paſſed away between him and theſe ladies, he ſcarce knew how. He poured his heart out to them, ſo as he never could in any other company, where he hath generally paſſed for being moody, or ſupercilious and ſilent. This ſociety* was more delightful than that of the greateſt wits to him. May Heaven pardon him the lies he told the dowager at Chelſea, in order to get a pretext for going away to Kenſington; the buſineſs at the Ordnance which he invented; the interview with his General, the courts and ſtateſman's levees which

* And, indeed, ſo was his to them, a thouſand thouſand times more charming, for where was his equal?—R.

he *didn't* frequent and deſcribe: who wore a new ſuit on Sunday at Saint James's or at the Queen's birth-day; how many coaches filled the ſtreet at Mr. Harley's levee; how many bottles he had had the honour to drink over night with Mr. St. John at the Cocoa Tree, or at the Garter with Mr. Walpole and Mr. Steele.

Miſtreſs Beatrix Eſmond had been a dozen times on the point of making great matches, ſo the Court ſcandal ſaid; but for his part Eſmond never would believe the ſtories againſt her; and came back, after three years' abſence from her, not ſo frantick as he had been perhaps, but ſtill hungering after her and no other, ſtill hopeful, ſtill kneeling, with his heart in his hand for the young lady to take. We were now got to 1709. She was near twenty-two years old, and three years at Court, and without a huſband.

"'Tis not for want of being aſked," Lady Caſtlewood ſaid, looking into Eſmond's heart, as ſhe could, with that perceptiveneſs affection gives. "But ſhe will make no mean match, Harry: ſhe will not marry as I would have her; the perſon whom I ſhould like to call my

ſon, and Henry Eſmond knows who that is, is beſt ſerved by my not preſſing his claim. Beatrix is ſo wilful, that what I would urge on her, ſhe would be ſure to reſiſt. The man who would marry her will not be happy with her, unleſs he be a great perſon, and can put her in a great poſition. Beatrix loves admiration more than love; and longs, beyond all things, for command. Why ſhould a mother ſpeak ſo of her child? You are my ſon, too, Harry. You ſhould know the truth about your ſiſter. I thought you might cure yourſelf of your paſſion," my lady added, fondly. "Other people can cure themſelves of that folly, you know. But I ſee you are ſtill as infatuated as ever. When we read your name in the Gazette, I pleaded for you, my poor boy. Poor boy, indeed! You are growing a grave old gentleman now, and I am an old woman. She likes your fame well enough, and ſhe likes your perſon. She ſays you have wit, and fire, and good breeding, and are more natural than the fine gentlemen of the Court. But this is not enough. She wants a commander-in-chief, and not a colonel. Were a duke to aſk her, ſhe would leave an earl whom

ſhe had promiſed. I told you ſo before. I know not how my poor girl is ſo worldly."

"Well," ſays Eſmond, "a man can but give his beſt and his all. She has that from me. What little reputation I have won, I ſwear I cared for it but becauſe I thought Beatrix would be pleaſed with it. What care I to be a colonel or a general? Think you 'twill matter a few ſcore years hence, what our fooliſh honours to-day are? I would have had a little fame, that ſhe might wear it in her hat. If I had anything better, I would endow her with it. If ſhe wants my life, I would give it her. If ſhe marries another, I will ſay God bleſs him. I make no boaſt, nor no complaint. I think my fidelity is folly, perhaps. But ſo it is. I cannot help myſelf. I love her. You are a thouſand times better: the fondeſt, the faireſt, the deareſt, of women. Sure, dear lady, I ſee all Beatrix's faults as well as you do. But ſhe is my fate. 'Tis endurable. I ſhall not die for not having her. I think I ſhould be no happier, if I won her. *Que voulez vous?* as my Lady of Chelſea would ſay. *Je l'aime.*"

"I wiſh ſhe would have you," ſaid Harry's

fond miſtreſs, giving a hand to him. He kiſſed the fair hand ('twas the prettieſt dimpled little hand in the world, and my Lady Caſtlewood, though now almoſt forty years old, did not look to be within ten years of her age). He kiſſed and kept her fair hand, as they talked together.

"Why," ſays he, "ſhould ſhe hear me? She knows what I would ſay. Far or near ſhe knows I'm her-ſlave. I have ſold myſelf for nothing, it may be. Well, 'tis the price I chooſe to take. I am worth nothing, or I am worth all."

"You are ſuch a treaſure," Eſmond's miſtreſs was pleaſed to ſay, "that the woman who has your love, ſhouldn't change it away againſt a kingdom, I think. I am a country-bred woman, and cannot ſay but the ambitions of the town ſeem mean to me. I never was awe-ſtricken by my Lady Ducheſs's rank and finery, or afraid," ſhe added, with a ſly laugh, "of anything but her temper. I hear of Court ladies who pine becauſe her Majeſty looks cold on them; and great noblemen who would give a limb that they might wear a garter on the other. This world-lineſs, which I can't comprehend, was born with

Beatrix, who, on the firſt day of her waiting, was a perfect courtier. We are like ſiſters, and ſhe the elder ſiſter, ſomehow. She tells me I have a mean ſpirit. I laugh, and ſay ſhe adores a coach-and-ſix. I cannot reaſon her out of her ambition. 'Tis natural to her, as to me to love quiet, and be indifferent about rank and riches. What are they, Harry? and for how long do they laſt? Our home is not here." She ſmiled as ſhe ſpoke, and looked like an angel that was only on earth on a viſit. "Our home is where the juſt are, and where our ſins and ſorrows enter not. My father uſed to rebuke me, and ſay that I was too hopeful about Heaven. But I cannot help my nature, and grow obſtinate as I grow to be an old woman; and as I love my children ſo, ſure Our Father loves us with a thouſand and a thouſand times greater love. It muſt be that we ſhall meet yonder, and be happy. Yes, you—and my children, and my dear lord. Do you know, Harry, ſince his death, it has always ſeemed to me as if his love came back to me, and that we are parted no more. Perhaps he is here, now, Harry—I think he is. Forgiven I am ſure he is; even

Mr. Atterbury abſolved him, and he died forgiving. O, what a noble heart he had! How generous he was! I was but fifteen, and a child when he married me. How good he was to ſtoop to me! He was always good to the poor and humble." She ſtopped, then preſently, with a peculiar expreſſion, as if her eyes were looking into Heaven, and ſaw my lord there, ſhe ſmiled, and gave a little laugh. "I laugh to ſee you, ſir," ſhe ſays; "when you come, it ſeems as if you never were away." One may put her words down, and remember them, but how deſcribe her ſweet tones, ſweeter than muſick?

My young lord did not come home at the end of the campaign, and wrote that he was kept at Bruxelles on military duty. Indeed, I believe he was engaged in laying ſiege to a certain lady, who was of the ſuite of Madame de Soiſſons, the Prince of Savoy's mother, who was juſt dead, and who, like the Flemiſh fortreſſes, was taken and retaken a great number of times during the war, and occupied by French, Engliſh, and Imperialiſts. Of courſe, Mr. Eſmond did not think fit to enlighten Lady

Caſtlewood regarding the young ſcapegrace's doings: nor had he ſaid a word about the affair with Lord Mohun, knowing how abhorrent that man's name was to his miſtreſs. Frank did not waſte much time or money on pen and ink; and, when Harry came home with his general, only writ two lines to his mother, to ſay his wound in the leg was almoſt healed, that he would keep his coming of age next year,—that the duty aforeſaid would keep him at Bruxelles, and that Couſin Harry would tell all the news.

But from Bruxelles, knowing how the Lady Caſtlewood always liked to have a letter about the famous 29th of December, my lord writ her a long and full one, and in this he muſt have deſcribed the affair with Mohun; for when Mr. Eſmond came to viſit his miſtreſs one day, early in the new year, to his great wonderment, ſhe and her daughter both came up and ſaluted him, and after them the dowager of Chelſea, too, whoſe chairman had juſt brought her ladyſhip from her village to Kenſington acroſs the fields. After this honour, I ſay, from the two ladies of Caſtlewood, the dowager came forward in great

ſtate, with her grand tall headdreſs of King James's reign, that ſhe never forſook, and ſaid, "Couſin Henry, all our family have met; and we thank you, couſin, for your noble conduct towards the head of our houſe." And pointing to her bluſhing cheek, ſhe made Mr. Eſmond aware that he was to enjoy the rapture of an embrace there. Having ſaluted one cheek, ſhe turned to him the other. "Couſin Harry," ſaid both the other ladies, in a little chorus, "We thank you for your noble conduct;" and then Harry became aware that the ſtory of the Lille affair had come to his kinſwomen's ears. It pleaſed him to hear them all ſaluting him as one of their family.

The tables of the dining-room were laid for a great entertainment; and the ladies were in gala dreſſes—my Lady of Chelſea in her higheſt *tour*, my Lady Viſcounteſs out of black, and looking fair and happy, *à ravir*; and the Maid of Honour attired with that ſplendour which naturally diſtinguiſhed her, and wearing on her beautiful breaſt the French officer's ſtar, which Frank had ſent home after Ramillies.

"You ſee, 'tis a gala day with us," ſays ſhe,

glancing down to the ſtar complacently, "and we have our orders on. Does not mamma look charming? 'Twas I dreſſed her!" Indeed, Eſmond's dear miſtreſs, bluſhing as he looked at her, with her beautiful fair hair and an elegant dreſs, according to the *mode*, appeared to have the ſhape and complexion of a girl of twenty.

On the table was a fine ſword, with a red velvet ſcabbard, and a beautiful chaſed ſilver handle, with a blue ribbon for a ſword-knot. "What is this?" ſays the Captain, going up to look at this pretty piece.

Mrs. Beatrix advanced towards it. "Kneel down," ſays ſhe; "we dub you our knight with this"—and ſhe waved the ſword over his head—"my Lady Dowager hath given the ſword; and I give the riband, and mamma hath ſewn on the fringe."

"Put the ſword on him, Beatrix," ſays her mother. "You are our knight, Harry—our true knight. Take a mother's thanks and prayers for defending her ſon, my dear, dear friend." She could ſay no more, and even the dowager was affected, for a couple of rebellious tears made ſad marks down thoſe wrinkled old

roſes which Eſmond had juſt been allowed to ſalute.

"We had a letter from deareſt Frank," his mother ſaid, "three days ſince, whilſt you were on your viſit to your friend Captain Steele, at Hampton. He told us all that you had done, and how nobly you had put yourſelf between him and that—that wretch."

"And I adopt you from this day," ſays the dowager; "and I wiſh I was richer, for your ſake, ſon Eſmond," ſhe added, with a waive of her hand; and as Mr. Eſmond dutifully went down on his knee before her ladyſhip, ſhe caſt her eyes up to the ceiling (the gilt chandelier, and the twelve wax candles in it, for the party was numerous), and invoked a bleſſing from that quarter upon the newly adopted ſon.

"Dear Frank," ſays the other viſcounteſs, "how fond he is of his military profeſſion! He is ſtudying fortification very hard. I wiſh he were here. We ſhall keep his coming of age at Caſtlewood next year."

"If the campaign permit us," ſays Mr. Eſmond.

"I am never afraid, when he is with you,"

cries the boy's mother. "I am ſure my Henry will always defend him."

"But there will be a peace before next year; we know it for certain," cries the Maid of Honour. "Lord Marlborough will be diſmiſſed, and that horrible ducheſs turned out of all her places. Her Majeſty wont ſpeak to her now. Did you ſee her at Buſhy, Harry? ſhe is furious, and ſhe ranges about the park like a lioneſs, and tears people's eyes out."

"And the Princeſs Anne will ſend for ſomebody," ſays my Lady of Chelſea, taking out her medal, and kiſſing it.

"Did you ſee the King at Oudenarde, Harry?" his miſtreſs aſked. She was a ſtaunch Jacobite, and would no more have thought of denying her king than her God.

"I ſaw the young Hanoverian only:" Harry ſaid, "The Chevalier de St. George."

"The King, ſir, the King!" ſaid the ladies and Miſs Beatrix; and ſhe clapped her pretty hands, and cried "Vive le Roy."

By this time there came a thundering knock, that drove in the doors of the houſe almoſt. It was three o'clock, and the company were

arriving; and preſently the ſervant announced Captain Steele and his lady.

Captain and Mrs. Steele, who were the firſt to arrive, had driven to Kenſington from their country-houſe, the Hovel at Hampton Wick, "Not from our manſion in Bloomſbury Square," as Mrs. Steele took care to inform the ladies. Indeed, Harry had ridden away from Hampton that very morning, leaving the couple by the ears; for, from the chamber where he lay, in a bed that was none of the cleaneſt, and kept awake by the company which he had in his own bed, and the quarrel which was going on in the next room, he could hear both night and morning the curtain lecture which Mrs. Steele was in the habit of adminiſtering to poor Dick.

At night, it did not matter ſo much for the culprit; Dick was fuddled, and when in that way no ſcolding could interrupt his benevolence. Mr. Eſmond could hear him coaxing and ſpeaking in that maudlin manner, which punch and claret produce, to his beloved Prue, and beſeeching her to remember that there was a *diſtiwiſht officer ithe rex roob*, who would overhear her. She went on, nevertheleſs, calling him a drunken

wretch, and was only interrupted in her harangues by the Captain's ſnoring.

In the morning, the unhappy victim awoke to a headache and conſciouſneſs, and the dialogue of the night was reſumed. "Why do you bring captains home to dinner when there's not a guinea in the houſe? How am I to give dinners when you leave me without a ſhilling? How am I to go trapeſing to Kenſington in my yellow ſatin ſack before all the fine company? I've nothing fit to put on; I never have;" and ſo the diſpute went on—Mr. Eſmond interrupting the talk when it ſeemed to be growing too intimate by blowing his noſe as loudly as ever he could, at the ſound of which trumpet there came a lull. But Dick was charming, though his wife was odious, and 'twas to give Mr. Steele pleaſure, that the ladies of Caſtlewood, who were ladies of no ſmall faſhion, invited Mrs. Steele.

Beſides the Captain and his lady, there was a great and notable aſſemblage of company; my Lady of Chelſea having ſent her lackeys and liveries to aid the modeſt attendance at Kenſington. There was Lieutenant-General Webb, Harry's kind patron, of whom the dowager took

poſſeſſion, and who reſplended in velvet and gold lace; there was Harry's new acquaintance, the Right Honourable Henry St. John, Eſquire, the General's kinſman, who was charmed with the Lady Caſtlewood, even more than with her daughter; there was one of the greateſt noblemen in the kingdom, the Scots Duke of Hamilton, juſt created Duke of Brandon in England; and two other noble lords of the Tory party, my Lord Aſhburnham, and another I have forgot; and for ladies, her Grace the Ducheſs of Ormonde and her daughters, the Lady Mary and the Lady Betty, the former one of Miſtreſs Beatrix's colleagues in waiting on the Queen.

"What a party of Tories!" whiſpered Captain Steele to Eſmond, as we were aſſembled in the parlour before dinner. Indeed, all the company preſent, ſave Steele, were of that faction.

Mr. St. John made his ſpecial compliments to Mrs. Steele, and ſo charmed her, that ſhe declared ſhe would have Steele a Tory too.

"Or will you have me a Whig?" ſays Mr. St. John. "I think, madam, you could convert a man to anything."

"If Mr. St. John ever comes to Bloomſbury

Square I will teach him what I know," ſays Mrs. Steele, dropping her handſome eyes. "Do you know Bloomſbury Square?"

"Do I know the Mall? Do I know the Opera? Do I know the reigning toaſt? Why, Bloomſbury is the very height of the mode," ſays Mr. St. John. "'Tis *rus in urbe*. You have gardens all the way to Hampſtead, and palaces round about you—Southampton Houſe and Montague Houſe."

"Where you wretches go and fight duels," cries Mrs. Steele.

"Of which the ladies are the cauſe!" ſays her entertainer. "Madam, is Dick a good ſwordsman? How charming the Tatler is! We all recogniſed your portrait in the 49th number, and I have been dying to know you ever ſince I read it. 'Aſpaſia muſt be allowed to be the firſt of the beauteous order of love.' Doth not the paſſage run ſo? 'In this accompliſhed lady love is the conſtant effect, though it is never the deſign; yet though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to looſe behaviour, and to love her is a liberal education.'"

"O indeed!" ſays Mrs. Steele, who did not ſeem to underſtand a word of what the gentleman was ſaying.

"Who could fail to be accompliſhed under ſuch a miſtreſs?" ſays Mr. St. John, ſtill gallant and bowing.

"Miſtreſs! upon my word, ſir!" cries the lady. "If you mean me, ſir, I would have you know that I am the Captain's wife."

"Sure we all know it," anſwers Mr. St. John, keeping his countenance very gravely; and Steele broke in, ſaying, "'Twas not about Mrs. Steele I writ that paper—though I am ſure ſhe is worthy of any compliment I can pay her—but of the Lady Elizabeth Haſtings."

"I always thought that paper was Mr. Congreve's," cries Mr. St. John, ſhowing that he knew more about the ſubject than he pretended to Mr. Steele, and who was the original Mr. Bickerſtaffe drew.

"Tom Boxer ſaid ſo in his Obſervator. But Tom's oracle is often making blunders," cries Steele.

"Mr. Boxer and my huſband were friends once, and when the Captain was ill with the fever

no man could be kinder than Mr. Boxer, who uſed to come to his bedſide every day, and actually brought Dr. Arbuthnot who cured him," whiſpered Mrs. Steele.

"Indeed, madam! How very intereſting," ſays Mr. St. John.

"But when the Captain's laſt comedy came out, Mr. Boxer took no notice of it,—you know he is Mr. Congreve's man, and won't ever give a word to the other houſe,—and this made my huſband angry."

"O! Mr. Boxer is Mr. Congreve's man!" ſays Mr. St. John.

"Mr. Congreve has wit enough of his own," cries out Mr. Steele. "No one ever heard me grudge him or any other man his ſhare."

"I hear Mr. Addiſon is equally famous as a wit and a poet," ſays Mr. St. John. "Is it true that his hand is to be found in your Tatler, Mr. Steele?"

"Whether 'tis the ſublime or the humourous, no man can come near him," cries Steele.

"A fig, Dick, for your Mr. Addiſon!" cries out his lady: "a gentleman who gives himſelf ſuch airs and holds his head ſo high now. I hope

your ladyſhip thinks as I do: I can't bear thoſe very fair men with white eyelaſhes—a black man for me. (All the black men at table applauded, and made Mrs. Steele a bow for this compliment.) As for this Mr. Addiſon," ſhe went on, "he comes to dine with the Captain ſometimes, never ſays a word to me, and then they walk up ſtairs, both tipſy, to a diſh of tea. I remember your Mr. Addiſon when he had but one coat to his back, and that with a patch at the elbow."

"Indeed—a patch at the elbow! You intereſt me," ſays Mr. St. John. "'Tis charming to hear of one man of letters from the charming wife of another."

"Law! I could tell you ever ſo much about 'em," continues the voluble lady. "What do you think the Captain has got now?—a little hunchback fellow—a little hop-o'-my-thumb creature that he calls a poet—a little popiſh brat!"

"Huſh, there are two in the room," whiſpers her companion.

"Well, I call him popiſh becauſe his name is Pope," ſays the lady. "'Tis only my joking

way. And this little dwarf of a fellow has wrote a paſtoral poem—all about ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, you know."

"A ſhepherd ſhould have a little crook," ſays my miſtreſs, laughing from her end of the table: on which Mrs. Steele ſaid, "ſhe did not know, but the Captain brought home this queer little creature when ſhe was in bed with her firſt boy, and it was a mercy he had come no ſooner; and Dick raved about his *genus*, and was always raving about ſome nonſenſe or other."

"Which of the Tatlers do you prefer, Mrs. Steele?" aſked Mr. St. John.

"I never read but one, and think it all a pack of rubbiſh, ſir," ſays the lady. "Such ſtuff about Bickerſtaffe, and Diſtaff, and Quarterſtaff, as it all is! There's the Captain going on ſtill with the Burgundy—I know he'll be tipſy before he ſtops—Captain Steele!"

"I drink to your eyes, my dear," ſays the Captain, who ſeemed to think his wife charming, and to receive as genuine all the ſatirick compliments which Mr. St. John paid her.

All this while the Maid of Honour had been

trying to get Mr. Eſmond to talk, and no doubt voted him a dull fellow. For, by ſome miſtake, juſt as he was going to pop into the vacant place, he was placed far away from Beatrix's chair, who ſate between his Grace and my Lord Aſhburnham, and ſhrugged her lovely white ſhoulders, and caſt a look as if to ſay, "Pity me," to her couſin. My Lord Duke and his young neighbour were preſently in a very animated and cloſe converſation. Mrs. Beatrix could no more help uſing her eyes than the ſun can help ſhining, and ſetting thoſe it ſhines on a-burning. By the time the firſt courſe was done the dinner ſeemed long to Eſmond: by the time the ſoup came he fancied they muſt have been hours at table: and as for the ſweets and jellies he thought they never would be done.

At length the ladies roſe, Beatrix throwing a Parthian glance at her duke as ſhe retreated; a freſh bottle and glaſſes were fetched, and toaſts were called. Mr. St. John aſked his Grace the Duke of Hamilton and the company to drink to the health of his Grace the Duke of Brandon. Another lord gave General Webb's health, "and may he get the command the braveſt officer in

the world deſerves." Mr. Webb thanked the company, complimented his aidē-de-camp, and fought his famous battle over again.

"*Il eſt fatiguant*," whiſpers Mr. St. John, "*avec sa trompette de Wynendael.*"

Captain Steele, who was not of our ſide, loyally gave the health of the Duke of Marlborough, the greateſt general of the age.

"I drink to the greateſt general with all my heart," ſays Mr. Webb; "there can be no gainſaying that character of him. My glaſs goes to the General, and not to the Duke, Mr. Steele." And the ſtout old gentleman emptied his bumper; to which Dick replied by filling and emptying a pair of brimmers, one for the General and one for the Duke.

And now his Grace of Hamilton, riſing up, with flaſhing eyes (we had all been drinking pretty freely), propoſed a toaſt to the lovely, to the incomparable Mrs. Beatrix Eſmond; we all drank it with cheers, and my Lord Aſhburnham eſpecially, with a ſhout of enthuſiaſm.

"What a pity there is a Ducheſs of Hamilton," whiſpers St. John, who drank more wine

and yet was more ſteady than moſt of the others, and we entered the drawing-room, where the ladies were at their tea. As for poor Dick, we were obliged to leave him alone at the dining-table, where he was hiccupping out the lines from the "Campaign," in which the greateſt poet had celebrated the greateſt general in the world; and Harry Eſmond found him, half an hour afterwards, in a more advanced ſtage of liquor, and weeping about the treachery of Tom Boxer.

The drawing-room was all dark to poor Harry, in ſpite of the grand illumination. Beatrix ſcarce ſpoke to him. When my Lord Duke went away, ſhe practiſed upon the next in rank, and plied my young Lord Aſhburnham with all the fire of her eyes and the faſcinations of her wit. Moſt of the party were ſet to cards, and Mr. St. John, after yawning in the face of Mrs. Steele, whom he did not care to purſue any more; and talking in his moſt brilliant, animated way to Lady Caſtlewood, whom he pronounced to be beautiful, of a far higher order of beauty than her daughter, preſently took his leave, and went his way. The reſt of the com-

pany ſpeedily followed, my Lord Aſhburnham the laſt, throwing fiery glances at the ſmiling young tempſtreſs, who had bewitched more hearts than his in her thrall.

No doubt, as a kinſman of the houſe, Mr. Eſmond thought fit to be the laſt of all in it; he remained after the coaches had rolled away,—after his dowager aunt's chair and flambeaux had marched off in the darkneſs towards Chelſea, and the town's-people had gone to bed, who had been drawn into the ſquare to gape at the unuſual aſſemblage of chairs and chariots, lacqueys and torchmen. The poor mean wretch lingered yet for a few minutes, to ſee whether the girl would vouchſafe him a ſmile, or a parting word of conſolation. But her enthuſiaſm of the morning was quite died out, or ſhe choſe to be in a different mood. She fell to joking about the dowdy appearance of Lady Betty; and mimicked the vulgarity of Mrs. Steele; and then ſhe put up her little hand to her mouth and yawned, lighted a taper, and ſhrugged her ſhoulders, and dropping Mr. Eſmond a ſaucy curtſey, ſailed off to bed.

"The day began ſo well, Henry, that I had

hoped it might have ended better," was all the conſolation that poor Eſmond's fond miſtreſs could give him; and as he trudged home through the dark alone, he thought, with bitter rage in his heart, and a feeling of almoſt revolt againſt the ſacrifice he had made:—"She would have me," thought he, "had I but a name to give her. But for my promiſe to her father, I might have my rank and my miſtreſs too."

I ſuppoſe a man's vanity is ſtronger than any other paſſion in him; for I bluſh, even now, as I recal the humiliation of thoſe diſtant days, the memory of which ſtill ſmarts, though the fever of baulked deſire has paſſed away more than a ſcore of years ago. When the writer's deſcendants come to read this memoir, I wonder will they have lived to experience a ſimilar defeat and ſhame? Will they ever have knelt to a woman, who has liſtened to them, and played with them, and laughed at them,—who beckoning them with lures and careſſes, and with Yes, ſmiling from her eyes, has tricked them on to their knees, and turned her back, and left them? All this ſhame, Mr. Eſmond had to

undergo; and he ſubmitted, and revolted, and preſently came crouching back for more.

After this feſte, my young Lord Aſhburnham's coach was for ever rolling in and out of Kenſington Square; his lady-mother came to viſit Eſmond's miſtreſs, and at every aſſembly in the town, wherever the Maid of Honour made her appearance, you might be pretty ſure to ſee the young gentleman in a new ſuit every week, and decked out in all the finery that his tailor or embroiderer could furniſh for him. My lord was for ever paying Mr. Eſmond compliments: bidding him to dinner, offering him horſes to ride, and giving him a thouſand uncouth marks of reſpect and good-will. At laſt, one night at the coffee-houſe, whither my lord came conſiderably fluſhed and excited with drink, he ruſhes up to Mr. Eſmond, and cries out—"Give me joy, my deareſt Colonel; I am the happieſt of men."

"The happieſt of men needs no deareſt colonel to give him joy," ſays Mr. Eſmond. "What is the cauſe of this ſupreme felicity?"

"Haven't you heard?" ſays he. "Don't you know? I thought the family told you

everything: the adorable Beatrix hath promiſed to be mine."

"What!" cries out Mr. Eſmond, who had ſpent happy hours with Beatrix that very morning,—had writ verſes for her, that ſhe had ſung at the harpſichord.

"Yes," ſays he; "I waited on her to-day. I ſaw you walking towards Knightſbridge; as I paſſed in my coach; and ſhe looked ſo lovely, and ſpoke ſo kind that I couldn't help going down on my knees, and—and—ſure I'm the happieſt of men in all the world; and I'm very young; but ſhe ſays I ſhall get older: and you know I ſhall be of age in four months; and there's very little difference between us; and I'm ſo happy. I ſhould like to treat the company to ſomething. Let us have a bottle—a dozen bottles—and drink the health of the fineſt woman in England."

Eſmond left the young lord toſſing off bumper after bumper, and ſtrolled away to Kenſington to aſk whether the news was true. 'Twas only too ſure: his miſtreſs's ſad, compaſſionate face told him the ſtory; and then ſhe related what particulars of it ſhe knew, and how my young

lord had made his offer, half-an-hour after Eſmond went away that morning, and in the very room where the ſong lay yet on the harpſichord, which Eſmond had writ, and they had ſung together.

END OF VOL. II.

Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

00096898

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018